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UGO DA ESTE — UBERTO —

THE CID OF SEVILLE

TRAGEDIES

BY

LAUGHTON OSBORN

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UGO DA ESTE

MDCCCLXI

CHARACTERS, ETC.

NICCOLO III., *Marquis of Estè, — Signor of Ferrara.*
UGO, *his son by his first wife.*[1]
LIONELLO, BORSO, } *his natural sons.*
ALBERTO DE LA SALE, *his Minister.*
UGUZIONÈ DE' CONTRARII, *Counselor of State.*
ZOËSÈ, *a Gentleman of Niccolo's household.*
ALDROVANDINO RANGONÈ, *Gentleman of the Bedchamber.*
A PRIEST, *Confessor to the Marquis.*
CAPTAIN *of the Guard.*

PARISINA, *wife of Niccolo.*
ALOÏNDA, *Lady of the Bedchamber.*
FILIPPA, *Mistress of the Wardrobe.*

JAILER. EXECUTIONER.

SCENE. *The Castle of Ferrara.*
TIME. *That occupied by the action.*
ERA OF THE EVENT. *The year* 1425.

UGO DA ESTE

Act the First

Scene I. A Hall in the Castle.

Parisina. Zoese.

Paris. This is somewhat too much. I thought that I
Was wedded, was thy master's spouse, was born
A lady, and by natural right might claim
Respect from all, but most from such as thou,
Who hold'st thy place, thy very life perhaps,
But at my pleasure. Tempt me not to try
How much I may do to restore thy senses.

Zoe. Have patience, madam! ——

Paris. Patience? Hast thou done?
Begone! Or wilt thou venture, sir, perhaps,
To do more than incense me with thy looks
Of insolent worship and thy crazy hints

Of admiration of my charms? Go down,
Do, on thy knees, and proffer love outright
To thy liegelord and master's lady. Go!

Zoe. One word! one moment! if in justice only.
Gladly would I go down upon my knees,
O honor'd lady, but it were to pray
That for your own sake, who I not forget
Are my lord's lady, are by natural right
Entitled to regard, you will not deem
My offence premeditated. What I said,
What did, was in blind —— [*hesitating.*

Paris. What? Thou wilt not say,
In passion? Thou wilt not so dare to add
Insult to insolence. Have I liv'd for this?
The Lady of Ferrara, to be eyed
With amorous purpose, in my lord's own halls,
By one of his paid servants? Hence! away!
Before I call the guard to ——

Zoe. On my knees ——

Paris. This is too insolent! On my lord's return ——

Zoe. You will not be so cruel, for one act
Never to be repeated, and unweigh'd
Because unmeditated, give me over
To my lord's fury, when I thus repent,
And vow henceforth ——

Paris. To better know thy place.
No; but beware! — [*Turning quickly, as if hearing footsteps.*
Away!

Enter UGO.

My gentle lord! [*with emotion.*

UGO *manifests embarrassment.* ZOESE *observes them, at first with an expression of surprise, then of suspicion, and Exit.*

I have been wishing for thee all the morn.
Where hast thou kept thyself? It is so lonely
Since ——

Ugo. My sire's absence, is it?

Paris. Yes — since then.
And yet he does not give me of his time
Many spare moments. It was not so once,
In those days when I thought he came to woo
Not for himself, but —— Whither wilt thou go?

Ugo. Madam, I ——

Paris. Have no leisure, like my lord?
Thou wilt not say so, now I have told thee too
I was so lonesome and did long for thee.
That were too ungallant. And yet, in sooth,
Thou dost forget too oft, too oft of late,
That though thy father's wife I am not thy mother,
And we are near of age. Be not impatient!
And do not go. Thou hast not told me yet,
Where thou hast been the morn, and how thou lik'st
The horse I gave thee.

Ugo. I have just return'd
From trying him, Madonna.

Paris. And thou found'st him?

Ugo. All I could wish; so gentle, yet so proud,
So full of fire, yet yielding to a touch.
Paris. Even like thyself. In fact, he fits thee well.
I do avow I watch'd thee from a window
When thou didst mount him, and my heart beat high
When I beheld thee pat his shining neck,
And bend thy cheek, which redden'd with delight,
Over his mane. But was it with delight?
I know I hop'd so. And I felt so glad,
And yet so envious too! I would have given
Half of my life to be within the breast
Of that proud barb and have thee so —— But truly,
Dost thou indeed well like him?
Ugo. Could I else?
Didst thou not give him, lady? From this day,
I shall bestride no other steed, because —
Because ——
Paris. I gave him?
Ugo. Lionello says
He would become an emperor to ride.
Thanks yet again, Madonna; and adieu.
Paris. What presses thee? I have so much to say.
I like not Lionello. Art thou sure
He is indeed thy friend?
Ugo. O very sure!
He is so noble.
Paris. But so cold. I wonder,
Thou being gay and ardent, there should be
Such liking 'twixt you.

Ugo. 'T is that I approve
What I am all too feeble to adopt,
And he in his large charity endures
What taste and reason censure.

Paris. Say not so.
Thy temper suits thy years. They who are grave
And cautious in the heyday of their blood
Are crafty and designing. Have a care!
Thy brother is ambitious; and —— But stay,
This is no place for converse. Rest thou here.
I 'll send my bower-maiden in brief time,
To bid thee come to me. Thou wilt not go?
I must have further speech with thee; I must —
Show thee thy danger, Ugo. Thou 'll not go?
In brief time, Messer Ugo. Stay thou here.
In brief time, Ugo. [*Exit.*

Ugo. Has it come to this?
Does she indeed? —— I dare not breathe the word,
Even to myself. It should awaken horror,
But fills me with delight. My father's wife!
O God, that I had taken heed to this
Before it was too late! a twelvemonth since,
When in her eyes I redd what stirr'd the sense
With a yet unknown pleasure, and the touch
Of her soft fingers thrill'd through all my nerves,
Awaking thoughts which had as yet been dreams.
She 'll send for me? For what? For further talk;
That she may be with me, and I again
May hear her tremulous tones and tender speech,

And in her pretexts to detain me read
What she in turn, in my averted eyes,
And burning cheek and stammering tongue, too well
Must gather. 'T is delirium! And, O God,
What horrible sin it is in me, in her,
To obey that longing of the hungry heart
Which urges us together! To what end?
Shall I be easier after? or will she?
I will not stay. We must not meet again, —
Not where there are no eyes but God's to watch us.
[*Exit.*

Scene II.

A gallery, with a window. Zoese *standing in the embrasure, leaning pensively on the frame. He comes, thoughtfully, forward.*

Zoe. It must be so. How many doubtful things
Rise now to mind, which, in those better days
Ere I was parcel-mad to love this —— Death!
That I should so commit myself! She holds
My life on her breath. But haply I do hers.
For I remember well what, in those days
When I was wiser, had for me no sense.
My eyes are sharper now and see the signs

In their true meaning. There is that between
The Count and his proud stepdame —— Who comes yon?
[*looking up the gallery.*
'T is Aloinda! and my soul revolts
From her familiar charms. [*Going, — pauses.*
Yet may I use her
To serve my purpose.

Enter ALOINDA.

Aloinda! What!
Wilt thou not take my hand? Thou silly wench!
I am not tired of thee.
Aloin. Time was once
Thou 'dst not have us'd those words, Zoese.
Zoe. Nay,
'T is thou art captious, not myself am rude.
Dry up those water-drops, and let me hug thee.
You women think we men when once entrapp'd
Must lie forever in your laps. Yet love
Has his four seasons, like the air around us.
The snow is melting from me now. Then smile
That the warm spring is toward. [*kisses her.*
But hark thee, child.
When our lord comes from Milan, — and thou know'st
We look for him by the hour, — it needs must be
Thou wilt not find me always at thy beck.
So, if thou 'rt lonely —— But our mistress too,
Is she not lonely while our lord's away?
I would be sworn she is dull at times as thou,

Moping, and sighing, if not quite in tears.
Is 't not so, minion?

Aloin. Partly, and at times.
My lord is too inconstant that his lady
Should much bewail his absence.

Zoe. Yet he loves her,
She once was fond of him.

Aloin. Indeed is still.
I have seen her by the hour with cheek on hand
Sit lost in thought.

Zoe. What, lately? Art thou sure
'T was lately? since this visit to the Duke?

Aloin. Nay, I bethink me now, before my lord
Went on this journey, months and months ago,
I mark'd the same abstraction. Sometimes too,
Thus yesterday, I found her bath'd in tears.

Zoe. All from this loneliness?

Aloin. And the amours,
It may be — but I know not — of our lord.

Zoe. Lonely, and so surrounded! In a court
Whereof she is the centre — giving rays
To all around, yet void herself of heat!
It is not loneliness. And there 's the Count,
In whose society she takes such joy, —
Though 't was not always so.

Aloin. And is not now.
She is his stepdame still. But this to speak
Reminds me of my duty. I was sent
To call him to the Marchioness.

Zoe. For what?

Why he was with her in the Eastern Hall
A brief while since.

Aloin. And thence it is I come,
Having sought him there.

Zoe. By her desire?

Aloin. By hers.
What is there strange in that? Why art thou dumb?

[*Zoe. still absorbed in thought.*

Adieu, Zoese; I must seek the Count.

Zoe. Stay. Thou dost know I love thee, Aloinda?

Aloin. I fain would think so. But ——

Zoe. I have been cold.
I did avow it, and as frankly said
'T is springtime with me now. Wouldst have, my girl,
That season turn to summer, and at once?
Place me where I can hear them, and observe
This meeting.

Aloin. 'Twixt my lady and the Count?
I dare not. For what purpose?

Zoe. What to thee
My purpose, if thou dar'st not. Say I feel
An itch to know what is between the two:
Art thou made wiser?

Aloin. Scarce by that reply.
But thou mean'st something more. Thou dost impute
Wrong to my lady.

Zoe. Say I do; what then?
It is my duty, if I think there 's wrong,

To expose it for my good lord's sake. Thou canst,
Canst thou not? aid me.

Aloin. Not in this. Thou think'st,
Like all men who have found one woman frail,
There is none chaste. I dare avouch, who know,
My lady is as innocent as I.

Zoe. Perhaps. Thou wilt not aid me then?

Aloin. I dare not.

Zoe. Wonder not therefore, if thou find me cold:
I can reciprocate. [*Going.*

Aloin. Zoese — stay.
Will nothing else content thee?

Zoe. Naught but this.
I offer'd for this trifle all my love.
I know now how thou count'st it.

Aloin. Speak not so.
I would do aught to please thee. But this act,
It is so wrong, so perilous.

Zoe. The wrong,
The peril are both mine. Thou art not ask'd
To share in either.

Aloin. Thou wilt then conceal,
In any case, my service?

Zoe. Why reveal it?
It would not stead me.

Aloin. And thou wilt not stay
Longer than needful?

Zoe. Am I quite a fool?

Aloin. And — and — Zoese, thou wilt ——

Zoe. Evermore
Be thy most humble servant? Silly child!
While thou art so obliging can I else? [*kissing her.*

Aloin. Indeed thy coldness chill'd me to the heart.

Zoe. The frost-time now is over. — Lead the way. —
Henceforth thou shalt have summer.

Aloin. Follow quick.

[*Exeunt.*

Act the Second

Scene I. The Court of the Castle.

Ugo. Lionello.

Lion. Thou hast lost the game because thou wast so dull:
Thou play'st at all times better than I do, —
Even for thy lightness, and that happy mood
Which now thou lackest.

Ugo. Having caught thy own.

Lion. No, by St. George! that is no mood of mine.
Do I smile so?

Ugo. Thou dost not smile at all.

Lion. Rarely, perhaps; but never in that wise.
See now! thy head droops and thy eyes are fix'd
On something that has no existence here.
So twice amid our game —— He hears me not.
Ugo!

Ugo. What is 't? What saidst thou, Lionello?

Lion. Not that thou art in love; though these be signs,
According to the love-learn'd.

Ugo. What I pray?

[*looking uneasily up the Court.*

Lion. That reddening cheek for one. Why surely now,
[*following with his own the direction of Ugo's eyes.*
'T is not fair Aloinda?

Enter ALOINDA.

Have a care!
Thou hast a rival there.
Aloin. My lord the Count,
The Marchioness entreats to see you briefly.
Ugo. Yes, yes. — For what? [*with sudden gloom.*
Aloin. About the horse she gave.
Ugo. That cannot be; it is but now —— [*checking himself and recovering.*] Yes, yes.
My dutiful regard present, and say
I 'll come on the instant.
Aloin. In the blue room east
My lady sits. Shall I await, my lord,
To show you thither?
Ugo. No. [*Exit Aloin.*

Enter PRIEST.

Priest. Peace with you, sons.
Lion. For one of us 't is needed, holy father.
That is the Count. Thou seest, he is sore perplex'd.
I doubt he is in love with Aloinda.
But love 's a question never reach'd by thee.
Ugo. With that grave face thou 'dst never think he jested;

But Lionello has had luck to-day.
Hence his good-humor. [*Exit, with a slow and reluctant step, after Aloinda.*

Enter, from the opposite direction,
CONTRARIO.

Lion. Thus we may suppose
That twice being beaten Ugo is made sad.
But truly, father, he was so before.
Once when I threw the ball, he let it hit him
Full on the breast, he was so lost in thought.
Priest. I too have mark'd this sadness for some days.
Contr. [*joining them.*] Is 't of the Count you speak?
Priest. It is. And thou,
Messer Uguzion', hast thou not noted
This change of mood?
Contr. But slightly, and at times.
The Court is dull now. With my lord's return,
Revive its splendor and the Count's gay mood.
Priest. Our lord is hourly look'd for, is he not?
Contr. I ride forth soon to meet him. Come, young sir,
Wilt thou not take to horse and join me?
Lion. Gladly.
Contr. There will be stirring times for thee anon,
Pomp and high festival, when Padua gives,
Under the goodly auspice of our liege,
Her tournament in Venice for the Doge.
I look to see thee break a lance or two

In gay St. Mark's, with that strong arm of thine,
Messer Lionello, for some dame's bright eyes.
Father, adieu.

Priest. Adieu, and bless you, sons.

[*Exeunt, Lion. and Contr. one way, the Priest another.*

Scene II.

A private chamber in the Castle.

Parisina,
walking to and fro uneasily.

Paris. Not yet? not yet? — What, if he should refuse
To come at all? That cannot be! I redd
In his own eyes, his speech, his changing cheek,
His very dread to look on me, be with me,
That yearning of the soul which burns in me
Like fire in my heart's blood. He *must* come.
If he come not! —— Oh God! and if he come,
What is my purpose? I have none — none else
Than to behold him, hear him, be once more
Beside him ere my lord returns. My lord?
His sire! [*covering her face with her hands.*
Oh horrible! —
Too late! too late!

If it were death — as 't is deserving death —
To see thee, dearest Ugo, in the hope
To make the opinion certain that thou — lov'st me,
Which but to think, which but to name in thought,
Makes my heart sick with pleasure, — if 't were death,
I 'd spring to meet it. 'T is — it is — his step!
Ugo!

Enter Ugo.
Parisina *hastens to him.* Ugo *stands embarrassed and dejected.*

Ugo. Madonna. [*slowly.*

Paris. Is it thus thou meet'st me?
How cold thou art!

Ugo. Madonna — thou didst send ——
[*Pauses, embarrassed.*

Paris. Didst thou not know I 'd send? thou wast prepar'd.
I told thee I should send. Didst thou not wait?

Ugo. Alas!

Paris. What means that heart-cry of distress?
Oh Ugo! I had thought —— [*Pauses, looking on him tearfully.*

Ugo. What didst thou think? [*turning away his eyes.*

Paris. Think? — That I was not sole in my despair;
That thou didst sympathize, didst suffer with me;
That the sharp longing which gnaws in my heart —
That vacancy which like a burning coal

Dries up my blood and marrow, daily, nightly,
Till it is fill'd, as now that thou art near —
That thou didst feel this too. —

Ugo. O Heaven! Madonna —
Think where thou art, think what thou art!

Paris. Yes, yes,
I know: I am thy father's wife, thy stepmother.

[*Wringing her hands, and laughing hysterically.*

Ugo. Hush! hush! In pity, for thy own sake, hush!
I thought I heard a movement in yon chamber,
There on my right.

Paris. There is no danger, none.
The door is lock'd. But I will be more calm.

Ugo. Yes, yes; for this is frightful. Thou didst send
To speak with me about the barb.

Paris. The barb?
Who told thee that?

Ugo. 'T was Aloinda.

Paris. True,
I gave that reason. 'T was for her, not thee.

Ugo. 'T was then of Lionello thou wouldst speak.
Thou saidst thou 'dst show my danger.

Paris. Sit then down.

Ugo. Ask me not to be seated. Let us stand.
It is — it is ——

Paris. Why mince the word? Thou think'st
It is thus safer. [*smiling sadly.*

Ugo. Seated, we might lose
The thought of time. Thus standing, I am warn'd

To make this meeting brief for both our sakes.
What of my brother?

Paris. [*abstractedly.*] Of — thy — brother. — Yes.
Why wilt thou call him brother? him, the fruit
Of an amour with Stella d' Assassino,
While thou wast lawful-born of Gigliola,
High daughter of Francesco da Carrara,
The lord of Padua.[2]

Ugo. Thou hast forgotten,
My sire himself comes from an unbless'd bed.

Paris. No. And the lawful ruler of this realm,
The lawfully begotten Marquis, Azzo,
How fared he with thy misbegotten sire? —
Look not displeas'd; I speak but for thy good. —
Driven from his throne, and banish'd into Crete,
Where he liv'd wretchedly. And such may be
Thy fate from Lionello.

Ugo. Lady, no.
Thou dost not know him.

Paris. And dost thou? He wears
At all times that grave mask, and speaks few words
From impulse; and who know him best declare
He is high-soul'd, aspiring, brave.

Ugo. Those traits
Are not deem'd vices, lady.

Paris. But may prove
The elements of danger, when he comes
With foreign help to oust thee from thy rights,
As Niccolo did Azzo. Thou hast heard

How the Venetians and the Bolognese
And Paduans help'd thy sire. They may again,
Or other powers, aid his spurious heir
Against the true one. Precedents still tempt
That lust to imitate so strong in man.
And once I heard one practis'd in state-art,
My sire I mean, pronounce this phrase: that men
Are everywhere so prone to covet change,
The spirit of revolt, however wild,
Causeless or hopeless, never lacks support.
Heed what I say.

Ugo. I do, but cannot think
It touches Lionello.

Paris. Wilt not think.
Thou art thyself so generous, thou deem'st
All men are like thee. [*looking at him fondly.*
Thou wilt learn anon.

Ugo. How shouldst thou know, who art younger than myself?[3]

Paris. Women see better into men than men.
Then, my — regard for thee has clear'd my eyes.
Thou wilt be careful? Thou at least wilt keep
Thy secrets from him? Thus, thou wilt not say
How I have favor'd thee, nor fill his ear
With my wild sorrow?

Ugo. Have I earn'd this doubt?
Was it a child or fool then thou did'st favor?
Could I have known I stood thus in thine eyes,
It would have sav'd me terrible remorse.

Paris. Forgive me! But thou art so fond of him,

Forever with him. I should not have spoken.
It was a flying thought — a woman's terror,
Startled at shadows she herself creates.
Forgive me, Ugo. [*taking his hand.*
How thy fingers tremble!
Why dost thou snatch them from me? look aside?
Do not despise me, Ugo! do not — do not!
[*sobbing, covers her face with her hands.*

Ugo. Despise thee? O Madonna! [*taking one of her hands; then drops it suddenly.*

Paris. Let me then
Lean on thy shoulder thus. It hides my shame,
And is such bliss for me! It may be well
The last time that we meet thus; and thy sire ——

Ugo. [*breaking from her.*
Oh God! 't is well reminded. Let me go.
Hold not my hand, Madonna. It is madness.
Thou art my father's wife; and I must hence,
Before destruction overtakes us both.

Paris. One moment, Ugo!

Ugo. No, while I am sane —
Ere thou hast taken from me all remorse,
And shame, and fear.

Paris. Say only thou dost —— Say
But thou art sorry — to — to ——

Ugo. Can I say
More than I have implied in look and word?
Wicked in both, as I am in my thoughts
Horribly criminal. Let us part at once —

Now and forever. [*Going.*

Paris. Yes — yes — now. And bless thee! I am not now alone; thou lov'st as I.

[*Exit* Ugo. Parisina *weeping bitterly, under her hands.*

Scene III.

The Gallery, as in Act I. Sc. II.

Aloinda.

Zoese, *entering hurriedly.*

Aloin. What hast thou seen? What hast thou heard? Thou look'st
As though thou wast delighted. Can that be?

Zoe. [*to himself, exultingly, clenching his hand, and about to pass Aloinda.*
I have her now. Still, henceforth, as the grave. —
Why dost thou stop me?

Aloin. Speak'st thou thus to me?
Art thou beside thyself? With joy, or what?

Zoe. With nothing. I am only in great haste.

Aloin. Thou hast seen something, thou hast heard.

Zoe. Perhaps.

Aloin. Whom didst thou threaten?

Zoe. No one.

Aloin. Thou didst say,
Thou hadst her now. Thou didst not mean the? ——

Zoe. [*putting his hand to her lips.*] Hush!
Thy ears deceiv'd thee.

Aloin. No, nor do my eyes.
Thou hast some mighty secret.

Zoe. [*after a pause, and regarding her gravely.*] Aloinda,
I promis'd thee, the peril of my act,
Its guilt, thou shouldst not share. My secret then,
If I have any, let me keep, myself.
My words forget; they in no wise concern thee,
And might, remember'd, bring thee unto harm,
If falsely construd. But adieu awhile;
My lord by this time must be near the gates:
My function will not suffer me to tarry. [*Going.*

Aloin. And no more thanks?

Zoe. O yes, this brief embrace. [*Exit.*

Aloin. And this that summer-time of love he promis'd!
Thus men reward us when we give them all.
Forget thy words? They were too strange for that.
If they betoken malice to my lady ——
I have done one wrong. But it shall end with this.

Act the Third

Scene I. As in Act II. Sc. II.

Parisina.

Paris. Nearer and nearer! In an hour perhaps —
In less — the echo of his horse's hoofs
Will sound upon my heart. It is the knell
To all my joy, my peace of mind forever. —
And Ugo will ride out to meet the train.
I must behold him once again — I must!
[*rings a hand-bell.*
Before the light goes with him, and the night
Without a star shuts-in my soul. That night!
'T were better for me were it of the grave;
Better for both of us. This craving void,
This hunger of the heart that gnaws unceasing,
And most when newly fed on what it craves,
What shall appease it? Yet I must, I must,
Once more be with him, ere it is too late.
Perhaps even now it is too late! perhaps
He is gone already! gone to meet my death!

Enter Aloinda.

Go Aloinda; quickly; tell the Count
I must have speech with him before he starts.

Aloin. [*reluctantly*] Madonna —

Paris. Is he gone then? is he gone?

Aloin. The Count has not yet mounted. But ——

Paris. How now?

Didst thou not hear me? I would speak, I said,
With the Count on the instant.

Aloin. Yes, Madonna, but ——

Forgive me. [*kneels.*] Do not bid me go to him.

Paris. What threatens? What has happen'd? Woman, speak!

Aloin. Nothing that —— 'T is my fear for you. Zoese ——

Paris. Zoese — and thy fear for me? Presumptuous!
What hast thou done? what dar'd? Speak out! speak all.
Tears will not answer me.

Aloin. Be not angry, pray.
You frighten me, Madonna. I but fear'd,
Zoese ——

Paris. Fear thou for Zoese's self.
I have suspected for some time thy fondness
For that base wretch. What has he dar'd to say?

Aloin. 'T was but a word, Madonna. Make me not
Betray him. 'T was alone for your dear sake,
My honor'd and lov'd lady, that I spoke.
I may have fancied danger. O Madonna,
Send me not to the Count again! Zoese ——

Paris. [*passionately.*
Is a lewd villain. I could tell of that
Would ruin him in thy eyes, and with my lord
Put him in instant peril of his life.
Let him beware, foul traitor! Thou, begone.

Send me my gentleman. He shall, instead,
Carry my message to the Count. Away!

[*Exit.* — *Aloinda in the opposite direction, weeping.*

Scene II.

As in Act I. Sc. I.

Enter simultaneously, but from different sides, Zoese *and* Aloinda.

She makes towards him. He is about to avoid her, but suddenly goes towards her.

Zoe. Why, thou art bath'd in tears! What hath betid?
Aloin. My lady order'd me to call the Count
Again to her.
Zoe. So soon! So hot! The! —— Well?
Aloin. I show'd reluctance; for thy words, Zoese,
Had fill'd me with vague terror.
Zoe. Well?
Aloin. Displeas'd,
She bid me call her gentleman.
Zoe. In sooth,
A very proper —— Better he than thou:

Nature design'd him for it. Was 't for that —
Envy of his nice function, or because
Thy lady was displeas'd, thine eyes be wet?
Thou weep'st too easily. Now, had she beat thee,
Or in her passion sought to tear those eyes,
Grudging their brightness ——

Aloin. Thou wilt cease to mock,
When thou hear'st all. 'T was not my lady's wrath —
Though, hadst thou seen her haughty look, Zoese,
Her lips curl'd up with scorn, and glittering eyes
Widely dilated ——

Zoe. I have seen it all.
I mean — elsewhere. All know her passionate blood,
And pride like Lucifer's. But this hot wrath
Had surely other cause.

Aloin. Ah yes, 't was thou.

Zoe. Me? She did not? —— Thou didst not, Aloinda,
Tell what had pass'd between us?

Aloin. Surely, no.
But, in my trouble and dismay, thy name
Escap'd my lips.

Zoe. Ha! And she said? — What said she?

Aloin. Must I tell all? She bid thee to beware,
For she knew what would ruin thee with me,
And put thy life in peril with thy lord?
Why art thou silent?

Zoe. Seeking for a cause,
But find none — other than, that she is mad.
But tarry not, nor chafe her in this mood.

Seek with all haste Messer Aldrovandino:
I 'll talk with thee anon. [*Exit Aloinda.*
But not of this. —
Now, 't is a game of death and life between us,
Thou haughty lady. And 't is I shall win.
I meant to use thy secret for my need;
That I might bind thy lips, and in thy sin
Find palliation for my grave delict,
And amorous advantage. But thou wilt not.
Thou art so steel'd with pride, and thy hot blood,
Distemper'd with incestuous passion, swells
Thy heart so big with daring, my firm plans
Break into bubbles. Love that smooth-cheek'd boy,
Thou virtuous wanton, that wast mad with scorn
That I durst love thee! love thy husband's son!
Tempt him, who is as rash and weak as thou,
Knowing the right and wishing to be good,
Yet strengthless to achieve it, tempt the boy;
And when he falls, look to thyself and him!
The sky is black with thunder, and I see
Even now the flash that shall avenge my shame
And by your common ruin rescue me.[4]
[*Exit.*

Scene III.

A room of Ugo's Apartment in the Castle.

Ugo

seen at a table, leaning with his head in both his hands. His plumed cap is on the table.

Enter Rangone.

He bows profoundly at the door and waits, but is unnoticed — approaches the table with more noise and bows again as before.

Ugo. [*slowly lifting his head.*

What is thy will, Messer Aldrovandino?

Rang. [*again bowing.*

The lady Marchioness, my lord the Count,
Desires the favor of your lordship's presence
For a brief space.

Ugo. Again? I mean —— What, now?

Rang. If my lord please. Before my lord the Count
Rides forth to meet my lord the Marquis.

Ugo. Ah! —

There is scant time. Thou wilt take back my answer.
Thy lady must excuse me. I dare not
Be wanting in this duty. I will come

On my return.

Rang. With pardon of my lord,
The Marchioness would see my lord the Count
Especially, some brief command to give
Before his going.

Ugo. Have my brothers left?

Rang. Long since, my lord. Indeed the Marquis, now,
Our sovereign, must be very nigh the gate.

Ugo. Ah Heaven! I have forgot myself. Yet, yet
'T is not too late. [*Rising hastily, he puts on his cap.*

Rang. My lord then will not come?
'T is but a moment — so my lady said.
She earnestly entreated

Ugo. Come? Yes, yes.
Say I will come, Messer Aldrovandino.

Rang. Shall I attend my noble lord the Count?

Ugo. No. Thanks.

Rang. I humbly take my leave. [*Exit.*

Ugo. Come? Come?
Oh, she is mad! And I —— What will my sire
Deem of my dallying! But I have no thought
Now save for her. And she? Where will this end?
Each draught of this forbidden joy — this joy
Which yet is pain, is sadness, is despair —
Inflames the thirst for more. We must not drink.
We must dash down the cup, or thirst till death.
O that my sire had come before we tasted!
O that he now were here! that this great sin
Might stand where it is now, but in the thought.

Act the Fourth.

Scene I. As in Act I. Sc. I.

Enter the Marquis,
attended by La Sale, Contrario, Lionello,
Borso. Zoese, *following at a distance.*

Marq Faithful La Sale! with thy weight of years
Thou 'rt nimbler in thy welcome than some be
Whose nearer tie might challenge their young limbs
To readier service. Why appears not yet
Our Marchioness?

Contr. My lord perhaps has come
Earlier than look'd for; and the joyous cries
That hail'd his safe return might not have reach'd
Her distant chambers. But the grateful news
Must now have bless'd our lady, and we soon
Shall see her here.

Marq. Why was the County Ugo
Not with your train? Where is he now?

Lion. My lord,
I join'd Messere Ugúzion. Borso staid
To ride with Ugo.

Borso. And I found him wrapt
In gloomy meditation, seeming lost

To all external things. He bade me mount
Without him; he would follow in brief time.

Marq. I fear the boy is ill. But, gentlemen,
Thanking I will dismiss you. My fatigue
Makes, with the dust of travel, privacy
More needful than lov'd faces. [*Exeunt, La Sale and Contrario.*
Lionello,
Go thou to Ugo. If not too unwell,
Bid him attend me. Else, see that he hath
The needful service, and I 'll go to him.
Zoese, wait. [*Exeunt Lion. and Borso.*
Now, what hast thou to say?
Thou hast sought my eyes with thy uneasy looks
Three several times, and ventur'd upon signs
Of anxious haste to speak to me. What means
This mystery?

Zoe. My lord — my duty ——

Marq. Quick!

Dispense with all professions; and be brief.

Zoe. May I then claim beforehand from my lord
His pardon for the dreadful news I bring?

Marq. Pardon? and dreadful? Thou didst look at me
With glances of strange meaning, when our speech
Was of thy mistress and my son the Count.
Is it of them. thy news?

Zoe. My lord — it is.

Marq. Wretch! dar'st thou?

Zoe. Nothing, that will not bear proof.

I have weigh'd the risk with duty; and I take it,
For my lord's honor.

Marq. Thou dar'st not imply? ——
Speak! or I'll strangle thee.

Zoe. My lord well knows
The Marchioness at first dislik'd the Count,
Then took him into favor.

Marq. On thy life!
To the point at once!

Zoe. They now are lock'd together
In the blue chamber of the eastern wing.

Marq. Liar! — But no, thou wouldst not dare —— How came
This thought to thee?

Zoe. Her gentleman was sent
To call the Count, the lady of her Chamber
Having refus'd, — this she averr'd to me, —
A second time to serve her in that way.

Marq. Villain! and is this all?

Zoe. My lord, my life
Rests on the fact. See for yourself; and then
Punish the guilty, me or them.

Marq. But how?

Zoe. I have the key which locks the adjoining room.
There is a door between.

Marq. And thou hast us'd it?

Zoe. My lord, I not deny it. But for that use,
To which what I had heard and seen already
Prompted me as a duty, were unknown
That which, even now, my lord himself may see

Through the lock's aperture.

Marq. Lead then the way.
If thou hast wrong'd them, ere the set of sun
Thy head shall feed the ravens.

Zoe. Quickly then.
They may ere this have parted. But if there,
My lord will have assurance of their guilt.

Marq. And if I do not! —— Mark! thy life or theirs.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene II.

As in Act II. Sc. II.

Ugo. Parisina.

Paris. Go not, dear Ugo! 't is so little while
Thou hast been here.

Ugo. Forget'st thou, dear Madonna,
Why we should part? My brothers both have gone
To welcome-in my sire. What must he think,
Not seeing me with them?

Paris. There is yet full time.

Ugo. No, Borso, waiting for me, came to me
Before Rangone sought me, and I promis'd
To follow straight. We lose the flight of time

While thus together. Should my sire return ——
Heavens! what were he in the Castle now?

Paris. Thy fears confound thee. We should hear the cries
Of those who welcome him, perhaps like us
Hating his coming, and the horses' hoofs
Resounding in the courtyard.

Ugo. No, not so.
We are too distant, and our throbbing hearts
Would deaden to our minds all other sounds.
Madonna, if I fear, 't is not alone
For my own honor, for my life perhaps,
But oh, far more for thine. Why should I stay?
We *must* part — now. Think only where thou art,
And what thou art, Madonna.

Paris. I but think
That thou art with me, Ugo, and but dread
To lose thee now forever.

Ugo. Ay, forever.
Thou didst protest, Madonna, when I came,
It was to be the last time, promis'd me
Thou wouldst not seek again what is such sin
Even to long for.

Paris. Yet, save in the thought,
How are we guilty? Can it be such sin,
That we, of kindred age, and kindred hearts,
Should feel this passion? which we not create,
Ourselves, and cannot at a voice make cease,
Because that voice is reason's or is honor's,
More than we can the other natural longings,

Our hunger and our thirst.

Ugo. O speak not thus!

Enough that we are guilty in the thought.
Let us not stifle conscience, nor ourselves
Court new temptations which we should eschew.
Let me, for thy own sake, for mine, and, dare I say,
My lord my father's, let me go. Farewell!

Paris. Ugo!

Ugo. Madonna?

Paris. 'T is the first, last time.

She puts up her lips to him, and they embrace.
As they part, PARISINA *sobbing,*
Enter,
hurriedly and with dismay in her looks,
ALOINDA.

Paris. [*at first, haughtily.*
How now? What means this? —— [*checks herself, observing Aloinda's looks.*
But — What is there wrong?
Is my lord come?

Aloin. O worse, worse, worse, Madonna!
You are betray'd. He stands now in yon room,
Seeing and hearing all. I saw Zoese,
Some minutes since, on tiptoe, lead him thither.
I know not what is wrong, but I am come,
At peril of my life, soon as I durst,
To give you warning.

Paris. Thanks, kind Aloinda.
I do repent me of my hasty speech. [*extending her hand.*
Aloin. [*kissing it, and weeping.*
Mind me not, dear my lady.
Paris. Leave us now.
[*Exit Aloin.*
Ugo, it is our death. Why art thou pale?
Fear'st thou?
Ugo. Not death, Madonna: not for me.
But oh this shame! my sire — my brothers — thou!
Paris. Yet we are innocent — save in having lov'd,
And in perhaps the fiery thought of that
Which passion in the blood will prompt to all,
But which is only crime with those who yield,
As we have not. Yes, now indeed we part,
And part forever. Even if life be spar'd us,
Yet shut in prison for perhaps all time,
Never again to view thee, Ugo — never!
O that we both were dead!
Ugo. O that we were!
Paris. Yet thou wilt think of me when in thy dungeon,
And dying breathe my name, as I shall thine.
Ugo. Yes, yes, Madonna.
Paris. Call me, call me once
By my own name, as I call thee, dear Ugo.
Let me hear those lov'd lips, since now indeed
We must be parted, speak as those that love.
Lov'st thou me, Ugo?
Ugo. Ever, Parisina.

Paris. [*clinging to him convulsively, and sobbing.*
Now then — now then — once more. [*Putting up her lips as before. They embrace passionately and part.*] O God!

Ugo. Forever!

[*Exit hurriedly.*

PARISINA, *sobbing, remains standing, her face buried in her hands.*

SCENE III.

As in Act II. Sc. I.

BORSO. LIONELLO.

Borso. What is this strange commotion? All was joy
A half-hour since. Now in each other's face
Men look inquiringly, and sadly too.
The Captain of the Guard is call'd in haste,
With two of his men, to our father. Let us go
And see what is to do. What ponderest thou?

Lion. Is not that, Ugo coming?

Borso. Yes; his eyes
Are red as if with weeping, and his mien

Is strangely troubled. See, he marks us not.

Lion. And lo, the Captain of the Guard behind him.

Enter Ugo:
After him, the Captain of the Guard.
As Ugo *is about to pass* Lionello *and* Borso, *without noticing them, the* Captain *confronts him.*

Capt. My lord the Count, by order of my liege
The Marquis, I arrest you.

Ugo. I obey. [*delivering his sword.*
Poor Parisina! [*murmured.— Ugo and Capt. pass on.*

Borso [*following.*] What is his offence?

Capt. Messer', this is my duty. Aught beyond
I am not bound to know.

Borso. Where lead'st thou him?

Capt. To the Lion's Tower.

Lion. Ugo, take my hand.

Capt. Messer', he is forbidden all discourse.

[*Exeunt Ugo and Capt.*

Borso. What, even to us?

Lion. Heard'st thou not what he said?

Borso. "Poor Parisina!" 'T is our lady's name!

Lion. Now art thou answer'd as to what I ponder'd.

Borso. Thou didst not then suspect? ——

Lion. No, I remember'd —
And weigh'd the past with what I saw this morn.

Borso. And think'st thou him then guilty?

Lion. Of the crime

That lies in flagrant act? No more than thou;
But of an ardent love between the two.
I have seen what now I reason on, and draw
Conviction from what once scarce woke a thought.

Enter CONTRARIO,
from the side at which UGO *and* CAPTAIN *have disappeared.*

Contr. Alas, young sirs, I need not ask your theme.
The Count has pass'd you.

Lion. And the Marchioness?

Contr. Has likewise been arrested, and Rangone,
And both her women. Already sits the court
That will pronounce and sentence.

Lion. In such haste?

Contr. Our liege your sire is furious, and will hear
Of no delay. — Permit me: I am summon'd.

Lion. [*detaining him.*
One word — and for us solely. Dost thou deem
Poor Ugo guilty?

Contr. Scarce two hours ago,
We were discoursing of his sadden'd mood.
'T was, we now see, the sadness of a lover,
But in the first stage of an innocent love.
There has been as yet no indulgence of the blood,
Or, in the alter'd and corrupted visage,
The wasted cheek, the darken'd and sunk eye,
We should have redd it, as those other signs.
The Count, I do believe, is pure in body,

However in the soul he may have sinn'd.
I must pass on. God help us to a verdict
Righteous at once and merciful. [*Exit, hurriedly.*

Borso.
Lion. } Amen! [*Exeunt, slowly, in same direction.*

The Drop falls.

ACT THE FIFTH

Scene I. A Chamber of the Mistress of the Wardrobe.

Enter FILIPPA:
ZOESE, *following reluctantly.*

Zoe. Why hast thou brought me hither? Speak: and quick.
Filip. Why art thou sad and sullen?
Zoe. What to thee?
Filip. I 'd have thee joyful, now thy cause and mine
Are both aveng'd.
Zoe. My cause and thine! Art mad?
Filip. In silence, now for more than twenty years,
I have watch'd thee, with such love as only she
Who bore thee in her body, and who fed thee
From her own breasts could feel.
Zoe. What dost thou mean?
Who art thou?
Filip. Who but she, Zoese,
Who bore thee in her body and who fed thee
From her own breasts?
Zoe. My mother? O my God!

Filip. Does it then grieve thee?

Zoe. Who my father then?

Filip. Who but our lord the Signor of Ferrara?

Zoe. Woman! is this then real? Dar'st thou mock
At my distress, and in a time like this?

Filip. At thy distress? Why, was it not thy hand
That led thy sire to where he might behold
The impudent harlot who usurps my place
Wanton with his own son, thy younger brother?

Zoe. Stop! thou wilt drive me mad. Is 't not enough
They are doom'd to death within this very hour,
With all who were thought to abet them in their crime?
And that through me? No more! Prove what thou say'st.
Why hast thou kept this secret until now?
Why now reveal it?

Filip. Ere thou saw'st the light,
The Marquis wedded his first spouse, the dam
Of this incestuous Count. The high-born wretch —
I hate her memory even now — was proud
And fiercely jealous. Hence it was my lord,
In his own interest, and perhaps for mine,
Engag'd me to conceal thy birth alike
And our amour. His bounty, always large,
Made my faith easy, as this spar'd my shame.
Time pass'd. Strange hands had rear'd thee. Not to know thee
Was grown a habit and cost no more pain.
Hence, when in after days I saw thee here,

Well-plac'd and prosperous, I had blush'd to claim thee,
Even had I dar'd.

Zoe. And through this pride and shame,
This avarice, woman, if thy tale be true,
Thou hast foul'd my soul with murder, with the blood
Of my own father's son, shed for a crime
Wherein I envied him.

Filip. What! thou didst love ——

Zoe. No, but I envied him, as all men hate
The joys in others which they love themselves
But are debarr'd from. If thou be my mother ——

Filip. Thou shalt have proof anon. But look thou there.
My pale shrunk visage and thy fresher face
Seem, in that mirror, to have had one mould,
Vary'd but in the casting, — thine more bold.

Zoe. There is better proof within me. In this heart,
Where mix his blood and thine, my father's lust
Throbs with my mother's vengeful ire. But here
Is something more which neither of them has —
Repentance and the gnawing of remorse.
Let me go hence; the air is hot; I am stifled.

Filip. Thou go'st not to betray me? not to help
Thy guilty stepdame?

Zoe. Help her? Could I now?
I would I could! Betray thee? And for what?
To whom? Thy lord — my sire? [*laughing bitterly.*
Betray thee, woman?
Keep thy accursed secret, if thou be
Indeed my mother; not a mother's love,

But a bad woman's malice has divulg'd it:
I never shall betray a being more.

[*Exit, precipitately.*

FILIPPA *makes a step toward him, as if to stop him, but remains standing, fixed in amazement and consternation; and the Scene closes.*

SCENE II.

The dungeon where PARISINA *is confined.*

PARISINA. PRIEST.

Paris. But for a minute! but for one brief minute!
Only that I may hear from his own lips
That he forgives me his untimely death.
Priest. Daughter, that may not be. The Count himself
Pray'd with like earnestness to see his sire,
That he might beg forgiveness of his crime.
My lord refus'd. How couldst thou then, O daughter.
Hope for this greater grace? Nor shouldst thou so.
Even I, had I the power, should have no will
To help thee to thy wishes.
Paris. Take thou then
To Aloinda all thy ghostly cares;

To Aloinda, whom thy despot lord
Dooms to the axe, though innocent as thou.
I want them not.

Priest. This, daughter, is no mood —

Paris. To die in? 'T is to live in. I have learn'd,
Young as I am, and of a sex you men
Deem feeble-minded, to arrange my thoughts,
And weigh my actions for myself; and now,
In my last hour, my mind is still self-pois'd.
I not repent me I love Ugo; no,
He who condemns us whips his own gross sins
Over our backs, he, whose whole wedded life
Has been adulterous, and whose bastard sons
Swarm in Ferrara. No, my sin has been,
Not that I love, but that I let my love
Find utterance, and indulg'd its natural thirst
To see, and hear, and be with, him I love,
Till it involv'd its object. For his life,
O for his life, so causelessly condemn'd,
I would relinquish, not alone my life, —
That were as nothing, — but my deathless soul.

Priest. Daughter! ——

Paris. 'T is true, and would be not less true
Were it not utter'd. Could I be assur'd,
Ugo hereafter would be doom'd to wo,
As I am not, who cannot think that Heaven,
Like vengeful man, would punish as a crime
The wandering of the heart, the heat of blood,
The unstableness of reason, when nought more

Has been the sin of Ugo, whate'er mine,
Could I be sure of this, and that my soul
Might make, for his, atonement, I would take
A twofold torture, and so spare him his.

Priest. Madonna, in this mood ——

Paris. No more! no more!
Go to my lord, and plead for Ugo's life;
Plead on thy knees, as I kneel in my heart.
Remind him that at Ugo's age all men,
That be ingenuous, are before us women
Shamefac'd and shy, nor dare to offer love
Where they are not invited. Bid him judge,
Whether a youth like Ugo would have dar'd,
Would even have thought, to lift eyes of desire
Unto his father's wife, had she not tempted.
Do this. Remind him too, what all men know,
That Ugo's soul is facile to a fault,
And takes, against the advisement of his reason,
The shape that others will. Do what thou canst
To move his sire, as thou mayst safely do, —
For I protest to that All-conscious One
Before whose throne I shortly must appear,
Ugo is guiltless, — and when thou comest back,
And tell'st me that his sentence is remov'd,
Bid me kneel down, and I will gladly pray,
And make full shrift with an unburden'd heart,
And, after, lay my head upon the block
More cheerfully than for long months I have done
Upon the pillow where repos'd my lord.

Priest. Daughter, what may be done, that will I do;
Not for Count Ugo's sake alone, though sure,
From all I have heard, the bloody doom pronounc'd
Is too severe, but for my liege himself.
Meanwhile give heed, my daughter, to thy soul.
Try to subdue this passion of regret,
This wild despair for him thou hast destroy'd,
And think on that concerns thee in this hour.

Paris. Deem'st thou that possible? But I will try.

[*Exit Priest.*

Try? With this anguish gnawing in my heart?
O Ugo! would that fate which now must be
I had forestall'd, and by my willing death
Sav'd thee the shame, the horror of this hour!
Curse me not, Ugo! Kneel not unto God
Without one word for me! They have shorn thy locks
That the axe may cut sheer! They force thee down,
Thy pale face to the block! Help! save him! save him!
Kill *me!* kill *me!* I only am to blame!

[*Falls senseless.*

Scene III.

A room in the Marquis's Apartments.

Marquis.
La Sale. Contrario.

Marq. These reasons not suffice. Think ye, my friends,
That what your hearts might whisper would not plead
Loudly to mine, a father's? If young blood,
Temptation, and that weakness of the will
Which perils virtue, be a plea for crime,
Who shall stand guilty?

La Sale. Who, my liege, escape,
Where nothing palliates? Suffer me to pray,
Here on my knees, — kneel thou too down, with me,
Messer Ugúzion, — that you would regard —
Pardon, my lord! the honor of your name.
For more than twice a hundred years your House,
Princes before, are sovereign in Ferrara;
Nor has the Marquisate in all that time
Been ever spotted with a crime like this.
See in these tears, which are men's tears, my liege,
Not flowing readily, — in mine, I think,
Not since my mother died, — see in our tears
The witness of our love, our grief, our shame,

And give us hearing when we humbly pray
You will not by this public stain of blood
Connect your name, for all succeeding time,
With this most heinous wickedness.

Contr. Dear my liege!
Yield to our prayers, our tears. Heed good La Sale,
This wise and just old man, who never yet
Has counsel'd falsely.

Enter LIONELLO.

Marq. Rise up, gentlemen.
Were your plea valid, not your prayers were needed,
Far less those tears. Your urgence comes too late;
The crime once judg'd is bruited to the world,
And the death-sentence stamps its heinous kind
Forever, even were it not enforc'd.
Leave me, good friends. 'T is vain to utter more.

[*Exeunt La S. and Contr.*

Now, Lionello?

Lion. Let me too, my liege,
My father, kneel for Ugo.

Marq. Hast thou seen
The virtuous La Sale on his knees,
By him Contrario, and both denied,
And hop'st thou to prevail?

Lion. Not I, but truth,
But justice. Ugo was seduc'd. I know it.
I can establish it.

Marq. I do believe it
Without thy proofs. He was seduc'd. — O God!
By her who! —— Patience! — Was seduc'd? What then?
It is the plea of half the world in crime,
And may avail hereafter, but not here.
Lion. But haply Ugo's crime was not ——
Marq. Enough!
Hast thou aught else to ask, that thou awaitest?
If so, be quick, and leave me to my wo.
Lion. I fain, my lord, would see him. May that be?
Marq. Ay, 't is my wish. Thou only. Take this ring:
The wardens will respect it. Bid the boy
In his last hour remember who he is,
And bear himself as fits a princely name.
I shall deplore him, though I may not pardon.
[*Exit Lionello.*

Enter PRIEST.

What now? Hast thou confess'd them?
Priest. But the Count.
I come to intercede ——
Marq. When will this cease?
Am I so feeble-minded that thou too
Shouldst hope to set aside my stern resolve?
Priest. Not were it bas'd on justice.
Marq. Dar'st thou, priest?
Priest. — In nothing venture to provoke my lord.
But higher than the reverence he inspires

Is that I owe to truth and unto God.
Hear me. I will be brief. 'T is all but sure,
And, would my liege but give the time, the proofs
Might yield full certitude, no actual crime
Has been committed.

Marq. Hush! What said the Lord
Thy Master? He who on a woman looks
To covet her has in his heart already
Committed the vile act. Where this is done,
The prelude and propulsion to gross sin,
What needs to make the corporal guilt complete
But the enticement of an apt occasion,
And the hot madness of a lecherous pulse?
I saw her in his arms — press'd face to face, —
Her red lip, pouted toward him, touch'd his own,
And the unnatural — no, the natural wretch
Return'd the passion of his father's wife.
Will the most horrible crime — as even now
It is most horrible, — will it, when again
They come together, will the crime stop there?

Priest. But separate them; put them in close cells,
In yonder towers, if so thou wilt, for aye;
But, O my lord, stain not thy princely name,
Stain not the name of Este, with a blood
That is thy own!

Marq. And should I die, what then?
What keeps them in the dungeon, when the doors
That lock them in must yield to his command
Who then is master? No, I have search'd my mind,

And pray'd to Heaven for guidance. Did I find
One moment's doubt, one feeling of remorse,
'T should count for them, for Ugo. There is none.
[*waving off the Priest.*

Priest. But didst thou hear, my lord, what Ugo said?

Marq. No, nor what yet the abandon'd woman said:
But I beheld. What matters it, their speech?
The act condemns them.

Priest. Pardon me. The Count
Averr'd it was the last time he would see her. —

Marq. [*interrupting.*
And she, no doubt, responded to this vow,
After much sobbing and heart-breath'd farewells.
Know we not all, who know what passion is,
That easier 't is to break the vow than make it?
Go to thy cloister, priest; thou knowest not man.
Or rather, go prepare him for a fate
Which nothing but my own death shall avert. [*Exit, above.*

Priest. [*looking after him, sadly, for a while.*
He who himself is so inexorable,
How shall he look for mercy in that day
When his own crimes are counted? Men avenge
Their proper vices on the sins whose seed
They have themselves implanted in their sons.
If thou forgive man's trespasses, O God,
Only as he forgives his fellow here,
Thy single all-unpardon'd crime, poor Ugo,
Will scatter to the winds thy sire's last prayers!
[*Exit, mournfully.*

Scene IV.

An inner chamber of the same apartment.

Enter Marquis.
He paces slowly to and fro.
Presently,
Enter Zoese, *from the left.*
He remains standing at the entrance.

Marq. Come forward. — What want'st *thou?* How pale thou art!
Hast thou too come to add thy knees to those
Thy betters bend, who hope that prayers may win
What neither justice nor a father's love
Can wring from me? thou?

Zoe. No, my lord; I know,
That it were useless.

Marq. What mean'st thou by that?

Zoe. Thy justice is inflexible.

Marq. But why
Art thou so pale? Art thou affrighted too?
Wouldst thou undo what thou hast done?

Zoe. My lord,
I falter not. If I am pale, the cause
Is but my purpose.

Marq. Speak.

Zoe. If I have done
Service unto my lord, then suffer me
In the same cause, as recompense, to lead
My lady to her death.

Marq. Hast thou no shame?
Feel'st thou no pity?

Zoe. Much. But more the longing
To see her face the headsman.

Marq. [*after a pause.*] Be it so.
Whatever be thy motive, take thy wish.
Thou shalt observe her, and shalt bring to me
The frightful story. — Follow, to receive
The order requisite. Then bid the ushers
See that no person but thyself, this day,
Be suffer'd to intrude on me again.

[*Exeunt.*

Scene V.

The dungeon in the Lion's Tower.

Ugo. Lionello.

Ugo. She did not do thee justice. She believ'd
Thou wast too cold to be indeed my friend.
But thou art warmer to me than my sire,

And thy ambition, hast thou nurtur'd such,
Has not endear'd to thee thy brother's ruin.

Lion. I can forgive her. It was love of thee —
Alas! the guilty love that fear'd my gaze —
That sought to estrange us, that it might be safe.
Heaven be with her, Ugo, as with thee,
In this dread hour! Hast thou no word to send
To our sad father?

Ugo. None, but that I die
Guilty against him less than he believes,
And penitent for all; and that I die
Firmly, as he enjoins. Bid Borso take
My last farewell, and love, which next to thee
He of all men possesses. Lionello,
The father enters. I must shrive me now.

Enter PRIEST.

Go; and if thou be one day sovereign here,
Think on poor Ugo, and think nothing ill.

Lion. O God! my brother! [*throwing himself into Ugo's arms*

Ugo. [*softly.*] Hush! And now — farewell!
[*Exit Lion.*

UGO *drops on his knees before the* PRIEST,

and Scene closes.

Scene VI.

The Dungeon, as in Act V. Sc. II.

Parisina, *on her knees.*[5]

Enter,
behind her, Zoese.
She turns, and rises indignantly and scornfully.

Paris. What! *thou?*

Zoe. [*slowly and gravely.*
And to abide with you, Madonna,
Till the trump sound.

Paris. There wanted this — this insult —

Zoe. This assuagement. Hear me through, Madonna.
Our time is brief. The bell will shortly toll
That gives my brother Ugo to the axe,
Hapless like me, but far less guilty.

Paris. Wretch!
Or — art thou mad? Thou look'st not as thou didst.
[*regarding him more nearly.*
Why com'st thou, double murderer, to thy victim?

Zoe. To make atonement. Stand there still, Madonna,
Till you have heard me. In this very hour
I have come to know I am Filippa's son,

And by the Marquis. —

Paris. Thou art pale as death,
And haggard. Wicked as thou art approv'd,
Thou wouldst not mock me now. Speak'st thou mere truth?

Zoe. The horrible truth. I too have dar'd to love
My father's wife, and in my jealous rage
Prepar'd a double murder. But I come
Here at your feet to make two-fold atonement.
This dagger is for me; this little drug
Saves you the horror of the axe, and blood,
Which should not stain that skin.

Paris. Art thou sincere?

Zoe. See. [*offering to stab himself.*

Paris. Stop! Not yet! — Art thou indeed his son?

Zoe. His oldest natural son; that evil fruit,
Planted in wickedness, and gather'd now
To poison its producer. I have come
To die before you. Be not now displeas'd
I have again avow'd what once so vex'd you.
Here, at your feet, I pray for your forgiveness,
As I invoke my God's for all the wrong
Done to the Count and thee.

Paris. Thou art forgiven.
I, who through passion have myself so sinn'd,
Should have no wrath for jealous rage like thine.
Thou must in turn forgive. I do repent me
Of my too passionate scorn, and freely own
I have notch'd the shaft that slays me. Take my hand.

Zoe. Let me once kiss it. And now let me die.

Paris. One minute. Thou dost well to die. For thus
Thou makest expiation for my life,
It may be for thy brother's. But this drug,
For which I thank thee, is it sure and quick?

Zoe. Certain, and almost instant in effect.
I sought to spare thee lingering pain.

Paris. Fresh thanks.
I 'll wait until the tower-bell tolls, and then! ——
But haply first the priest will come, and bring me
News of his respite.

Zoe. No, Madonna, no!
I overheard him plead in vain. My lord
Bid him go shrive the Count.

Paris. Thou awful God!
Hear'st Thou, and wilt Thou let this heart of stone
Beat happily, while Ugo? —— [*Bell tolls without.*
Ah! the bell!
[*Gazing vacantly and speaking gaspingly.*
The axe! They have kill'd him! Ugo! O God! God!
[*Falls into Zoese's arms.*

Zoe. Hush, hush, Madonna, and arise, for pity!
Or they will intercept us! 'T is thy hour.

Paris. [*standing up instantly.*
And Ugo waits me. Thus. [*About to swallow the poison.*
Zoese stops her arm.

Zoe. No, let me lead.
[*stabbing himself.*
Pardon: I would expire before thee.

Paris. Blood?

Oh God! thou 'rt — [*stooping, as to stanch the wound.*

Zoe. [*smiling sadly.*

— Well dispatch'd. Stay not the flow.

Look to thyself, dear lady: their — their feet ——

[*Noise heard at the door.*

Paris. I hear.

[*swallows the poison.*

'T is done. 'T is well done. Thanks, my brave Zoese.

Art thou quite gone already?

Zoe. [*lifting his head with difficulty.*] Was 't thy voice?

I see thee dimly. I expire[6] — gladly.

Good night — Ma — donna! [*Dies.*

Paris. So? Farewell!

They come — but are too late: the poison works.

Enter PRIEST.

Behind him the JAILER *and* EXECUTIONER.

See there the informer, and the bloody proof

Of his repentance!

Priest. Didst thou do this deed,

Unhappy lady?

Paris. No — I have done one like it —

And robb'd — the headsman. Ugo! now — with thee!

[*Dies.*

Curtain falls.

NOTES TO UGO DA ESTE

1.—P. 4. . . his son by his first wife.] See p. 22, verse 5.

2.—P. 22. *While thou wast lawful-born*, etc.] See POSTSCRIPT. So also, for the first and fourth succeeding verses. They give Bandello's story. But Nicholas was not himself "misbegotten", although his father and predecessor was.

3.—P. 23. . . *who art younger than myself.*] This is fiction, not history. Consult page 74; where it will be found, that Parisina had at this time been married seven years, which would make her at least three years older than Ugo; a degree of maturity that might be inferred from the circumstances of the story, and which is inadvertently conveyed in the very conduct and language ascribed to her throughout the play.

4.—P. 31. *The sky is black with thunder*, etc.] Omit, for the Stage, these three last verses.

5.—P. 60. Parisina, on her knees.] Otherwise:

PARISINA, *lying senseless.*
Enter ZOESE.
He lifts her tenderly.

Zoe. Dead? Would thou wert, unhappy! But thy pulse
Tells of life still. How little time ago
My heart had bounded but to even hope
To hold thee thus! — If thou wouldst only die
While in this trance! — But thou must be awak'd
To welcome death. — So — [*setting her up, with her back to the wall.*
— let me place thee so:
It would not do for thee, nor yet for me —
Me whom thou justly scorn'st and well mayst hate —
That thou shouldst find me hanging o'er thee thus.
She wakes. Alas! — [*Retreating.*
Paris. [*looking about her vacantly — then recollecting herself.*] How came I thus? Ah me! [*Rises.*
What! *thou?*
Zoe. [*slowly and gravely.*
And to abide, *etc. etc.*

The advantage of this reading would be that it marks the brevity of the time that has elapsed since the close of Sc. II. The objections to it are, 1st: The shrieks of Parisina, in that Scene, must have brought assistance to her; so that she would not lie senseless till Zoese entered. 2dly: If so lying, the Jailer, who admits Zoese, would observe her situation.

6.—P. 63. — *I expire* —] This is full rythm: it is pronounced slowly, as a trisyllable. The hemistich might read however, and without much diminution of force: "I expire *now* — gladly", or, "I expire — *thus* — gladly", or again, with a change of sense: "I am dying — gladly". But that in the text is the true and natural expression.

POSTSCRIPT.

In presuming the legitimacy of Ugo, I have been led astray by fiction. In his 44th novel, Bandello makes the Signora Bianca da Este, consort of the Signor Amerigo Sanseverino, relate the particulars of so fearful a tragedy. And this lady commences by naming herself the grandchild of Niccolo III. As in the main parts of the story, as well as in certain details of contemporary history, or allusive thereto, the narrator agrees with the historians, it is somewhat remarkable that she should have made Ugo the oldest legitimate son of Niccolo. She does this more than once, and with intentional contradiction of the historical assertion that he was one of Niccolo's numerous natural children. In the commencement, after asserting that Niccolo was himself illegitimate, but through the favor of the Venetians, Florentines and Bolognese, had succeeded in obtaining the Signory, banishing the rightful lord, Azzo IV., his cousin, to Candia,* she proceeds: "Prese poi egli per

* The line of succession of the Marquises of Este is perplexing to follow, because of the illegitimacy of so very many of them, and the frequent changes (partly thence arising, partly caused by the usurpation or the preferred succession of brothers) which make the line diverge again and again, so that even the collateral branch tralineates. If the *Azzo* above, who never had the fortune to reign, is entitled to be numbered, his name should read *Azzo X.*, there having been nine before him of that designation, direct rulers or associated in the Signory of Ferrara. So far as I can disentangle the genealogy, I shall endeavor, in elucidation of the text, to show how *Nicholas III.* came to his petty sovereignty, and the legitimate line of princes was made to end in banished *Azzo*.

The House of Este, from whose stem proceeds the ducal race of Brunswick, and consequently the present royal family of England, commence their line, as sovereigns, with Alberto Azzo II., *Marquis of Italy*, *Count of the Lunigiana*, *Lord of Este*, *Rovigo*, etc., who died in 1097, over a hundred years old. Passing the list of his insignificant successors for nearly two centuries, we come to the reign of Obizzo II. in 1264. And here I beg leave to call attention to two facts: 1. the ruling Marquis names as his successor or successors whom of his

moglie la Signora Gigliuola, figliuola del Signor Francesco Giovine

house he will, and, 2. the people have a voice in confirming them. Thus of this Obizzo II. we are told by Muratori: *And although he was but seventeen years old, nevertheless the People of Ferrara did not hesitate to give him the dominion of their city and district. For, when the funeral of the deceased Marquis was over, all the citizens and strangers* [note this] *being called together in the Square, the Marquis Obizzo II. was pronounced by acclamation Lord of Ferrara, he and after him his Heir. Antichità Estensi* (Modena, in fol. 1740): P. II. Cap. 2. *ad init.* In 1282, the Paduans threatening war, Obizzo confers *inter vivos* on his son FRANCESCO, freed of his filial allegiance ("emancipato,") the lands of Este, etc. (a) In 1293 Obizzo dies, and by his will makes *all* his sons, Azzo (VIII.), Aldrovandino (II.) and *Francesco*, joint heritors of *all his estates, dominions, and honors.* (*ib.* p. 39.) The Council general of Modena elects for its perpetual lord Azzo VIII. *Marchese d'Este e d'Ancona.* In various instruments, *Francesco* is named along with his brothers, e. g., "Lega fra i *Marchesi* Estensi Azzo VIII. e Francesco, etc." (title of document). And the words follow, in the instrument itself: . . "Procuratores Magnifici viri D. Francisci eadem gratia *Estensis et Anchonitani Marchionis* [*Marchese d'Este e d'Ancona*, as Azzo above], Fratris ejusdem D. Azonis, etc." (*ib.* p. 60.) This Azzo dying, 1308, appoints his *universal heir* Folco, legitimate son of Fresco his bastard son. The author of the *Cronica Estense* asserts that Azzo, being reconciled to his brothers, made a new will in which he named as his heirs those brothers; but Muratori says, that he had never seen any authentic writing of this other disposition, nor was any seen, 250 years before his time, by Pellegrino Prisciano; and that it appears contrary to fact, since it is certain that the said Fresco, as paternal guardian of Folco, succeeded *with the aid of the Bolognese.* (p. 68.) I do not see that this proves it, and the clause I italicize would tend to confirm the contrary. The will may have been destroyed. At all events, it is noticeable for my purpose, what stress is put upon the testament of the ruling prince as conferring the right of succession. Observe too what follows. The legitimate princes appeal to Clement V. *Pope*, and he *supports their claim.* The *people of Ferrara, repenting of having accepted Fresco as their ruler, and desiring the government of legitimate Princes*, revolt, and with such earnestness that Fresco came near yielding. But he obtains the assistance of the Venetians. Then *the Papal army enters Ferrara amid the jubilant acclaim of the people and to shouts of Live the Marquis Francesco:* (p. 69.) Here we see *Francesco* (observe this, for he is the lineal ancestor of the Azzo

(a) Nempe distinguendus erat Marchionatus, feudum Regale, ab allodiali olim terra, qualis erat Estensis . . LEIBN. *Scrip. Brunsv.* (Hanov. fol. 1716.) *Introd. in* T. II. p. 7.

da Carrara, che in quei tempi signoreggiava Padova. Da questa

of the text) having both the Papal sanction and the popular acclaim, of which two ratifications Muratori will be found to make so much for Niccolo III. who excluded *Azzo*. In 1313, this *Francesco* was treacherously slain by the soldiers of Dalmazio Signor of Bagnolo, Vicar of the Card. di Pelagrua. His possessions were restored to his sons, *Bertoldo* and *Azzo*. Now we have living *Azzo* and *Bertoldo*, sons of *Francesco;* and Rinaldo, Obizzo, and Niccolo, sons of Aldrovandino. This *Azzo*, son of Francesco I., is called *Azzo* IX. *The people* (note again!) *pronounce by acclamation* the Marquises *Rinaldo* and *Obizzo* sons of Aldrovandino, and *Azzo* son of the Marquis Francesco *their lords*, (p. 72.) Then arrive in Ferrara Niccolo, third son of Aldrovandino, and *Bertoldo* the other son of Francesco, *and they too had their part in the Signory, though the Mar. Rinaldo, as being first-born, was considered principal in the government.* (*ib.*) Aldrovandino remains in the background, for reasons given by the historian. Pope John XXII. fulminates excommunication against the Ferrarese and places their city under interdict. (p. 73.) In 1318 died in Ferrara the Mar. *Azzo*, leaving no offspring, — as shown by his testament, in which he appoints his universal heir his brother the Mar. *Bertoldo*, (*ib.*); who thus becomes sole successor to the rights of *Francesco I.* Remember the importance (as above shown) attached to a will under the circumstances. This *Bertoldo* in 1323 has a son born to him called *Francesco* (Franc. II.) In 1329, a bull of P. John XXII. releases the Marr. Rinaldo IV., Obizzo III., and Niccolo, sons of Aldrovandino, deceased in 1326, from the Papal censure and concedes to them the *Vicariate* of Ferrara. (This was the whole object of Papal interference, to obtain from the weakness of the Princes an acknowledgment of vassalage to Rome.) In this and other bulls, Muratori remarks, the name of *Bertoldo* is not mentioned. Rinaldo dies, 1335; *Bertoldo*, 1343; Niccolo, 1344. Obizzo dies, 1352. Now this Obizzo, third of the name, was a bastard son of the second Obizzo, whose father was illegitimate, and he had eleven bastards by the beautiful Lippa degli Ariosti of Bologna. Just before her death, *to satisfy conscience* (as Muratori unphilosophically supposes) and *to legitimate his children*, but more probably moved by her entreaties, he had himself married to her, this partner of perhaps a twenty years' concubinage. *Up to this time*, says the historian, FRANCESCO *had nourished hopes of succeeding to the Signory of Ferrara and the other States of the House of Este, but, seeing the marriage take place and the bull arrive of P. Clement II. in which the sole sons of Mar. Obizzo were called to the Vicariate of Ferrara, from that time forward he ceased to smile, meditating what he subsequently put into effect a few days after the death of the Mar. Obizzo.* (*Cap.* V. p. 118.) In fact, *Francesco* combined with Rinaldo, son of the deceased Niccolo. But without effect. In 1358 peace

egli ebbe un bellissimo figliuolo senza più, che Ugo Conte di Rovigo

was made between the brothers, and *Francesco*, included in the treaty, received back his confiscated possessions. But he never afterward saw Ferrara (p. 127.) Aldrovandino III. dies in 1361. And thereupon his brother Niccolo II. takes the reins of government to the exclusion of Aldrovandino's son Obizzo IV. The latter however, and Niccolo's brother Alberto, appear to have a nominal share in the government, for we find their names combined in sundry instruments of the time; but the uncles always take precedence, and Niccolo, the actual ruler, is named first. Thus in 1376 the Archbishop of Ravenna, unable to defend a portion of his territory, conveys it for a stipulated annual sum, not to Obizzo, but to Obizzo and his uncles, making the transfer in this wise: ". . la Terra di Lugo e la Villa di S. Potito a i Marchesi Niccolò ed Alberto e ad Obizzo loro Nipote, figliuolo del fu Aldrovandino Marchese e a *i loro figliuoli e eredi*." Here the reversion is to the sons and heirs of all three! certainly a curious instance of the looseness, in those days, and the chance of complication therein involved, of the rights of succession in the House of Este. The Marquis Francesco dies in 1384, leaving a son by the name of *Azzo*. And this, the tenth Marquis of that name, is the unhappy prince whom Parisina speaks of in the play. In 1388, Niccolo II. dies, and Alberto succeeds. Thus again the claims of Obizzo are set aside. In 1398, Alberto dies, and solemnly makes over the succession to his own son, Niccolo III. Niccolo was but nine years old when recognized as Lord of Ferrara, having to back him the aid of powerful neighbors, to whom his father, either politic himself, or at the suggestion of sagacious ministers, had on his deathbed commended him. *To his support*, writes Muratori, *arrived from Venice, Florence, Bologna and Mantua, various squadrons of soldiers. Such precautions were taken, because it was already foreseen, that* Azzo *Marquis, son of the heretofore mentioned* Francesco *Marquis of Este, not unlike his father, would have made attempts to wrest by usurpation the Signory of Ferrara from the Marquis* Niccolò, *although this latter, both by the bulls of the Pope* (*repeated again in* 1394) *and by the election of the People, was the legitimate possessor, to the exclusion of the said* Azzo, *deprived of title to lay claim to that dominion.* (u. s. p. 159.) Azzo has recourse to arms. In 1395, a proposition was made to certain of the Council of Ferrara, and accepted by them, to take *Azzo* off. But the pretended assassins, men of rank, substituted, for the promised victim, a poor devil of a servant, who had the misfortune to resemble him in visage and whom they dressed up in Azzo's clothes. *Cron. Nov. Jac. de Delayto.* (Rer. Ital. Scrip. xviii. *coll.* 919, 20.) Finally, after a petty battle, Azzo was taken prisoner and carried to Faenza, and being delivered to the Venetian government, was confined, as above said, in Candia, (*ib.* 959.) See final subnote, p. 76.

fu chiamato." And at the close, after reciting the death of the lovers and their burial in San Francesco, she says: "Hora, veggendosi il Marchese senza moglie e senza figliuoli legitimi, si maritò la terza volta, e prese per moglie la Siga. Ricciarda, figliuola del Marchese di Saluzzo; de la quale nacquero il Duca Hercole, padre del Duca Alfonso, ed altresì il Sign. Sigismondo da Este mio padre. Io so, che sono alcuni che hanno openione, che lo sfortunato Conte non fosse figliuolo de la prima moglie del Marchese Niccolò,* ma che fosse il primo figliuol bastardo che havesse; ma essi forte s'ingannano, perchè fu legitimo, ed era Conte di Rovigo, come più volte ho sentito dire à la buona memoria del Signor mio Padre."

This is very positive, and as it is difficult to see what motive there could be in altering the facts, when the legitimacy of Ugo would rather, by reason of the prejudices of mankind, add to the enormity of his crime, a bastard's virtue being always looked upon with suspicion, — otherwise, not so much being expected of him, — I can only suppose the memory of the narrator to have been at fault. Yet, what are we to think of the name and rank of his mother being given? If such a story really was told, Bandello may himself through fault of memory or through indifference to facts, have slightly, yet materially, distorted some of its details.† Still, with

* Nicholas was espoused to Gigliola, daughter of Francesco II. of Padua, in 1397, when he had just passed his thirteenth year, she being about fifteen. (*Delayto* u. s.) Supposing that he had a son by her eight years afterward, the period would be 1405. If we add to this twenty years, the age assigned to Ugo, we have 1425, the epoch of the tragedy. Thus there is no discordance in the date to give unlikelihood to the assertion in Bandello, who adds that the mother died soon after giving him birth. Ugo was born in 1405. *Addit. anon. annal.* R. I. S. xv. 536.

† "Ultimamente la S. Bianca ne recitò una, che à me parve, per gli accidenti suoi, molto notabile. Il perchè io, che presente vi era, havendola ben notata, la scrissi, e la collocai con l'altre mie." *Il Bandello al Conte B. Castiglione.* Nov. P. I. p. 289, ed. di Londra, 4to. 1740.

The personage to whom he writes this, in a brief and graceful proem and dedication, was the illustrious Baldassar Castiglione, the poet and ambassador, the

even this presumption, and all allowance made for the license of a novelist, the ascription, deliberate and circumstantiated, of legitimacy to Ugo, if there were no grounds for it, in tradition or otherwise, appears a singular freak of the imagination or perversion of judgment. It is to be observed that though Sigismondo, the second of the legitimate sons of Niccolo by Ricciarda, was not born till seven or eight years after the death of Ugo,* he yet must have been fully informed of all the particulars; and it is his daughter who is made to declare *that those who believe that Ugo was not born in wedlock are greatly deceived, for she had often heard her father say he was legitimate and was Count of Rovigo.* Moreover, it is remarkable that to Nicholas III., who had so numerous a family of bastards, are assigned no children by either Gigliola or Parisina. The same year

beloved and honored of Popes and Princes, the author of the "golden book" of the *Courtier.* How can we suppose, that, to such a man and such a writer, Bandello would send, in return for one of his fastidious compositions (a), what he himself knew to be a jumble of truth and falsehood?

It was just one hundred years after the event of the tragedy that Bandello, flying from his native territory (the Milanese) where the battle of Pavia had made the Spaniards masters, took refuge, after various wandering, in France. Here he became Bishop *ad interim* of Agen, in 1550, and died in the neighborhood of that city about eleven years afterward. As he was born toward the end of the preceding century, he may be supposed to have been between twenty and thirty years old when present, as he says, at the recital of the Lady Blanche's story, and, as Castiglione died in 1529, he must have written it down within a very few years after he had heard it. So that, whatever may be said of slighter errors, the chief and important discrepancy from historical accounts, namely in the birth of Ugo, remains, as implied above, not easily explainable.

* In 1433, the Emperor Sigismund, returning, after receiving the Roman crown, to Germany, arrived at Ferrara. There he created "Cavalieri cinque figliuoli del medesimo Principe [Nicc. III.], cioè *Lionello, Borso,* e *Folco* non legittimi, ed *Ercole* e *Sigismondo* fanciulli legittimi; l'ultimo de' quali fu anche tenuto da lui al sacro forte." *Antich. Est.* II. p. 196. *Ercole* was born 1431.

(a) . . "havendomi voi mandata quella vostra bellissima Elegia, che io alcuna cosetta de le mie vi debbia mandare, non per scambio, *ec.*" u. s.

in which he married Ricciarda, 1429, he obtained from the Pope (Martin V.) the legitimation of Lionello.

However, the accuracy of Bandello is sufficient for the purposes of tragedy, and, as I have not hesitated to use the privilege of a dramatist in certain other points, as in the consanguinity of Zoese, and in making Parisina to die by poison, and the execution of Ugo to follow immediately the condemnation, it cannot be thought material that I should have made Lionello (the immediate successor of Niccolo) the oldest of his illegitimate sons, and by Stella,* who in Frizzi's history is said to be represented as the mother of Ugo. Had I been certain that there is no historical warrant for what is maintained by the novelist, I should probably not have made Ugo a legitimate son of Niccolo, who appears to have had but two male children that were born in wedlock. But the plot of the tragedy was formed years ago (probably soon after reading the tale in 1840); and it was only when the work was fairly under way, (1861,) that I had it in my power to consult any particular history of Ferrara. I have not yet been able to find a copy of either Frizzi (cited by Byron in the notes to his *Parisina*) or Sardi (therein named), but I have searched the volumes of Muratori, from which I make the following extracts.

The old annalist of the family of Este, JOANNES FERRARIENSIS, (*ap.* MURAT. *Rer. Ital. Scriptor.* Tom. xx.) enumerates seventeen children of Niccolò, male and female. He gives the additional name of Aldrovandino to Ugo, whose decease he simply chronicles, as if it was an ordinary death: "Ugone Aldrovandino mortuo" (*ib.* 453.) His annals were written in the principality of the first *Duke* (Borso),

* "Il primo de i figliuoli bastardi fu Leonello, che d'una giovane bellisima (che Stella era nomata) nacque. E questo successe al padre ne la Signoria de la Città di Ferrara. Il secondo fu il famoso Borso, generato in una gentildonna Senese, de la nobile e antica casa de i Tolomei; il quale di Marchese fu da Paolo II. sommo Pontefice creato Duca di Ferrara, e da Federico d'Austria Imperadore fatto Duca di Modena e di Reggio." BAND. *Nov.* xliv.

to whom he addresses them, and out of reverence to whom he may be supposed to have suppressed the particulars of the occurrence.

From the "Diario Ferrarese" (*Di autori incerti*) — ap. MURAT. *ib.* xxiv. I learn that Niccolò espoused Parisina in 1418. As the tragedy occurred in 1425, she had therefore been married to him seven years at the time of that atrocious crime, or at least of its discovery and punishment. — *Borso*, it says, was the son of Stella: — "Eodem Millesimo — Adì xi di Lujo, moritte Madonna Stella da l'Assasino, Madre di Messer Borso,* che fu poi Duca, ed era stata a posta de lo Illustrissimo Marchexe Niccolò da Este, e fu sepolta a S° Francesco con grande onore." 184.

"MCCCCXXV. Del mese di Marcio. Uno Luni a hore xviiii fu tajata la testa a Ugo Figliolo de lo Illustre Marchexe Niccolò da Este, e a Madonna Parexina, che era Madrigna di dicto Ugo; e questo perchè lui avea uxado carnalmente con lei; ed insieme fu decapitado uno Aldrovandino di Rangoni da Modena famio del dicto Signore, per essere stato casone di questo male; e furono morti in Castel Vecchio in la Torre Marchexana, e la nocte furono portati suso una caretta a Sto Francesco; e ivi furono sepulti." *Id. ib.* 184, 5.

Neither of these Chronicles, it will be seen, (the first, for obvious reasons,) speaks of Ugo as illegitimate, but the *Cron. di Bologna* and the *Memoriale Histor. Matt. de Griffonibus* (R. I. S. xviii) both do.

"In esso anno 1425, passata la metà di Marzo occorse un funesto accidente al Marchese Niccolò. Informato egli da una mal' accorta damigella, che passava disonesto commerzio fra Parisina de' Malatesti sua moglie, e Ugo suo figliuolo bastardo, e chiaritosene con gli occhi proprj, li fece prendere amendue, e formato il processo, ne

* It will have been seen (subnote *, p. 73) that the Lombard novelist makes him to have been the son of a noble lady of Siena. As in the case of Ugo and of Lionello, what grounds he had for misrepresenting history in this particular, while borrowing from it other details for the very purpose of giving the color of verity to his narration, I have no means of ascertaining; and perhaps none exist.

seguì la condanna, per cui fu loro levato il capo dal busto. La medesima pena toccò ad Aldrovandino Rangone, e a due damigelle, complici del misfatto. Della lor morte fu incredibilmente afflitto il popolo di Ferrara, perchè amava forte il suddètto Ugo, giovane di vent' anni, di rara beltà e prodezza. Maggiore nondimeno fu di gran lunga la doglia, che svaporato il bollore della collera ne soffrì poscia il Marchese, troppo tardi pentito della precipitosa giustizia; di modo che per molti mesi non seppe ammettere conforto o consolazione alcuna." *Antichità Estensi.* P. IIa. Cap. vii. p. 191.

The antiquarian (*ib.* cap. viii.) calls *Lionello* the eldest of Niccolo's sons. He characterizes him as *a prince of consummate piety and amiability.* p. 202. *Borso* is lauded as *endowed with rare prudence, of tried humanity, and possessed of other incomparable gifts.* ib. Cap. ix. p. 207. Eulogies which, as they are founded on the characterization of the old annalists, and other inconsiderable historians of the period, who endow even Nicholas III. with every princely virtue, must be accepted, like all contemporaneous judgment, with caution. Of Nicholas indeed and his last act, Muratori thus speaks: . . . . "ceased to exist Nicholas III., Marquis of Este, a prince magnificent and just, of fine aspect, of agreeable manners, of vigorous constitution, of rare prudence, and adorned with other signal virtues, among which nevertheless was wanting continence; for he left behind him not a few bastards, whom moreover in the succession of his States he preferred to Hercules and to Sigismund who were legitimate. He had time to make a will . . and in this declared inheritor of those States Lionel, his bastard, though legitimated, son; for he did not deem fitted for such a burden, and surely in times so full of discord and danger, Hercules, although the first of his legitimate sons, born to him by Ricciarda da Saluzzo, but who at that time had scarcely passed the tenth year of his age." *ib.* p. 201. Yet Nicholas himself had been set over the same States when he had scarcely passed his ninth year. The epithet of *just* appears hardly then to be applicable. Apart from which particular,

it is to be observed that Muratori wrote under the auspices of Francis III., Duke of Modena and Marquis of Este, to whom he was librarian, and the same doubts may be entertained of his impartiality as I have expressed in regard to that of Galluzzi, the historian of the Granducal House of Medici.* In the historical passage I have before alluded to as appended to Byron's Parisina, we are told that this "Principe . . giusto . . di dolce maniere . . di rara prudenza, e d'altri insigni virtù ornato" completed his Castle tragedy, like a king of the Arabian Nights, or the Pharaoh of Herodotus, by ordering to be put to death every woman in Ferrara who was known to have violated her marriage bed; a despicable act as well as atrocious, and which probably was done quite as much to make his precipitous punishment of his own wife and own son appear the result of an immeasurable detestation of the crime itself, as in the passionate impulse of outraged honor and offended self-love. It was certainly, this general slaughter of the non-innocents, a curious action on the part of a wholesale adulterer, one whose offences against conjugal fidelity were so notorious, that it could be said of him (however

* Again, though an admirable annalist and indefatigable antiquary, he does not appear to have been endowed with philosophical acumen, nor indeed to have had a desire to fathom the motives of action or to analyze on general and moral grounds the characters of his personages. He commits, too, great oversights when venturing upon political judgment. For example, the really irregular succession of Niccolo III. he justifies, as we have seen, by the voice of the people and the bulls of the Pope, confirmatory of the will of the bastard Alberto, who, neither directly nor indirectly had any right to bequeath what was not exclusively, even if it was in any wise properly, his own; yet precisely the same sanction, popular acclaim and acceptation and the Pontifical edicts, establishes, through his own historical evidence, the real lineal claim of Francesco I., one of the joint heirs of Obizzo II., and of Francesco's son Bertoldo, who, acquiring by the will of his brother Azzo all the latter's rights, combined thus in his own son, Francesco II., the separate rights of both according to the usage of the House of Este, and so made the true and legitimate representative of its princes, dating from Alberto-Azzo II., the imprisoned and exiled Azzo, who is declared to be absolutely without any claim whatever to the marquisate.

in a novel and jocosely) " tanta turba di figliuoli bastardi gli nacque, che haverebbe fatto di loro un' esercito. E per questo su il Ferrarese ancora si costuma di dire, dietro al fiume del Pò, trecento figliuoli del Marchese Niccolò hanno tirato l'altana de le navi."

SONNET

PRELIMINARY TO UBERTO

Isle where my lady dwelleth ! where the hills
Are green forever with the fadeless pine,
Thy aspect, lovelier by the distance, fills
My soul with longing, making me repine

At the hard measure of a fate that wills
Her pleasant dwelling-place shall ne'er be mine, —
Even while I own it were the worst of ills,
Her bloom should with my yellow leaves entwine.

Home of *Gismonda !* as thy green hills fade
In the dim distance while I sail from thee,
I am as sad as if my hands had laid
Some lov'd one in the tomb ; for such to me
Thou seem'st, and living every wood and glade,
With but one soul to all, and *that* is she.

September 30, 1859.

UBERTO

MDCCCLIX

4*

CHARACTERS

Mortals

Uberto degli Uberti.

Anselmo Mozzo.

Ugo de' Pazzi.

Gismonda.

Flora.

Gioconda.

Immortals

Michael, *Archangel.*

Lucifer.

Sammaël.

Chorus of Angelic Spirits (invisible).
Chorus of Infernal Spirits.

Date of the action: the commencement of the 14*th century.*

UBERTO

Act the First

Scene I. *Interior of a Castle on the Lake of Como. A Study, lighted solely by the moon, whose rays stream through a window at the upper end.*

Uberto, *in a melancholy attitude, on one of the benches in the embrasure of the window, looking out, at the open casement, upon the lake.*

Uber. Even as I gaze, — but not with such a thought —
For he was married — not alone as I, —
Gaz'd on yon flood, twelve hundred years ago,
The younger Pliny. Nature does not change;
Her youth renews itself; and years, which mar
All that is comely in man's physical form,
Nor even spare his soul — though there, their work
Is slower — make no visible change in her.
Still o'er the mountains rises the same moon;

Still on the water sparkle the same beams;
And by them sleep the shadows, still the same —
Save where the houses stand — and them man made.
And this must be. The universe, whose life
Is haply for all time, can ne'er grow old:
But man, whose being is scant a hundred years,
Must, like her other offspring, brook decay.
If that decay were constant — in all parts, —
If the vex'd spirit would wrinkle like the brow,
And the tired heart grow bald, ere half the sands
Of life's allotted hour were well run out, —
'T were less to plain; but that the heart, unworn
By its long throbbing, should beat youthful still,
The spirit be vigorous, nay, the limbs themselves,
With all the strength and bound of their best days
Obey each impulse of the fiery soul,
And have their grace and rounded beauty still,
Yet the denuded head and care-worn face
Point to senescence, — that we should love on,
When we have lost the bloom that wakens love ——

He rises uneasily and comes down the scene.

Gismonda! [*with a soft accent.*

Men, more ag'd than I, have won
Maidens as young and beautiful as thou.
But then they were of eminent rank, had fame,
Or large possessions, or all these combin'd,
While I in social place am but thy peer,
And poor as thou; and honor, for whose crown
I have toil'd for thirty years, men still deny me,

Nor ever will yield perhaps till this sad heart
Has ceas'd to beat for honor or for love.
And better thus when *thou* art in the count,
For I must be accepted for myself.
And thou dost not disdain me; but I deem
Thy vanity alone is touch'd: to love —
Love such as I! with this disfurnish'd crown
And faded cheek! — Oh, that I could put back
The hand upon life's dial for ten short years!
The hand should stop the sooner for it; and life,
In the duration which my strength foretells,
Nay the long hope of fame wherewith deferr'd
My heart has sicken'd, all should be exchang'd —
For what? Oh madness! Yet the torturing sense
Of what I am and what I cannot be
Prompts desperate counsel. Were the Devil to tempt me
In this vex'd hour, I might my very soul
Yield for the heart's fruition —— What is that?

LUCIFER,
in the shape of a man
tall and stately, appears in the moonlight
which floods the centre of the scene.

'T is but the phantom conjur'd by my brain:
My head is wild with study, and with what
Has well-nigh murder'd study, as they both
Have kept me wakeful; and my long unrest
Has made me feverous. But the shape comes on!

A light gleams o'er its features, as from fire
That burn'd within, and shows its eyes — how grand!
And yet how mournful! and a beautiful smile,
That lures and yet repels, about the mouth
Perfect as chisel'd work. This cannot be
Wholly a dream; I was but now awake. —
'T is within reach, and grandly lifts its hand!
Who art thou? [*stepping backward.*

Lucif. Men assign me various names,
But none that flatter. Thou hast mention'd one.

Uber. The Devil?

Lucif. If thou wilt. But Lucifer
Is courtlier far, and will suit both as well.

Uber. Either I am mad, or —— This will solve it.
lights a taper.] Still?
In human robes! and like a king in mien,
But beautiful as the most cherish'd forms
That I have sigh'd to model.

Lucif. And so, well,
If I were come to sit to thee. But thou
Art poet more than artist — in man's phrase, —
And something more than either. Doubt'st thou yet?

Uber. Doubt what? That thou art more than human? Ay,
Thou playest with my fancy, or thou art
But fancy all; for I'll not so offend
Against that lordly port and beautiful form,
Which my mind worships, as to deem thou art
A vulgar cheat. What art thou? Say; and prove it.

Lucif. Poor skeptic! I would touch thee; but thy frame

Would not endure my contact. Touch thou me,
If so thou darest, and see.

UBERTO *attempts to touch him, and his hand passes as through empty air; the figure seeming to disappear, and then, as he retires, appearing again.*

Uber. It is a dream.
I have seen mere shapes before, but none so real,
Sometimes in sickness, sometimes when the brain
Was almost wild with long-continued toil.
And yonder are the moon, the lake, the mountains;
Yon candle burns; I speak. Or I am mad,
Or this is fever's phrensy. [*Puts his fingers on his wrist as if to mark the pulse.*
Lucif. No, thou art
But philosophic, as thou wouldst say, and sham'st
To think as think the vulgar. Yet I come,
Thou seest, without those attributes the herd
Of men assign me. Why then count thy pulse?
Thou speak'st, and knowest what; yon candle burns;
The moon, the lake thou seëst, and the hills:
Am I less real? or dost thou credit only
What thou canst understand? Who taught thee then
What makes the moon revolve, what gives the lake
Its properties, and the solid mountains theirs,
Why flames yon candle, and why flames destroy?
Thou knowest not half of what thou seest and hearest,

And why then question *me?* Or giv'st thou not
Belief unto thy soul as well as sense,
Because thou seest thy organs, not thy mind?

Uber. I credit both; I doubt but what I see
And listen now are my distemper'd thoughts.
I am asleep, and shall to-morrow know it.

Lucif. Know it at once — that thou art wide awake.
Do something that shall prove it. I would bid thee
Call up thy servant; but at this strange hour,
Without known cause, 't would peril thy good name.
Wilt add a sonnet to the twelve thou 'st written
Already in Gismonda's praise? Thou startest:
Is that enough? Or wilt thou bathe thy brow
In yonder basin? Or look — that 's better still —
Into that mirror? [*Uberto looks.*
See! [*maliciously.*
thy head is shorn
Clean as a monk's, — or worse; Gismonda's eyes
Will find no lovelock on thy forehead now.
Dost thou remember, in her father's grounds,
When she would point thee out that landscape broad
Thou thought'st so beautiful, but wherefrom thou turn'dst
To gaze upon her profile, — which she saw,
And, seeing, smil'd, well-pleas'd, — how, when the breeze
Upon her native hill had lifted up
The broad leaf of thy summer hat, and thou
Snatch'd at it, fearing it would fall and thus
Remind her of thy baldness, — how, I say,
She turn'd aside, and thou didst love her more

For that she did so? By the stars! with cause:
It had been droll, that bald front so reveal'd!
Where Cupid would not find ten good-siz'd hairs
To twist into a bowstring, or a fly-trap.

Uber. Ah! now I know thou art the Devil. Say then,
What art thou come for?

Lucif. What was now thy wish?

Uber. If thou art he I nam'd, thou know'st already.

Lucif. Still skeptical! still human! — Thou art, then,
In love, as mortals say, with ——

Uber. Name her not.

Lucif. Even as thou lik'st. I say, thou hast made this girl
Thy paramount thought. Thou livest now for her,
And to live with her wouldst give up thy soul,
Or think'st thou wouldst. Thou mayst.

Uber. I may without.

Lucif. True; 't is in nature maids are lightly won:
But are they kept as lightly? Seems she pleas'd
With her first conquest, 't is that 't is the first:
She may grow wiser some day, and remember,
What now she has forgot as well as thou,
Her father was scarce older.

Uber. I have not.

Lucif. Not since thou wast her lover; but, at first
Hadst thou remember'd, wouldst thou so have fed
Thine eyes upon her beauty? Thou mayst win her,
I grant, without surrendering up thy soul;
By the mere flattery of thy over love
Mayst win her. Thousands are so won. Wouldst thou,

With thy exacting spirit, be so content?

Uber. No, I woo not her vanity.

Lucif. Because
Thyself art vain and must have heart for heart.
Save thou canst put the shadow on the dial,
Thou spak'st of, back a dozen years or more,
Thou wooest in vain. She may esteem, revere,
Admire, since thou art wise in human lore,
A man so old as thou; but ask not love.
Lift but thy hat, her dream, if she have one,
Will seem a jest. But I can make it sad
As that enwraps thy senses.

Uber. By what means?

Lucif. By putting back a dozen years or more
The shadow on the dial of thy age.

Uber. And at what cost?

Lucif. Thyself hast said.

Uber. My soul?
What wouldst thou do with it?

Lucif. Not roast it. That
Would scarce amuse me. But —— Canst thou believe
The Devil can speak the truth?

Uber. Ay, men, that are
Not over scrupulous else, may, from mere pride,
Or when it suits their interest, do so.

Lucif. Well.
Shouldst thou die now, invested with the pomp
Of what thou callest virtue, thou wouldst rise
Unto a higher state of being; what,

And where, it matters not, — I am no more
In Heaven's secrets. Shouldst thou make thy soul
Over to me, it will be under me. —

Uber. And thus be diabolical.

Lucif. Call it so,
If the name suits thee. It may well be great,
Being of no common order, but no more
In the same quiet way. I can insure thee ——

Uber. Nothing! Begone, foul tempter! For a crown
I would not make myself the thing I hate,
Nor wear Hell's livery.

Lucif. For thy lady's heart?

Uber. Not for ten times her heart!

Lucif. Be it as thou wilt.
But thou wilt haply change thy mind. You men
Are very apt to, when the passions move.
If so, thou need'st but wish, and I am here.

LUCIFER *vanishes.*

Uber. [*after a pause.*
Gone as he came. And what a beautiful mien!
Though now I shudder as with mortal fear,
And feel to listen was itself a sin.
Help Heaven! were men to hear, wert thou, Gismonda,
So pious in thy innocent faith, to hear
I have converse held with *Him*, they'd deem me mad,
And thou wouldst turn with horror from the look
Now gives thee pleasure. Yet it was for thee!

For thee? Help Heaven again! nor let me cease
To know, this passion, whose exalted sweet,
Which yet hath bitterness, tempts me now to ill,
Will lose its heavenly savor and high zest
When I shall be less virtuous than art thou.

He resumes his thoughtful attitude in the window, and the

Scene closes.

Scene II.

In a world yet incandescent, a portion of the surface which has congealed and forms the shore as it were to an ocean of fire. Several Evil Spirits *standing on this shore, and chanting.*

Chorus of Spirits.

Up from the fathomless
Ocean of fire,
Rises the sulphur-cloud
Higher and higher.

1*st Spirit.*

Though unforgotten the light that has vanish'd,

2*d Spirit.*

Though from the regions of bliss ever banish'd,

3*d Spirit.*

Our senses, now custom'd, have ceas'd to deplore
The sights, sounds, and woe, that were anguish before, —

Chorus.

While from the fathomless
Ocean of fire
Rises the sulphur-cloud
Higher and higher.

1*st Spirit.*

Soon shall this globe, on its surface congealing,
Teem with new life, with new thought and new feeling.

2*d Spirit.*

Whither then shall we be helplessly driven,

3*d Spirit.*

Whom Hell will not hold, who are banish'd from Heaven?

Chorus.

There where the fathomless
Ocean of fire
Throws up its sulphur-clouds
Higher and higher.

1*st Spirit.*

Wherever it be, we shall bear with us thither
The same hearts and minds which came wing'd with us hither;

2*d Spirit.*

Unbroke and unbending,

3*d Spirit.*

Though from the new ocean
Of Hell surge the billows with fiercer commotion:

Chorus.

Though from the fathomless
Ocean of fire
Rise the blue sulphur-clouds
Higher and higher.

Enter LUCIFER,
no longer in human form, but in his proper shape of an archangel ruined.
Beside, but a little behind him,
SAMMAËL.
The other Spirits retire, with looks and gestures of deference.

Samm. And was this all?

Lucif. What more could be expected?
His spirit is still sanguine though dejected,
Sees clearly and is free;

But wild with passion, as it soon shall be,
No more will then appal
Those terrors which preserve the Lord's elected
From Adam's fall:
And such as Adam, so call'd, was, is he.
His passion for the beautiful I see
May make him be in time even my adorer:
Thou shouldst have heard his compliments to me,
As I stood in the moonlight, and my dim
Face-glory made me visible to him!
The woman's slave was less commov'd before her
Than before me, made human, head and limb.

Samm. But what will all thy pains avail?

Lucif. Couldst thou not reckon, if thou hadst not heard?
O'er the soul's-ruin of one man like this
Will be more wail
In the detested realms of bliss
Than when ten thousand of the common herd,
Who are true brutes in instinct, fail.
Why this lone poet, with his self-denial,
Is an epitome of the Christian code —
That is, as they profess it, not on trial
As it is practis'd, in whatever mode.
He'd cut himself to pieces, if thereby
He could but multiply his means of good,
And for this petty idol, this Gismonda,
Who would torment his life out if he own'd her,
And hardly shed ten tears were he to die —
Though that is more, if heartfelt, than most wives

Could spare, unless in joy of widowhood —
Would readily lay down a thousand lives,
Had he so many.

Samm. 'Tis a hero.

Lucif. No,
It is a fool, — in that respect at least.
What steads him, I would know,
This frantic self-devotion in his world,
Where the unsensual spirit is downward hurl'd
While upward climbs the beast?
Who lays him in the dust to ease another,
The latter treads on him, though 't were his brother,
And the self-victim rises, more than bruis'd,
His heart crush'd out, and wretched-sad to find
His fellow-creatures are not of his mind;
As if this abnegation of his own
Had not, by its mere action, made them stone!

Samm. But, fool or hero, will he fall?

Lucif. Did not, as men believe,
The common foresire of them all?
This who should know but thou, who tempted'st Eve,
That tempted him, as mortals say.

Samm. Poor butterfly! with his brief summer-day!
Almost for his disaster I could grieve.

Lucif. Out, hypocrite! And would he pity thee?
He might, if he beheld thee in that guise
Of a corrupting flesh which snar'd his eyes
When he saw me.
But come before him grim with smoke of Hell

And thy imagin'd bestial marks besides,
Though thou shouldst all thy fearful tale relate,
Thy myriad human ages of punition,
To which the length of his assum'd perdition
Were not a summer's day in mortal date,
He'd turn from thee with horror, and with pride
Bid thee, as he bade me — me, who had sway,
And yet shall have, o'er other worlds as fair
As that whose crust
Gives breathing-space to this vain child of dust,
Who scarce is seen, and that but briefly, there!
Would bid thee, as he now bade me, I say,
With haughtiness, to leave him.
He shall have guerdon: I will give him
What shall his arrogant self-love make elate,
Yet crush his heart.

Samm. And what will so deceive him?

Lucif. The fruit whereof he thinks the first man ate.

Exeunt Lucif. and Samm.; when the meaner Spirits re-enter and renew their chant:

"Up from, &c.,"

and Scene closes.

Act the Second

Scene I. *A highway leading right and left. Above, — a gateway closing-in a hilly road, which conducts to Gismonda's hereditary home.*

Enter from the gate, shutting it after them,

Uberto and Anselmo.

Uber. Here our ways part; but not so our fond theme.
I am surpris'd, Anselmo, thou shouldst doubt
My open meaning. Gladly would I see
Gismonda wed to such a man as thou.
Thou art of suitable age, art comely, good,
And hast a fair possession.

Ansel. And I say,
With the known liking which Uberto has
For the young Countess, I am more surpris'd,
That he should wish her other than his own.

Uber. Which she can never be.

Ansel. Why so?

Uber. For this,
To say no more, — that I am old and worn,

While thou, good-looking, art yet in thy prime.

Ansel. But do good looks win women? Not to say,
I want thy lofty stature and fine form;
If somewhat less my years, and hair unfallen,
My features cannot be compar'd with thine;
And where the tongue to woo as thou canst do?
Women are caught not by the eyes, as we.

Uber. Yes, by our eyes, when they adore their own.
Hast thou e'er seen Gismonda watch my features?

Ansel. No, but all know she hangs upon thy words,
Repeats thy sayings, and bridles at thy gaze.
I do not interest her, as thou dost.

Uber. — Her vanity. She knows I will not sue.
What! at my age, think'st thou that I would wed?
In ten brief years, suppose her now content,
I should have lost that fire which makes my soul
More young than thine, Anselmo, and my step
Its buoyant spring, my body, if not its strength,
At least its suppleness, while she then would be,
What thou art now, just thirty. What would keep
My passions at the full-flood mark of hers!
Is 't *I* should make her miserable? Then,
Where is the wealth should keep her in that state
She was brought up to?

Ansel. Very few give thought
To such conditions.

Uber. I am of the few.
I never have been selfish, nor will now
Unlearn that little merit which alone

Uplifts me from the herd. If, then, thou wilt,
Press thy suit, counting on no let of mine,
And if thou win Gismonda, as thou mayst,
I'll wish thee joy of a good wife. Farewell.

They separate, ANSELMO *going to the left,* UBERTO *to the right. But, in a few moments, re-enter* UBERTO.

Were never rivals on such terms as we!
Yet he so frank and generous, while calm,
It could not be that I, of hotter mood,
Should be less liberal. But I did not say
What pain 'twill give me, when I wish him joy.
And we to-night shall meet again, Gismonda, —
In a gay circle, scenes that I should shun
But thou art there, as now I haunt all places
Where I have hope to meet thee, for thy sake
Almost a child — as thou shouldst be to me.
I wonder if she lingers where we left her? —
Would I could see her coming down the hill!

He looks to the left, as if to see whether Anselmo is in sight, then goes up to the gate, and leans upon one of the pillars in a thoughtful attitude.

Scene closes.

Scene II.

Moonlight. A walk in the Garden of a villa.
Above, an arbor, thickly overhung
with vines and creeping plants.

Enter, from the right,
Uberto.

Uber. How beautiful she look'd! And in the dance,
With young Francesco, how her eyes still turn'd
To watch if mine pursu'd her! how they beam'd,
Radiant with innocent, undisguis'd delight,
To find they did so! Yet they look'd not soft:
They never do on me. And now they should not,
For her as well as me. But mine on her!
I was bewilder'd. For her sake, I hope
None notic'd my heart-worship save herself,
Who, in the innocence of her virgin heart,
Unconsciously encourag'd it. I hear
The buzz of voices. I have fled the hall,
To escape the noise, the heat, the lights, the crowd,
Which make my senses giddy. I will rest me
In this close arbor, till the party pass.

Enter GISMONDA,
with FLORA, GIOCONDA, *and others of her friends.*
They stop before the arbor.

Gism. Cease, Flora, do! for pity! for my sake!
Flor. Oh yes, for thine! for thou art strangely charm'd
With that old bachelor. What would Count Anselmo
Have said to see thy smiles of preference?
Gism. Neither
Has any right to question why I smile,
Or whom I smile on. For the Count Anselmo,
Messer Uberto is as good as he:
He far outshines him.
Flor. Certainly in the forehead.
Didst mark, Gioconda, how the torchlight shone
On his bare sconce? A proper cavalier!
He should have made thee dance with him, instead
Of his slim nephew.
Gism. He would do as well,
(He is as lithe and active,) did the dance
Befit his years.
Flor. Thou mean'st, his hairs, or rather,
A lack of them.
Gism. For shame!
Flor. Shame thou, or he.
What does he woo thee for? Is 't to adopt thee,
Thou being orphan? He might be well thy father,
But not thy husband. Thou shouldst scorn him, Gisma;

He keeps Anselmo from thee.

Gism. 'T is that then
Anselmo feels inferior, as he is.

Flor. If thou wouldst have thy lord be walking always,
And walking *from* thee. Seated, face to face,
Anselmo's head, with its long chestnut hair ——

Gism. But what is in it? Compar'd with him, Anselmo
Is but a boy or fool.

Flor. O, if thou 'dst wed him
For what is in his head! Why not then marry
Some well-stuff'd book at once? Its written pages
Would make thy Count, too, either boy or fool.
In fine, in seriousness, thou must be mad
Not to see what all others round thee see,
The ridicule of this man's proffering love
To a mere girl like thee. Were I as thou,
I 'd greet the would-be youngster not with smiles
Of pleasure, but of mockery or contempt.

Re-enter, from the bower,
UBERTO.

Uber. Monna Gismonda knows not to requite
With mockery reverence, nor has learn'd to treat
The meanest of her servants with contempt.

He has taken the hand which GISMONDA *had frankly extended to him on his approach, and now, bowing over it,*

half-raises it to his lips, — but only to drop it. Both show emotion; and the gay party laugh aloud; whereat GISMONDA *indignantly separates from them, and again giving her hand to* UBERTO, *he puts her arm through his, and leads her off to the right, the others going to the left.*

Flor. Quite stately!

Giocon. The rebuke was simply just.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

The Study — as in Act I. Sc. I.

UBERTO
walking uneasily to and fro.

Uber. I have deserv'd it. Happily it was not
From her lips, nor with her consent receiv'd.
Had 't been so, 't would have cur'd me. But to find
Her heart so good, and fill'd with kindness more
Than I had thought for me! And then that smile

Of captivating frankness! Ah, Gismonda!
'T were folly to not love thee, as it has been
Madness in me to love thee. And this night!
Her charms — her goodness — that revolting scene!
Were Satan now to tempt me! ——

The form of LUCIFER *stands in the moonshine, as in Act I, Sc. I.*

What! already?

Lucif. Ay, at thy wish I come.

Uber. Not at my call.

Lucif. To think what thou hast thought is call enough.
Thou need'st me, mortal; for 't is I alone
Can give thee thy desire. Say but the word,
Thou shalt have manly beauty, wealth, rank, youth,
All qualities that women most admire in men.

Uber. For what?

Lucif. Thou knowest. In brief: While in the flesh
Thou only wilt be master of thyself;
Afterward, I shall be.

Uber. And that for ever?

[*Lucifer is silent.*

I ask: for ever?

Lucif. What if I say, ay?

Uber. Then are thy offers vain: I 'll none of them.

Lucif. [*after another pause.*
Thou art hard to deal with. I will not deceive thee.
When thou descendest to that other sphere,

Thy spirit will not lose its power. If then,
After long struggling with my master-will,
Thou canst succeed in shaking, step by step,
Its influence off, thou wilt once more be free,
And haply reassume thy ancient self.

Uber. I understand thee. That long course of trial,
By which through many states of being I am come
To be the thing I am, must count as nothing;
I must go backward in the race of soul,
And, retrograding, take the start afresh,
But haply with more vigor for the course,
Because the mind can not unlearn its lore,
Nor wholly sink to its primeval childhood.
Thou hesitatest. Have I redd thee right?

Lucif. Partially.

Uber. Then I am not lost for ever?

Lucif. No, not for ever. But how can I assure thee?
You mortals will not take me upon trust.

Uber. I will — in this affair. For well I know
Thou canst not wholly dominate my will.
In the worst passions that thou canst inspire
I shall somewhere be master of myself.

Lucif. Thou art valiant.

Uber. Sneer not.

Lucif. Nay, I have no wish.
In physical courage thou mayst be no hero;
In moral daring thou outfacest Hell.
But to our bargain. Thou art to receive
Thy bloom again, have wealth, high rank, and fame;

For which, I shall be master of thy soul
After this life, not for all time perhaps,
But for long ages, and in every sphere,
Till thou hast disenthrall'd thyself.

Uber. The terms
Are terrible. Let me ponder them awhile.

Lucif. [*indicating the mirror.*
Thou needst but look upon thy forehead yonder,
Hear Flora's laugh, and weigh Gismonda's worth.

[*Uberto steps up nearer to Lucifer, passionately and with a gesture of desperation.*

Then be assured, wherever thou shalt be,
Thou never wilt be little nor be low.

Uber. I have sacrific'd my duty for her sake,
And put in peril my good name. Why pause
To purchase by a life of wo hereafter
Long years perhaps of happiness here with her?
I am decided. Shall I sign the compact?

Lucif. Art thou Uberto, whom men quote as wise,
And givest credence to that childish tale
Of a steel point and letters writ in blood?
When thou accept'st my service, I become,
Even in that act, the master of thy soul.

Uber. Not in this life!

Lucif. Mistrustful! I have said,
Not in this life, but when that life shall end.
What shape now shall I give thee? what degree
Of human beauty?

Uber. None but what I own'd.

Lucif. Thou art easily satisfied.

Uber. [*indignantly and scornfully.*
Thou art the Devil,
And yet thou hast not sounded all my heart.
Were there no reason why it should not be,
I would be beautiful as an angel wing'd, —
As thou perhaps, before thou wast hurl'd downward.

Lucif. What! worm!

Uber. Not more than thou perhaps. But when
Thou treadst on me, I turn, and am in mood
The serpent thou art painted.

Lucif. Pray, go on.
Thou art heroic to dart thy fang at me.

Uber. The first man's heel has trod upon thy head:
'T is not so brave.

Lucif. Tush! with thy human wit,
Thou hast easy scope: I cannot boast proficience
In the same tongue. Proceed, without more cavil.

Uber. I would, I say, be beautiful; for beauty
Is unto me the expression of what is perfect,
As in the external form, so in the heart.
But men would stare at me, and hint at thee.

Lucif. True; nor Gismonda know thee.

Uber. Let me then
Be but as fine a man as once I was.
I shall be satisfied.

Lucif. Shall this be at once?

Uber. No, by degrees.

Lucif. 'T is wise. The change shall be

So gradual in thy hair and in thy skin,
None shall suspect a more than natural cause.

Uber. And for the wealth? On that I shall insist,
For her sake.

Lucif. I shall first procure thy name
The lustre thou hast toil'd for. Men shall strive
To heap up honor on the wit and bard
They have so long neglected. Next, thy rank
Shall be exalted by some function high
In the affairs of state. That wealth attends
High place and power never moves to wonder;
And if it did, you men so worship gold
You never will ask if brimstone lit the fire
Wherein the image took its cunning mold.
Art thou content?

Uber. So she be won. Not else.

Lucif. Look in the glass. Thou seest, those large black eyes
Gaze on thee wooingly; the short upper lip
Thou so adorest raises its curv'd edge
To give the mouth and the immaculate teeth
Their most bewitching smile; the small, round chin,
The stately nose, the ——

Uber. I could gaze for ever!
Give me this sorcery, if thou canst!

Lucif. It needs not;
This image is not more within thy chamber,
Than the true form shall ere a twelvemonth be.
This should suffice thee. But I 'll give thee more.
Thou art wise already, after man's conceit,

And hast that cunning which sees into the heart.
Gismonda's soul is open as thy books,
And her frank speech hides nothing. 'T is not hard
To look into her eyes and watch her lips.
But, after marriage, thou shalt know her always.
Thou shalt behold her absent, and shalt hear
Her lightest accent were she miles remov'd.
The tree of knowledge never bore before
Such fruit as thou shalt eat of. Now, no more.
Extend thy limbs on yon day-couch, and sleep.

UBERTO *obeys, and, as the Hell-god waves his hand toward him, seems to fall into a tranquil slumber.* LUCIFER *then moves his hand over the head and face of* UBERTO, *but without touching them.*

Sleep, and awake for evermore unhappy.
Thou hast parted with thy virtue like a fool,
Hast parted with it for those baubles fools,
Fools only, sigh for. Hell can give no worse.

The form of the Archfiend melts away into the shadows of the chamber.

Scene IV.

The Ether of Heaven.

Chant of
Invisible Angels.

1*st Angel.*

A star has fallen! the spirit that so long
Wrestled in loneness, and through self-denial
Became, though human, like an angel strong,
Has yielded to its last, inglorious trial.

2*d Angel.*

Wo to the race of man! love's sweet sensation,
Through which frail Adam unresisting fell,
Is still the soul's most dangerous temptation,
And woman, as when dawn'd the world's creation,
Is oft the unconscious instrument of Hell.

3*d Angel.*

Wo to the fallen spirit! what shall restore
The stainless hue of its long purifying?
Gone is its whiteness; ever, ever more,
Is sunk in self-delight its self-denying.

1st and 3d Angels.

What shall restore him? Hark, the Archangel's voice
Sounds through the distant empyrean clearly:
"The love, for which he has sacrific'd so dearly,
Shall, when the mangled soul has bled severely,
Save the self-victim in return." Rejoice!

2d Angel.

Hosanna to the Highest! From all time
God has ordain'd this moral compensation:
The passion, whose excess has prompted crime,
Bears, though destructive, germs of restoration,
And often forms the spring of acts sublime.

The Three in Chorus.

Joy to the human race! the fire of love,
That sometimes blasts, is virtue's best awaking.
The star shall rise unto its place above,
The wounded spirit be stronger for its breaking.

ACT THE THIRD

SCENE I. *As in Act II. Sc. I.*

ANSELMO
standing gloomily before the gate.
Enter from the left,
UGO.

Ugo. The grave Anselmo! With that clouded front
What art thou pondering there?
Ansel. [*after a pause.*
I 'll tell thee, Ugo.
'T was at this gate, a twelvemonth since, I parted
With Count Uberto. We had just descended
Yon hill, where, at Gismonda's dainty home,
We had met by chance, and both, as I suppose,
Drunk freely of her beauty. Then the Count,
With his known frankness, talking of Madonna,
Declar'd he would not wed her if he could,
For reasons grave, — as, his illsuited years,
His want of wealth, bald crown and wrinkled brow,
And urg'd me press my suit to her. Behold,
Gismonda now is Count Uberto's wife!
Ugo. [*laughing.*] A wondrous circumstance to ponder truly!

Though 't well may make thee grave. Why, seest thou not,
That, the conditions being no more the same,
Our gallant Count having now both wealth and hair,
Besides high place and wide-extended fame,
He was not bound to keep his word.

Ansel. He was!
He made me think, in simple prudence only,
Looking unto the future, — when great age
Should have impair'd his functions, while his wife
Would yet be in her prime, — he would not wed her.
He has deceiv'd me.

Ugo. Then be even with him:
Make love unto his wife.

Ansel. [*gravely.*] Thou dost forget
Thou speakest of an honorable dame,
And of a man, who, though in this he hath wrong'd me,
Has ever been my good friend, and is still.

Ugo. Thou art over nice. One day, thou 'lt change thy mind.

Ansel. Never in this, while I am in my mind.

Ugo. Well, well. But this same change of which I spoke:
How very odd, that, after being bald
For several years, Uberto should regain
His fallen locks, have all his wrinkles gone,
And be, in look, to the full, as young as thou,
Whom haply he might sire! I sometimes think
The Devil might explain it.

Ansel. So not I.
His hair has been these six months growing out.
'Tis known he dabbles in the chemic art:

He may have found some unguent to promote it.
As for his brow, his new increase of flesh
Would rub out wrinkles that were never deep.
Joy and his great success might do the rest.
His person always has been young; myself
Have often wish'd its lightness and its ease.
In that he is not altered.

Ugo. Not in that.
But did his unguent get for him his wealth?
It might, if he would sell it: bald gallants,
That would have hair again, would freely bleed
To have the secret.

Ansel. Why not ask as well,
If it had got him his great fame and rank?
They both were sudden; and his sudden wealth
Was but the natural sequence; if indeed
It was so sudden. Men are often prone
To underrate their riches; and his sire
Was thought, they tell me, to have ample means.

Ugo. Be it so. But for this fancied joy, Anselmo,
I do not see it. He could not be more sad
If he had bought his honors with his soul.

Ansel. Shame! There are passionate natures in which joy
May be too deep for utterance, men whose souls
May wear this sadness from excess of bliss.

Ugo. If there be any such — as much I doubt —
Thou knowest Uberto's is not of them. His
Would show excess of joy by overflowing.
Either his conscience is at work, or, mark!

This marriage is not happy on one side.

Ansel. That side is not Gismonda's. She regards him
With a devotion often makes me sigh.

Ugo. Which may not be in vain. Unless the Devil
Hath given indeed her spouse his youth forever,
She one day tires; and then, thou ——

Ansel. Messer Ugo,
I have reminded thee of whom thou speakest,
And unto whom. We have been excellent friends,
And shall be long, I trust: but, so to be,
These libertine hints must cease. [*Exit to the left.*

Ugo. [*looking after him.*] Is 't so indeed?
Either thou art a hypocrite, or fool.
Why stand'st thou musing at the lady's gate?
Why sighest so often, — as thou sayst, to mark
Her lawful love? I see in thee the cloud
Shall throw a shadow on Uberto's joy.

[*Exit to the right.*

Scene II.

A room in the castle of Uberto.

Gismonda. Gioconda.

Giocon. How gay thou art, Gismonda!

Gism. Is that new?

Giocon. No, thou wast alway laughing. But thy mirth
Seem'd, in thy maiden state, of lighter sort;
The frank expression of an innocent heart,
Pleas'd with itself and all things round it. Now,
Thy gaiety has more depth, as if thy soul
Was overflow'd with happiness. Is it so?

Gism. How canst thou ask me? Seest thou not, my lord
Is ever at my side, the most devoted,
As the most passionate of lovers.

Giocon. Yet,
The saddest too.

Gism. He was so from the first.
And to say truth, Gioconda, 't was this sadness
Did most to win my heart. It is so sweet
To know one's self belov'd, one loves in turn
Almost unconsciously. When, some months ago,
The pensiveness I had at times observ'd
Steal over his gayest mood when I was near,

Making him absent-minded, so that oft
He answer'd me at random, or scarce spoke,
When I observ'd this deepen, and believ'd,
In my vain little heart, 't was all for me,
The interest he had known to waken in me,
So fine a man, so polish'd, and so good,
Became less tranquil and more warm. There needed
Scarcely the restoration of those locks
Whose loss deform'd his head and made him old,
Nor yet those honors the consciousness of which
Makes dignified his step; there needed not
Any of this to win my maiden heart:
His sadness for the love of me did all.

Giocon. But why should it remain? He is more sad,
Now after marriage, than he was before.

Gism. Because he loves me better than before.

Giocon. Thou simpleton! His sadness, if for love,
Was for a love that wanted yet success,
Or for its hopelessness, as then he deem'd.
Now it has won its object, this should cease.
Besides, it is remark'd in every place,
And at all times, and more where thou art not
Than when he is fasten'd to thy side. Dost know
What Flora and her careless suitor Ugo
Say of this humor?

Gism. No. What do they say?

Giocon. Thou wilt be vex'd.

Gism. Nay, that I cannot be
With the ill words of either.

Giocon. And thou then
Wilt not be angry?

Gism. Surely not with thee.

Giocon. But ——

Gism. Now indeed, indeed, thou dost but tease me,
Thinking to make me long the more to know.
I will not listen, save thou tell at once.
What said they of his sadness?

Giocon. 'T is not I,
Remember, say it, Gisma! — This they said:
The Count had made a compact with the Devil
To win thee, and was mourning for the terms.
Look not with such contemptuous anger, Gisma;
'T was but a foolish jest.

Gism. This of my lord! —
Do those that bargain with the Devil pray?

Giocon. No, surely; 't would destroy them.

Gism. Tell them then,
My husband does. Last night I heard my name
Breath'd in his closet, and, thinking I was call'd,
Approach'd the door, but only to o'erhear
My lord invoking blessings on my head.
Tell that; and thou mayst add to it, that I
Retired thereon to mine, and, kneeling down,
Pray'd Heaven's best favors on his head in turn.

Giocon. Thou art weeping, Gisma!

Gism. Ay, as when I pray'd.
'T is not for sorrow. — Did the Count Anselmo
Credit this wicked malice?

Giocon. No, I think not.

Gism. No, I am sure not! Tell not thou my lord.
And yet thou mayst; 't might win from him a smile.
Lo, where he comes. He does indeed look sad.
Yet what a presence! Dear, thou shalt excuse me:
I 'll run to him and chase that cloud away.

Exit, — Gioconda looking pensively after her.

ACT THE FOURTH

SCENE I. *The study. As in Act I. Sc. I.*

UBERTO.

I may not doubt it longer: she I love,
The mother of my children, and my wife,
For whose possession I gave up all hereafter,
And here my peace of mind, is mine no more
Save in the bonds of flesh. Anselmo's manhood
Unbroken yet by years, and his long love,
Whose fire gives out its light through countless chinks
Himself sees not, but she has learn'd to mark
As well as I, have won the yet young heart
I am too old to fill. Thou juggling fiend!
Who gav'st me but the semblance of my youth,
While life went on slow-ebbing as before,
Are these the terms I made? Ten years are gone,
And should have brought me to that point of time
Where thou didst find me: now my hair is gray,
My strength sore minish'd. Thou didst set indeed
The shadow backward which life's dial mark'd;
But the sun's light mov'd on for me the same.
Why hast thou kept thy promise in all else?
Honors, titles, wealth are mine; but gone the heart

For which alone I sought them; and for this, —
That thou hast kept thy compact but in word.
I have call'd thee to a reckoning; and thou com'st not.
But thou shalt know I will not thus be wrong'd
Without resistance: must I yield my soul,
The price of its submission shall be paid,
Else is it free. I 'll call thee once again.
Come, though thou come in thunder and the smoke
Of deepest Hell! so that thou blast not her,
I reck not. Give me but to see thy face,
Though swollen with anger, though thou wear the mien
With which thou didst confront the Archangel Michael,
When taken in thy plot and Heaven's pavement
Was clear'd of thy audacious footstep! come!
With all thy horrors, come! I 'll brave, bear all,
All but this anguish of the tortur'd heart
Which will not break. [*Pauses.*] Thou wilt not answer me,
My call, nor my defiance. Thou hast all,
Thou think'st, that thou didst bid for, and art glad
That I am cheated by a lying bait.
But thy fiends-malice has not full effect:
That fatal gift to read Gismonda's heart,
Which my vainglory welcom'd, and thou didst hope
Would make the measure of my wo run over,
Has been but half pernicious: I have found
No wilful error in her innocent heart,
Only that physical yearning nature prompts
And the harsh counsels of religious faith
And reason in her are too frail to check,

Albeit they chide it hourly. This to see,
Now fills me for my own sake with despair
And grieves me to the heart for thee, Gismonda,
Who wouldst be true, but canst not. Thou hast ask'd me,
Often, why I am sad. I could not tell thee
Of my remorse and of my ruin'd soul.
Were I to answer now, 't was that I saw
Thy heart was opening to another love,
And soon would shut out mine, thou'dst deem me mad;
So far art thou from seeing to what thy blood
And thy young senses urge thee, though the gulf
Is visible to my eyes as broad as day
And deep as Hell. I would the grave's full night
May be around me, ere thou downward plunge!
Yet, thou art good and pious, and thy pure soul
May keep thee from that ruin, and passionate grief,
Or brooding melancholy, worse than death,
Hold thee suspended pining at the verge.
Still, 't is a thought to drive me desperate-mad,
This loss of thy affection, for whose sake
I have sacrific'd the harvest of my life,
All I have planted and have nurs'd so long
With my heart's sweat and tears. If now to die
Were not to hurry me to that unknown sphere
Of horror to which, rebellious and ingrate
To God and duty, I have given myself,
And the least thought whereof, now that my blood
Is less distemper'd, makes me cold with fear,
And with a loathing that is stronger still;

Were 't not for this, the debt I have incurr'd
For thy dear sake, Gismonda, I would now ——
Let me not think on it; enough already
I have sinn'd, without self-murder. We must bear
The burden and incumbrance of my age,
Both of us, till that natural term shall come
Which binds me to my fate, and sets thee free.

He moves slowly up the stage, with head depressed — And Scene closes.

Scene II.

As in Act II. Sc. I. and in Act III. Sc. I.

Anselmo *and* Ugo
meeting.

Ugo. At the same spot again we are met, Anselmo,
Where ten years since, and on this very day,
I gave thee warning. How demure thou lookedst!
Thou wouldst not listen, but, with knitted brow
And haughty bearing, turning short away,
Bad'st me remember who Gismonda was,
And who Uberto, and who, Heaven help us! thou.

How is it with thee now? and with Uberto?
And with Gismonda?

Ansel. Ah! I see thy drift.
Warning? Thou didst incite me to a love
That was dishonor.

Ugo. Art thou not in love?
And is 't my doing?

Ansel. In love with whom? Speak out.

Ugo. Thou wouldst not like it: 't is not nice in sound
To say one loves his friend's wife over well.

Ansel. And sayst thou that of me?

Ugo. A thousand things
Might say it of thee, Count Anselmo Mozzo,
Had they but tongues as I; as, for example,
The bust Uberto wrought of her in marble
With his own hands; whereon I have seen thee gaze —
Not like a stone. And then, that pencil'd head
Done after memory, ere their marriage, where
Her profil'd features have their loftiest grace,
Earnest and full of thought, — who was it saw thee
Making thy unbreath'd vows of love to that,
And blush'd that she so saw thee? Which I noted,
And Flora with me; and we drew therefrom
Certain conclusions, comforting to thee,
But not to Count Uberto.

Ansel. If thou meanest,
Ugo de' Pazzi, that I love that lady
More than is seemly, and that she, this knowing,
Does with full consciousness thereto incite me,

Thou dost, without the shadow of a cause,
Malign her grossly, and to me thy friend
Show'st thyself wanting in that faith a friend
Should have, or he is none, in my tried honor.

Ugo. I have at least one quality, Anselmo,
That fits a friend, — forbearance; but for which,
Well might I quarrel with a tone and mien
The more offensive that thou at all times
Art grave and calm. Who did impugn thy faith,
Or the known virtue of Uberto's spouse?
I simply said, — thou lov'st her, and she sees it.

Ansel. That I deny. I never had a thought
To show her love.

Ugo. Yet show it thou dost still;
And all the more for that thou giv'st thy heart
At no time audible vent. If thou dost not,
Why then I never yet made love to Flora,
Or better, Flora ne'er made love to me.

Ansel. Talk soberly, if thou canst, two minutes' space.

Ugo. More than that. Hear me. Has Gismonda eyes?
Sees she not Count Uberto ag'd, — gray-hair'd,
Loose-skinn'd and wrinkled and unsure of step,
And looking older for a constant gloom,
Whose cloud appears to thicken? while thy mien
If grave is tranquil, and thou bear'st with lightness
And no unseemly change thy middle age.
Well, it is not in nature that the love
Of a fine woman, in the prime of life,
Should on an old man rest, when one of years

More meet is yearning for her as thou dost,
And as she sees and feels, do what thou wilt,
Or think'st thou wilt, thy yearning to conceal.
Anselmo, on my honor, which is fair
As thine is, I advise thee, leave this scene
Before thou make two persons more unhappy
Than now I know they are. [*going.*

Ansel. [*Ugo tarrying as he speaks.*] And is it thou,
Ugo de' Pazzi, who, ten years now gone,
Here by this gate, advis'd me do that wrong
Which now thou fearest I have done, or shall do?
What has chang'd *thee?*

Ugo. Ten years, if I am chang'd.
I spake then as a bachelor. I now
Preach in the interest of that threaten'd class
Whereof I am one. Take warning! [*Exit to the left.*

Ansel. [*after a moment.*] Would I could!
But thou hast prob'd my secret over well,
And with thy assum'd disclosure of her own
Made thrill my blood —— But is it hers indeed?
Has she divin'd my passion? And does it wake
In her pure breast an answering —— Help me God!
Nor let the simple pleasure of such thought
Hush reason's voice, high honor, and thy law.

[*Exit to the right, slowly, and with head cast down.*

Scene III.

As in Act I. Scene II.

Lucifer. Sammael.

Samm. Is 't that which makes thee smile?

Lucif. Is that a wonder?

This creature, who might tremble at the thunder,
If the red bolt should come within a mile
Of his weak-jointed walls of stone,
Dares summon me with haughty tone
As if I were his slave; nor that alone,
But hurls defiance at me for my guile!
Guile! Yet the terms we made were of his choosing.
He might have ask'd for all his mortal life
Unfading youth, both for himself and wife,
Without the risk of my refusing.
He would seem young, to win her. She was won.
'T is not my doing, that he is undone.
Why growls the dog at my misusing?

Samm. And is it this contents thee?

Lucif. No, not all.

I smile to see this glowworm, who exulted
In the bright gift I gave him without asking,

Worn by the heart's continual overtasking,
Find small delight from wisdom has resulted,
But, as with Adam, at the so-call'd Fall,
The fruit of moral lore, at first alluring,
Has in its taste no sweet that is enduring,
And to the soul proves bitterer than gall.
Not all the misery, which the mere forsaking
Of the long-worship'd altars of his God
Has given him hourly, has outpang'd the aching
His spirit felt, when, from its daydream waking,
It found a woman's heart was flesh and blood.

Samm. What will he do?

Lucif. Ask what but now he did.
But for his dread of the unknown hereafter,
He would sheer o'er the precipice have slid
That bounds the gulf between him and his fate,
And, by an act forbid
To the self-torturing zealots of his creed,
Upon the doom, that waits him soon or late,
Have rush'd with frantic speed,
Amid Hell's laughter.

Samm. The deed deferr'd may yet in time be done.

Lucif. That shall I hasten. Ere around the sun
Man's petty globe has many times revolv'd,
The problem shall be solv'd
He has dar'd to raise between us; and this thing
Shall learn 't is dangerous tampering
For such as he with supernatural aid,
And that the fools who with the Devil would trade

Must more than double eyesight with them bring.

[*Exeunt Lucif. and Samm.,*

and the Choir of Spirits
is heard within.

1*st Spirit.*

What can the insects bring
Sprung of Earth's mire,
Who from Hell's awful king
Seek their desire?

2*d Spirit.*

Shall that which knows no date
Guide the diurnal?
Can the sun's child be mate
With the eternal?

3*d Spirit.*

As, in their orb of clay,
Drops on a river,
So shall they melt away,
Swallow'd for ever —

Chorus.

Where from the fathomless
Ocean of fire
Rises the sulphur-cloud
Higher and higher.

Act the Fifth

Scene I. *An anteroom in the Castle of Uberto. Night.*

Gismonda. Anselmo.

Ansel. Ask me not why, Madonna. Are our moods
Always the same, or always at command?
Gism. No, or I hope I should not need inquire
Why Count Anselmo for two days has been
So absent-minded, gloomy, and reserv'd.
Yet have we done our best to make his stay
Pleasant as usual.
Ansel. True; nor Count Uberto,
Nor thou, dear lady, hast neglected aught
To dissipate my sadness. On the morrow
Suffer me take my leave.
Gism. [*with emotion.*] So soon?
Ansel. Thou 'dst add:
And so abruptly? But 't is better thus:
My malady is stronger than I deem'd.
Gism. Art thou not well? [*same tone.*
Ansel. A sickness of the mind.
Not here, Madonna, must I seek the cure,
Where — thou art.

Gism. Let us join our friends. [*going.*

Ansel. Stay, dearest lady; let me ask in turn
Why *thou* of late art sad. Art *thou* not well?

Gism. Should I not answer too, in thy own words:
Can we be gay at will? or always gay?

Ansel. No, 't would not be to answer as thyself;
For thou hast still been frank since first I knew thee.
Would I had been!

Gism. What should that say, Messerè?

Ansel. — Or prompter!

Gism. Sir!

Ansel. — But now it is too late.

Gism. Let us join Monna Flora and the rest.
We have been too long away.

Ansel. Thou: I can not.
Thou wilt permit me to retire, Madonna.
To-morrow, I shall bid farewell.

Gism. [*faintly.*] To-morrow?
Have I displeas'd thee?

Ansel. Thou? displease me, lady?
Alas! thou hast known to please me over well!
Pardon this madness. Look not so confounded.
I know not what I say. What was 't I said?

Gism. [*collecting herself, — but with difficulty.*
Art thou distracted?

Ansel. Yes, I am distracted;
I have been so many months — since —— Let me hence,
Before I speak what never should be spoken,
Never to thee.

Gism. O Heaven! [*sinking into a chair, and covering her face with her hands.*

Ansel. Can it be?
Weep'st thou, Madonna? [*kneeling before her and attempting to take her hand.*

Gism. [*preserving same attitude.*
Leave me, thou unhappy!

Ansel. Yes, yes, unhappy; yet, how happy too!
Thou knowest my passion now. For twelve long years,
Before perhaps my bolder, happier rival
Conceiv'd a thought of making thee his own,
I, dear Gismonda ——

Gism. [*who has already dropped her hands with a look of dismay, — now recoiling from him.*] Ah, 't was said in time!
Thou dost remind me who and what I am. [*rising.*
Rise, Count Anselmo, and henceforth remember,
He whom thou call'st thy rival is my lord,
Nor so degrade thy honorable self
As to descend to thoughts and acts and words
'T would make thee cower with shame to have him know.
[*going.*

Ansel. Hear me! — one word! — but one!

Gism. Not on this theme;
A thousand on aught else. [*again turning to go.*

Ansel. 'T was but to pray,
Humbly and from the heart, thy pardon. But ——

Gism. No! nothing more! I will not risk, for thee
Nor for myself, a single phrase might add

To this night's shame.

Ansel. Alas! I had thought, Madonna——

Gism. Think nothing, Count — nothing again of this —
Which now, thank God! is ended — and forever!
This shall secure it. By the cross, I swear,
If ever from this time thou look again,
Or speak, as thou hast spoken and look'd but now,
To my remorse and to my lord's dishonor,
I never will exchange word with thee more!

Ansel. [*after a pause.*] 'T is cruel; but 't is right. I will obey.

[*She extends her hand to him; but, on his offering to lift it to his lips, withdraws it hastily.*

Gism. Ah! thou forgett'st already. We must do more.
To-morrow, Flora and thy friend her lord
Take their departure. With them goes Gioconda.
Seize thou this pretext and make one with them.
Then travel for some months; no matter where,
So that we meet not soon.

Ansel. For many months!

Gism. Hush! it must be. Thou wouldst not forfeit all?
My friendship shall go with thee, my esteem.
Now leave me — quick, — in pity to thyself.

[*Exit Ansel.*

Gism. [*after he has completely disappeared.*
And unto me. Hadst thou had less command
Over thyself, or hadst been modest less ——
But if thou wert less modest, could I — like thee?
As I do now, more than befits me do,

Or I dare own, by name, even to myself. —
But I will root this growing weakness out:
It shall not make me, more than now I am,
False to my God, my husband, and myself.
[*Exit, as the Scene shifts to*

Scene II.

The Study. As in Act I. Sc. I.

Uberto
clasping his hands together with an expression of relief.

Uber. The agony is over! thou hast conquer'd.
Thy spirit is good, Gismonda, as I thought it,
And far more strong. Thou shalt have thy reward.
[*Rings a small handbell.*
Enter a Servant.
Bid come to me thy lady.
Servt. [*with embarrassment.*
Signor Count,
She is with the Count Anselmo.
Uber. Was, but now.

The Count has left. Bid come to me thy lady.

[*Exit Servant.*

The rumbling of distant thunder.

UBERTO *moves slowly to the open casement, and looking out a moment, slowly returns.*

The lake is blackening, and the angry clouds
Come onward fast. I could have rather chosen
To leave this sphere, whose beauty I so love,
When the sweet moon was spreading all around
Her magic light and shadow, or the stars
Were looking on me with their calm bright eyes.
But when the mind is fix'd on its own thoughts,
It matters little that outward things wear not
The dress we like: I shall not see the darkness;
And the loud thunder and the rushing wind,
If heard at all, will seem to sound my dirge.

Enter GISMONDA.

She appears conscious and embarrassed.

Gism. My lord — thou hast sent ——

Uber. Be reassur'd, Gismonda.
I have sent for thee to praise thee, not to chide.
Thou hast been tempted, and hast stood the proof.
Look not aghast: she who has not been tried
Cannot be counted virtuous, albeit
In life she may be chaste. But thou art both.

[*taking her hand in both his, while her embarrassment increases.*

Thou art my faithful partner, and shalt find
I can reward thee. I would bid thee kiss me;
But 't were to put thee to an act of pain.

Gism. My lord! my lord! [*about to kiss him.*

He gently puts her back.

Uber. No, no; thy heart would not
Go with it, as I deem'd it did of old.
Let me kiss thee. Thou pure and good Gismonda,
Whom I have so much wrong'd to marry — it was
My sole act that was selfish; but my last
Shall make atonement for it — stoop to me,
Thou whom I love so well. [*He is about to kiss her on the lips; but he only touches her forehead.*] Thus. It is now
As it should be, and only should have been,
A father's kiss to a good and tender child
Cherish'd as she deserves. And now — good night.
God's blessing on thee, my Gismonda! And if —
And if ——

Gism. What means my lord? Art thou not well
To-night, Uberto? 'T is a fearful night.

Thunder heard. GISMONDA *shrinking and clinging to* UBERTO.

Let me be with thee. Oh, do not put me from thee!
It was not so of old!

Uber. No, not of old.
But am I as I was of old?

Gism. My lord!

Uber. Speak not, Gismonda, counter to the sense
Which the heart warrants. Hush! thou knowest not
Thyself as I know thee. Thy soul is good
And generous as it ever was — were 't not,
Could I have lov'd thee, as I have lov'd and love? —
But there is that in it which was not once;
No double image can divide it; where
Anselmo is, [*She hides her face.*] Uberto cannot be.
It is but natural. Hence, I blame thee not.
Thou feelest, this night, a sympathy for me;
Thou 'dst be with me, and, with a woman's care,
Wouldst watch my fever, as thou think'st it, well:
But in the solemn hours, when I was still,
Thy heart would beat for him; and on the morrow
Tempted again — nay, answer not — would find
Perchance less power to resist. Go then.
To-morrow thou wilt learn to know me better,
To esteem me better, than thou dost, to love
As thou canst love me; that thou canst not more
Is not of thee. Good night!

He puts her gently and courteously from the room.

It is now over.
The last look of those eyes, for whose dear light
I have given my soul forever, has departed,
And the world henceforth is all black to me.
Farewell. I have borne it better than I thought.

The thunder, which has been heard at intervals, now increases in frequency and loudness.

The storm comes nearer. Thou, whose awful voice
Speaks in these turbulent elements; but not more
Than in the softest whisper of the breeze;
Thou, whom I dare not pray to bear me up,
As in my hours of trouble once I us'd,
Suffer me on my knees to cry for them,
My innocent wife and children. [*kneeling.*
Spare them, God!
Nor let the father and the husband's sins
Be, through men's hands, nor through the engender'd taint
Of the soul's passions, visited on their heads.
Thy lightnings do not blast me as I kneel.
Perhaps Thou wilt have mercy, though condemning
In justice my great crime, and make more brief
My horrible probation and that scale
Of the soul's painful reascent to virtue
Whereto I have given myself — alas! for nought.
That I precipitate this selfwill'd fate,
Impute not unto me for added sin,
Even for that end I seek — which is not nought.
He rises.
One more adieu to ye, dear native hills!
going to the casement.
Then, after a few moments, returning.
The thunder's flash reveals them and the lake,
Not in their gladsome aspect, like to her,
But lurid as my fate. Perhaps 't is well:
We part with less regret. Good night, forever!

My soul shall haply bear with it no trace
Of all life imag'd on it, fair or foul.

He takes a poniard from a shelf and bares it.

This is my last of instruments. Nor book,
Pencil, nor chisel, e'er wrought such effect
As this, which in an instant, with one stroke,
Severs the chain that separates the world
On which I stand from that to which I go.
But for our doubts, how few of us would pause
Who find this life what I of late have done!

Looking on the blade.

I would that thou hadst given my heart, Gismonda,
No worse a pang than this sharp knife will cause.

Stabs himself.

As he sinks in an arm-chair
Enter GISMONDA.

Gism. What didst thou mean, my lord? Thou hast fill'd my soul
With strange forebodements — [*Observing his state as she approaches, hastens to him.*
Thou art —— O my God!
What means this blood?

Uber. [*smiling on her.*] Thy strange forebodements prov'd
Truer — than most are. But the knife struck — false.
[*throwing down the poniard.*

Gism. [*shrieking.*
Ah! — Help there!

Uber. 'T will be useless. Yet thou comest—
Thou dear Gismonda — as — I could have wish'd.
Gism. Oh God! — Help! — Speak not. Let me ——
[*endeavoring wildly to stay the blood.*
Uber. 'T is in vain.
The blow was — sure, if not ——

Enter, hurriedly,
FLORA, GIOCONDA, UGO,
and immediately after, from another door,
ANSELMO.

Ugo. Who did this deed?
Uber. I only — for — for her sake, good Anselmo —
And — and for thine.
Gism. Call in the children!
Uber. No —
There is no time — I kiss'd them ere they slept.
I should be dead, before — before they came.
And pity it were — to wake them — who can sleep
In such a storm, — to look upon a sight
'T were best they should not see. Let them not know —
If so it may be — I died by my own hand.
Are these thy tears, Anselmo? Be a friend —
A good friend to my — children: they are hers.
Raise me. Were 't not — for one thought — I could die —

A flash of lightning enters through the casement,
succeeded instantly by the rattle of thunder.
UBERTO *stands up from the chair.*

I come! — [*falling forward.*

Gism. Uberto! [*swoons over him.*

Uber. — Happy. [*Dies.*

Ugo. What an end!

ANSELMO, *falling on one knee, covers his face with both hands.* GIOCONDA *stoops to raise the senseless form of* GISMONDA. UGO *and* FLORA *stand in different attitudes of horror.*[1]

SCENE III.

A part of the ethereal space beyond the atmosphere of Earth.

ARCHANGEL MICHAEL. LUCIFER.

Mich. Hence to thy proper realm!

Lucif. And this to me,

Who once in Heaven stood before thee?

Mich. I might deplore thee,

Unhappy! but for what I see.

Why hast thou sought this spirit to enchain?

Lucif. Because the worm had sold himself to be
My vassal after death, and shall remain
Subject forever to the laws I have given,
Until by his self-struggling he regain
His former human heart and human brain, —
When thou mayst take him if thou wilt to Heaven.
His last expenditure of blood, I wot,
Will not have much improv'd therein his lot.

Mich. Thou miserable scoffer! who with jests
Striv'st to conceal the anguish of thy soul,
And thy outbreaking passion to control, —
I scarce can think thou art that mighty one
Who stood with me in order next the Son,
When in the star-strown region of the skies
The unfinish'd Earth began to roll, —
Whom even the Seraphim accounted wise.
Know that this being's self-sacrifice arrests
The doom which else had on his soul descended
Who for another's good himself divests
Of his last blessing, and, deliberate,
Forestalls the horrors of an awful fate
To make that other happy, though too late,
Has by the sacrifice his fault amended,
And the All-Just his soul will reinstate
In its first partial good.

Lucif. It shall not be!

Mich. It is. Look back, and see
The spirit rescued from thy thrall forever.

Lucif. Curse on the perjur'd slave!

Mich. It was not he:
Curse thine own craft:
Thou art thyself thy own forsworn deceiver.
'T was this alone at which thy demons laugh'd.
Hadst thou but given this man his youth indeed,
The woman would have lov'd him still, and thou
Have held his spirit still bounden, nor, as now,
Have had thy head bruis'd by Eve's hated seed.

Lucif. [*departing.*
I yet shall meet him, in some other sphere.

Mich. And baffled find thyself again — as here.
[*Exeunt different ways.*

NOTES

NOTES TO UBERTO

1.—P. 142. *I come!* — etc. etc.] This is the catastrophe as it was first designed. But while writing, it occurred to me, that, besides the thunderbolt to which *Uberto* answers as if it were a summons, another might be made to strike him and at the same time *Gismonda*. Such a catastrophe would be more tragic, and more — to my impression — in the true spirit of tragedy. The objection to it lies in the unpleasant effect it would have on the mind of the reader, whose disappointment would be greater even than his surprise, which itself would be painful.

I come! [*falling forward.*] — now happy. [*Dies.*
Gism. Uberto! [*Swoons over him.*
At that instant, another flash appears to strike the bodies.
Giocon. Ah!
Flor. The bolt
Has struck them both together!
Ugo. What an end!
ANSELMO, *falling on one knee, hangs over the body of*
GISMONDA, *while the rest stand in various*
attitudes of horror.

PS. *Dec.* 22, 1868.

I see I have used, above, the word "reader." The piece was not intended for representation. Yet it might easily be adapted to the stage (in a day when less of bustle shall be required in the action than at present,) by omitting the 3d Scene of Act V., and perhaps the 4th of Act IV., or by removing the *Choruses* altogether.

PREFACE

TO

THE CID OF SEVILLE

Twenty years ago, when for the first time I redd the play of *Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas*, not knowing then how improperly it was ascribed to Lope de Vega,* its subject, which is wholly Lope's, struck me as one of the noblest that could be selected for the Stage, and I entered it in the list of those which I had set down for themes of future composition. My opinion is not altered, and having, since the completion of my own piece, gone over the *Cid* of Corneille and its original, I think that there can be no comparison between Lope's design, certainly under its modern guise, and the very

* It is the first play in the collection *El Teatro Español*, published in London in 1817, where it appears under the double title, "*Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas, ó La Estrella de Sevilla, Tragedia de Lope Felix de Vega Carpio.*" The commentator merely tells us in a foot-note, "Este drama es uno de los arreglados por Don Cándido Maria Trigueros." But, as I shall presently show, we should have almost as much right to call the *Cid* of Corneille a translation from *Las Mocedades* of Guillen de Castro, as this a mere adaptation of the *Estrella* of Lope.

similar but inferior one of that part of Castro's double play*

* *Las Mocedades del Cid* is divided into two Parts, or rather is composed of two plays of which each forms a *Part* under that general title. It is the first alone of these divisions that gave origin to the famous drama of *Le Cid*. But there is another play on the same subject by another Spanish dramatist, contemporary with Corneille, *El Honrador de su padre* of J. B. Diamante, which is so like the French tragi-comedy (as Corneille originally, and rightly, termed his piece) that it has given rise to a very curious question as to which of the two borrowed of the other, and this notwithstanding the priority of publication is by twenty-three years in favor of Corneille. For aught I know, it is not yet decided. (a) It was not, to some men's thinking, in 1856; for Lemcke, whose *Handbuch der Spanischen Literatur* was published in that year (Leipzig, in 8°.) has in his third volume (p. 291) a note in which he refers without disapprobation to Von Schack's opinion that Corneille was really indebted to Diamante. This latter critic, in his *Geschichte der dramatischen Literatur u. Kunst in Spanien*, (Berlin, 8°, 1845, 6,) had at first (2r *Band*, *S.* 431. *Anm.*) maintained the contrary, but, the succeeding year, in his third volume (p. 372, sq.), he took back his first assertion, on the ground that Diamante's play *bears too much the traits of an original work, and is too thoroughly Spanish in its style, to let us suppose it an imitation of a foreign model.* "Bei näherer Prüfung des *Honrador de su padre* hat sich uns aber nun die Ueberzeugung aufgedrängt, dass dieses Stück zu sehr die Züge eines Originalwerks trüge und zu durchgehends im Spanischen Nationalstyl gehalten sei, als dass man an Nachahmung eines ausländischen Vorbildes denken könnte, und dieser innere Grund erscheint als genügend, um auch ohne entsprechende äussere Daten die Abfassung vor das Jahr 1636, in welchem Corneille's Cid erschien, zu setzen." This is a most extraordinary assumption. In no case, should we have the right to accept merely internal evidence as conclusive; but, when it conflicts with positive facts as to time, it should be set aside without hesitation. There is no reason why a Spanish author should not borrow a certain form of words to a certain extent, and copy certain traits, as well as the management of certain scenes, from a French author, and yet preserve throughout the national charac-

(a) It is strange to me, that, with a date so modern as the middle of the 17th century, there is not some testimony among Spanish writers of the period to put this matter beyond controversy. Fontenelle says (*Vie de Corneille. — Oeuvres de P. C.* Paris 1834): "Corneille avait dans son cabinet cette piece traduite en toutes les langues de l'Europe, hors l'esclavone et la turque . . . . Elle était en italien et, ce qui est plus étonnant, *en espagnol*: les Espagnols avaient bien voulu copier eux-mêmes une pièce dont l'original leur appartenait." Supposing this to be correct, — for, observe, Corneille himself does not aver it; he mentions in his notice merely the *Italian*, *Flemish* and *English*, (. . . "les traductions qu'on en a faites en toutes les langues qui servent aujourd'hui à la scène, et chez tous les peuples où l'on voit des théâtres, je veux dire, en *italien*, *flamand*, et *anglais* . . ") — supposing this grave assertion to be faithful, is not that translation in Spanish somewhere extant? It would of itself be evidence conclusive. But that it never has been brought forward throws more than a doubt upon its alleged existence.

which furnished to the French tragedian the plot, and something

teristics which were common to him with all other Spanish writers of the drama. But when, to this probability, there is added the fact that the same source from which the Frenchman drew so largely was open to him and nearer at hand, he being born as it were on its very brink and baptized in it, it will be seen that there is not the least difficulty in supposing that the latter, while taking as his model the same play which was the model of the Frenchman, lent to his copy, here and there, what he might consider the grace and embellishment and other improvement added by the latter. He might do this even to disguise his obligations to that model. That he did not copy also the mere form, it is sufficient to say that he was a Spaniard and composed his drama for a Spanish audience. The German critic adds in a note (*ib.*): "Da mir von der grossen älteren Sammlung Spanischen Comödien, welche den Titel *Comedias de diferentes Autores* führt und von welcher schon 1636 zu Valencia ein 29ster Theil erschien, nicht die ganze Reihe, sondern nur einzelne Theile bekannt sind, so bleibt mich die Vermuthung offen, dass sich für Diamante's früheres Austreten auch ein äusseres Zeugniss finden werde." Now, Mr. Ticknor, who had the rarest opportunities for knowing the very earliest editions of all Spanish authors, says decidedly that Diamante took from Corneille, and the Spanish version of his exhaustive work (*Hist. Sp. Lit.*) gives his note to that effect without contradiction. We may therefore consider this point settled. If my own opinion after his is of any worth, I should say that I have compared the three plays, *Las Mocedades*, *El Honrador*, and *Le Cid* together, line after line, in the Scene between the *Conde* and *Diego*, and that between *Rodrigo* and the *Conde*, and as it is impossible that so like results, especially in the former Scene, should ensue from the imitation by two different authors of one other, from which other there is still so great a divergence, it follows that Diamante must have plagiarized from *Le Cid*. In one particular in that Scene he has improved upon his copy. In Corneille we read the stage-direction (after "*Il lui donne un soufflet*") "D. DIÈGUE *mettant l'épée à la main*." In Diamante, DIEGO "*saca la espada, y cáesele á los piés del Conde*," with the words:

> "*D.* ¿ Para que quiero la vida,
> Despues de tan grande ofesa ? "

Corneille's words:

> "Achève, et prends ma vie après un tel affront,
> Le premier dont ma race ait vu rougir son front — "

are not so good, even with a like action, because the second verse of the couplet is not in nature and enfeebles the simple passion of the first.

Ochoa (Eng. de), who in the 5th vol of his *Tesoro del Teatro Español* (Paris, 8°, 1838) gives us the whole of Diamante's play, touches in his brief preface with

more, of his justly celebrated, but over-estimated, serious drama.*

more fairness than acumen on this question. Leaving it undecided, he says: "No es probable que Diamante copiase á Corneille, pero tampoco lo es que Corneille, cuya buena fe es notoria, ocultase que habia copiado á Diamante, si en efecto le copió."

As to Corneille's *good faith* or frankness, I do not see that it is evinced in his acknowledgment of his obligations to Castro. He would appear to own an adaptation merely of the subject, or, at the most, of the plot; yet we trace, in his original, passage after passage, some of which, even those that are unnatural and affected, (a) are directly borrowed, sentiment and phrase, without any avowal. The very *fragment* of the Spanish historian, which ushers-in his "Avertissement," appears to be put forward as a mask to conceal the real extent of his obligations to the Spanish poet: "Voilà," he says, "ce qu'a prêté l'histoire à D. Guillem de Castro, *qui a mis ce fameux évènement sur le théâtre avant moi.*" Again, citing certain Spanish verses, which, he says, seem made expressly to defend his heroine: "Ils sont du même auteur *qui l'a traitée avant moi*, D. Guillem de Castro . . ." And in adding at the close the two *romances*, I think he works to the same purpose, that is, to conceal, or to obscure, his indebtedness to the real source of all his drama, and make it be supposed that he borrowed, not so much from another dramatist, as from the ballads directly, in which this latter found the rude outlines of the dominant part of his design.

The principal obligation of *Le Cid*, however, is to that felicitous invention of the antecedent love between *Chimène* and *Rodrigue*, to which, notwithstanding what the author says of the two great *conditions* exacted for a perfect tragedy by Aristotle, and to the observation of which alone he claims the success of his work was due, may be ascribed a great share of the interest excited. Indeed it is a main pillar in his edifice. And this invention belongs to Castro. Schack claims it as the source of the principal interest: "Das Motiv aber, welches das Hauptinteresse des Drama's [*Las Mocedades*], den Kampf zwischen Liebe und Ehre, bedingt, scheint dem Guillen de Castro eigenthümlich zu gehören; denn die Romanzen erwähnen einer frühern Liebe des Cid zu Ximenen nicht." *u. s.* p. 431. Still, though felicitous, it was of easy devising, and, I may say, could not have escaped any practiced dramatist, belonging as it does almost to the necessities of a plot of the kind. Though Corneille has borrowed it, he would have made it.

* . . . . "dans *Le Cid*, le choix du sujet, que l'on a blâmé, est un des grandes mérites du poëte. C'est à mon gré le plus beau, le plus intéressant que Corneille ait traité." La Harpe. Comm. *Œuvr. de Corn.* (éd. cit.) T. 1. p. 239.

"El argumento de la Tragedia de *Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas* es semejante á la

(a) See, for one instance, the passage from Act III. Sc. IV. cited, p. 153, note †.

Corneille avowedly, or rather with a partial recognition,* took the elements of his play from Guillen de Castro, but was probably also assisted, in the spirit of his composition, by this one of De Vega's, to which, as refounded by Trigueros, I think the *Cid*, even as a composition, is every way inferior, in naturalness, in sentiment, in diction, if in the diction of a drama naturalness is, as I maintain determinedly, the first essential, without which pomp is but a blemish and artifice of arrangement degenerates into affectation. Lope is not always lifelike, not even when remodeled, as for example in Act III. Sc. III. *S. O.*, but superior as a whole is his colloquy, so remodeled, to the false turns, and the elaborate antithesis† and tedious

del *Cid* de Corneille, pues si en ésta se representa la accion de un héroe que para vengar una afrenta hecha á su padre mata al de su amante, en aquella se muestra la de un hombre tan honrado como valiente, el qual creyendo desagraviar á su rey desafia y dá la muerte al hermano de la que le es destinada por esposa. La diferencia que hay entre estos dos dramas es que el de *Lope* tiene un desenlace mas noble, pues la heroína que ha sido la causa inocente de una funesta catástrofe, prefiere la soledad y lobreguez de un claustro á la satisfaccion de pasar su vida con un hombre á quien adora, pero que ha derramado la sangre del mas querido de sus deudos." *Observac. — Teatro Esp. T.* 1. p. 3.

* See note on p. 152; first paragraph.

† This artificial contrast in phrase and sentiment, carried often to a wearisome, if not disgusting extent, and bandied to and fro between two speakers (sometimes among three) like a shuttlecock, is one of the unnatural peculiarities of French plays in general, nor is wholly unknown to the English school. Shakspeare, among other vices, has given us many disagreeable specimens; for example in *Richard III.* Corneille, who in previous plays had shown somewhat more than a fancy for the bauble, is blinded by his predilection so far, that he does not see its insiguificance and inappositeness even in his model. Thus the following:

" *D. Rodrigue.* O miracle d'amour!
Chimène. O comble de misères!
D. Rod. Que de maux et de pleurs nous coûteront nos pères!
Chim. Rodrigue, que l'eût cru . . .
D. Rod. Chimène, qui l'eût dit . . .
Chim. Que notre heur fût si proche, et si tôt se perdît?
D. Rod. Et que si près du port, contre toute apparence,
Un orage si prompt brisât notre espérance?
Chim. Ah! mortelles douleurs!
D. Rod. Ah! regrets superflus!

and equally unreal amplification of the Frenchman, nor is there anywhere so faulty a scene in *Sancho Ortiz* as the Second of Act I. in *Le Cid*. In the latter play I do not know where to find any passage, not directly borrowed, that equals in sentiment any one of these in the former:

"Estrella" [the *King* is speaking — to that absurd and miserable creation of almost all plays, a *confidant*. Trigueros might have gone a step further in his alterations, and changed the creature into something reasonable, something less artificial and conventional, and within the probabilities of human existence]

"Estrella en tanto, mi Estrella,
Tampoco cobró altivez,
Mas modesta cada vez,
Como cada vez mas bella.
Matóme con su humildad,
Tan reverente y severa;
Que si ella se envaneciera
Fuera mia su beldad.
* * *

Chim. Va-t'en, encore un coup, je ne t' écoute plus:"

which may be thus translated:

He. *O miracle of love!*
She. *O sorrow's overflow!*
He. *What ills, how many tears, our sires will cause to flow!*
She. *Rodrigue, who had believ'd . . .*
He. *Chimene, who would have said . . .*
She. *Our joy would come so near, and yet so soon have fled?*
He. *And when the heavens shone fair, our haven too in view,*
A sudden storm should rend our barque of hope in two?
She. *Ah! mortal sting of grief!*
He. *Regrets in vain gone o'er!*
She. *Begone, again I bid, I will not listen more:*

is an imitation, with more refinement, but less naturalness, of

"*Rod.* ¡ Ay, Jimena! ¿ Quien dijera ——
Jim. ¡ Ay, Rodrigo! ¿ Quien pensara ——
Rod. Que mi dicha se acabara?
Jim. Y que mi bien finiciera? &a."

He. *Ah, Hiména! Who would have said* ——
She. *Ah, Rodrígo! Who would have thought* ——
He. *That my bliss would come to nought?*
She. *And my joy so soon be sped?* etc.

Jorn. II., *Esc.* 2, in *Las Mocedades*.

Me pasmó
Don Arias, con su respuesta:
Sin rigor, y muy modesta,
Todo mi incendio le heló.
Paréceme que la escucho:
Soy, dixo á mi furor loco,
Para esposa vuestra poco,
Para dama vuestra mucho." Act. 1°. Esc. 1.

And then the rencounter of the King with *Bustos*, which is not enacted as in Lope, but is thus related by the monarch:

" Seducir logré la esclava,
Que anoche entrada me dió,
Mas Bustos me descubrió
Quando mas ufano entraba.
La espada osado sacó,
Con valor, mas con respeto, —
Que, aunque lo negó, en efeto
Pienso que me conoció.
Dixe quien soy, y arrogante
Me respondió que mentia,
Y que un rey no cometia
Jamas accion semejante." *ib.*

And I am tempted to add, since the extravagance is characteristic both of the nation and of the speaker, Bustos' response to the King in Scene III: —

"*Bustos.* Señor, es mi hermana Estrella
Por mi desgracia tan bella ——
Rey. ¿ Pues en esto qué perdeis,
Si es su virtud extremada ?
Bustos. Eslo sin duda: es Tabera;
Y ya yo muerta la hubiera,
Si fuera ménos honrada."

This list of examples, which, be it observed, are absolutely the composition of Trigueros and not of Lope, might be carried out to considerable length, were it necessary to show to anyone, but perhaps a French reader, who has compared the two, the inferiority in point of sentiment as well as action, and, as I have implied above, in propriety of diction, of the *Cid* of Corneille, whose most natural

and most touching passages are borrowed directly, or by imitation, from De Castro.*

As the original play by Lope is not always to be had, I shall now give an analysis of its plot, with sufficient extracts to enable the

* As for instance in Act III. Sc. VI.

" *D. Diègue.* Rodrigue, enfin le ciel permet que je te voie !
D. Rodr. Hélas !
D. Diè. Ne mêle point de soupirs à ma joie ;
Laisse-moi prendre haleine afin de te louer.
Ma valeur n'a point lieu de te désavouer ;
Tu l'as bien imitée, et ton illustre audace
Fait bien revivre en toi les héros de ma race.
C'est d'eux que tu descends, c'est de moi que tu viens ;
Ton premier coup d'épée égale tous les miens ;
Et d'une belle ardeur ta jeunesse animée
Par cette grande épreuve atteint ma renommée.
Appui de ma vieillesse, et comble de mon heur,
Touche ces cheveux blancs à qui tu rends l'honneur,
Viens baiser cette joue, et reconnais la place
Où fut empreint l'affront que ton courage efface."

The greater merit of the original (notwithstanding the slight conceit which I find in "aliento tomo para, *etc.*" and which Corneille, who wanted the feeling to imitate the pathetic "Como tardaste tanto ?" abandoned nature to paraphrase) will be directly manifest : —

"*Sale Rodrigo.*
Diego. ¡ Hijo !
Rod. ¡ Padre !
Die. ¿ Es posible que me hallo
Entre tus brazos ? Hijo, aliento tomo
Para en tus alabanzas empleallo.
¿ Como tardaste tanto ? Pues de plomo
Te puso mi deseo, y pues veniste,
No he de cansarte preguntando el como.
Bravamente probaste, bien lo hiciste,
Bien mis pasados brios imitaste,
Bien me pagaste el ser que me debiste.
Toca tus blancas canas que me honraste,
Llega la tierna boca á la mejilla
Donde la mancha de mi honor quitaste." Jorn. II^a. Esc. III.

Those who are familiar with Spanish, and what is more, understand the true expression of nature in any tongue, need not be told how superior is the model to the copy. As for the three italicized verses of the Spanish poet, corresponding to the three above, so much admired in Corneille, nothing of the kind can be more tender and touching ; nor, if we except the redundancy in "blancas canas," is there anything to mar their perfect beauty, whereas the "reconnais la place" of the Frenchman gives to the clause where it occurs something of the color of a conceit.

reader to form a good idea of its character. I find the copy of *La Estrella de Sevilla* in Lemcke's *Handbuch*, previously mentioned, Vol. III, where are also printed in full both Parts of *Las Mocedades del Cid.*

Acto Primero.

Esc. II. The *King* (Don Sancho IV.) and *Arias* (his confidant.) — The King appears as a profligate voluptuary, (which is contrary, so far as I know, to the truth of history.) Various ladies are described by the King, till at last he comes to *Estrella*, whose fantastical picture I subjoin, as it gives a specimen of Lope's very frequent extravagance.

"¿ Quien es la que rayos son
Sus dos ojos fulminantes,
En abrasar semejantes
A los de Júpiter fuerte,
Que están dandome la muerte,
De su rigor ignorantes?
Una que, de negro, hacia
Fuerte competencia al sol,
Y al horizonte español
Entre ébano amanecia.
Una noche, horror del dia,
Pues de negro, luz le daba,
Y él eclipsado quedaba;
Un borron de la luz pura
Del sol, pues con su hermosura
Sus puras lineas borraba."

Don Arias says she is miscalled "*la Estrella*" (*the Star*). To which the King:

"*Rey.* Si es mas bella
Que el sol, ¿ como así la ofende
Sevilla? ¿ Como no entiende
Que merece su arrebol
Llamarse Sol, pues es sol
Que vivifica y enciende?
D. Arias. Es doña Estrella Tabera
Su nombre, y por maravilla
La llama Estrella de Sevilla.
Rey. Y Sol llamarla pudiera."

They continue, both, quibbling on the words *star* and *sun*; and the

King is inflamed with the desire to see Estrella the next night at her home.

In *Esc. V.* the King seeks to corrupt *Busto* (Estrella's brother) by extraordinary favors. Busto shows his sense of justice and his generosity by preferring others for the high office the King holds out to him, and departs suspicious of the royal motives.

Esc. VI. The King concludes with saying:

"Viva yo, y diga Castilla
Lo que quisiere decir,
Que, rey ciego, he de seguir
A la Estrella de Sevilla."

Trigueros, with all his emendations, has scarcely improved the character, when he makes the royal libertine, with equal coolness, if with less pertness, exclaim:

"Ay, Estrella,
Temo tu seguridad.
Veo que es una maldad,
Don Arias, mas voy á hacella." (*Sancho Ortiz.* I. 2.)

Esc. VII. Follows an interview between the lovers, *Sancho Ortiz* and *Estrella*, where a great deal of extravagance is uttered on both sides.

"*D. Sancho.* ¡ Ay, amorosa Estrella,
De fuego y luz vestida!
Estrella. ¡ Ay, piadoso homicida!
D. Sancho. ¡ Ay, sagrados despojos,
Norte en el mar de mis confusos ojos!"

It is not wonderful the servants (*Clarindo* and *Matilda*) should have their burlesque:

"*Clar.* ¡ Ay, hermosa muleta!
[*ap. à Matilde.*
De mi amante desmayo!
Mat. ¡ Ay, hermoso lacayo!
Que al son de la almohaza eres poeta!" &*c.*

In *Esc. X.* Clarindo says:

"Por esta estrella hermosa
Morimos como huevos estrellados.
Mejor fuera en tortilla."

In this impertinency of low humor, which makes us smile by its grotesqueness, and perhaps by its absurdity, for the pun is imperfect and has no applicability,* we recognize between Lope and his contemporary, Shakspeare, another trait of resemblance besides extravagance of metaphor and love-conceits. — The rhyme to "tortilla" is in a verse whose pomposity of indignation, repeated like a burden, concludes the Scene with a facetiousness which must have been relished by an audience. It is a good specimen of the

* "Huevos estrellados" — *starred eggs*, are of course eggs which, broken into the fryingpan, assume in the hot oil or lard in which they are to be cooked, something of the form ascribed to stars, and "tortilla" is an *omelet*. ESTRELLA corresponding to our STELLA, the quibbling nonsense may be thus rendered, with observation of the metre:

Because of this stellar beauty
We perish like to hen's eggs that are stellar'd.
It would be better in an omelet.

CLARINDO is the *gracioso*, that is, the merrymaker, sometimes the buffoon of the piece, corresponding in a measure to the clown of Shakspeare and of his modern imitators, the real representative of which in our time is the "clown" of the circus. Trigueros has not only excluded all this and other folly (a), but also the entire part of Matilda, nor has given a greater share to the servant in the confidence of his master than (with whatever unlikelihood) is the long-established, but reprehensible custom of the Stage in all countries, whereas Corneille, in retaining without consideration the part of Urraca (*L'Infante*), has made her per-

(a) None but a writer ignorant of the principles of true art, or indifferent thereto, would justify this admixture of the comic with the tragic on the plea that in actual life the grave and gay are oftentimes confounded. The object of a tragedy is not to describe the whole of life, but a particular portion or single occurrence of a life; and to cross the solemnity or horror of that occurrence with ludicrous allusions, jests, or incidents, is to show an execrable want of taste that would be instantly detected and reprobated in a picture. In my boyhood, when it was a fashion to have portfolios of fine engravings open for the entertainment of evening visitors, I was particularly struck by one, a French copperplate which depicted the storming of the Bastile. In the midst of all the horrors of the scene, the artist had inserted, as a touch of nature, and perhaps as a stroke of satire, a dog in the act of relieving his bowels. Like that picture is a tragedy whose unity of sombreness is broken by the intrusion of what is discordant with the principal incident, or even with the predominant tone. That this violation of good taste is entertaining, especially to the large plurality of every audience, is true. It is not less true, that the main object of the playwright, and without which all his efforts, be they never so noble, are in vain, is to interest. But he should be able to do this without a desecration of true art, nor should the fact, that because of the greater rarity of sound literary criticism such defects are not so noticeable as they are in a painting, or would be in an opera, where (at the present day) they seldom or never occur, nor yet the success of great writers whose real eminence does not necessarily make them models, blind him or render him indifferent to what is both simple propriety and the very consummation of high art.

comic use of a rhyme upon occasion (but not in serious drama.)

"No goces los imperios de Castilla."

Sancho Ortiz, who is about to show so absolute and heroic a loyalty, has not maintained his character, or prepared us for it, in this Scene. He has inveighed against the King (an improbable imprudence too, before his servant) as a tyrant, and threatened to leave Seville for Gibraltar, to shed his blood for him there. So in the beginning he is made to say:

"Tirano, que veniste,
A perturbar mi dulce casamiento,
Con aplauso á Sevilla,
No goces los imperios de Castilla."

Thus, Trigueros is more consistent.

petrate such nonsense as the following, confessing her love to her governess, while at the same time declaring she would die rather than forget her rank:

"*L'Inf.* Ma tristesse redouble à la tenir secrète,
Écoute, écoute enfin comme j'ai combattu,
Écoute quels assauts brave encor ma vertu.
L'amour est un tyran qui n'épargne personne.
Ce jeune cavalier, cet amant que je donne,
Je l'aime.
Léon. Vous l'aimez!
L'Inf. Mets la main sur mon cœur,
Et vois comme il se trouble au nom de son vainqueur,
Comme il le reconnait.
Léon. Pardonnez-moi, madame,
Si je sors du respect pour blâmer cette flamme.
* * * *
Vous souvient-il encor de qui vous êtes fille?
L'Inf. Il m'en souvient si bien que j'épandrai mon sang,
Avant que je m'abaisse à démentir mon rang." *Le Cid.* I. 2.

Trigueros, as just implied, makes Ortiz give vent to his happiness before his servant; but then it is in a flush of joy caused by the sudden and unexpected news of his immediate marriage with Estrella: his heart is full and runs over. He does not utter such unnatural commonplaces as the above; and moreover, what he says is brief, gentlemanly (so to speak), and to the point. This false sentiment, whose utterance, except in soliloquy, is even more unnatural than its conception, finds no condemnation in the criticism either of the French Stage or of the English, which latter, in the days of Addison, adopted its dulness and its absurdity; and the *Cato* of that author is an apt illustration of all that is false in passion and improbable in its expression.

Esc. XI. In the *street.* — Busto presents a manly resistance to the King's desire to enter his house, and speaks his mind with great frankness as to the King's motives.

Esc. XII. — Arias, in the house of Busto, tries to tempt Estrella by open offers from the King. He asks her at the close:

"Qué respondes?
Estr. Qué respondo?
Lo que ves. [*vuelve la espalda.*"

Contrast this familiarity, natural indeed, but offensive to the tragic muse, with the noble expression, "Soy . . . para esposa, etc." cited on page 155.

Esc. XIII. — Arias gains over the slave Matilda, who is to admit the King that night to Estrella's chamber.

Acto Segundo.

Esc. I. Street. — *King*, *Arias* and *Matilda*, at the door of Busto's house. When Matilda receives her reward (a certificate of freedom, etc.) Don Arias says (*aparte al Rey*):

"Todas con el interés
Son, Señor, de un mismo modo."

From which profound reflection the King, who seems to regard his desperate adventure as a frolic, derives this deduction:

"*Rey.* Divina cosa es reinar:"

which perhaps is as downright a libel as was ever put upon a king; for Sancho IV., far from being a fool and fop, was a man, evidenced by his deeds, as shown in all histories, wary and astute, and not likely to make a remark whose flippancy, if it was meant for wit, though it has more the sound of a sly sarcasm of the poet's, would have fitted Charles II. of England. — The courtiers, who have been commissioned to entertain Busto, so as to keep him absent, cannot prevent his untimely return, and (*Esc. V.*) the King and

he encounter. The former cannot release himself from Busto until he avows who he is.

"*Rey.* Detente;
Que soy el Rey.
Busto. Es engaño.
* * * *
No puede ser, y á su alteza
Aquí, villano, ofendeis,
Pues defecto en él poneis,
Que es una extrana bajeza."

The dialogue is rather too long for the emergency, as well as to quote, but Busto finally says, and says nobly, — in the first four lines beautifully:

"La llava me ha confiado [el Rey]
De su casa, y no podia
Venir sin llave á la mia
Cuando la suya me ha dado.
Y no atropelleis la ley;
Mirad que es hombre en efeto:
Esto os digo, y os respeto
Porque os fingisteis el Rey.
Y de verme no os asombre
Fiel, aunque quedo afrentado;
Que un vasallo está obligado
A tener respeto al nombre:"

etc.: all of which is among the best passages of the piece.— The King cannot stand this, and, after more words, they fight.

Esc. VI. — Servants enter wth lights. The King, dreading detection, turns his back and escapes in the confusion, expressing (as he is always a common man) a hope of vengeance.

Esc. VII. Between *Busto* and *Matilda:* where Matilda, who confesses her guilt, is made absurdly to play upon the name *Estrella;* and this fine language, out of place anywhere, is passed between the two.

Bus. Y ¿ sabe Estrella
Algo desto?
Mat. Pienso que ella
En sus rayos á abrasar
Me viniera, si entendiera
Mi concierto.

Bus. Cosa es clara;
Porque si acaso enturbiara
La luz, estrella no fuera.
Mat. No permite su arrebol
Eclipse ni sombra oscura;
Que es su luz brillante y pura
Participada del sol."

The slave's extravagance is equaled only by its insipidity, and it is the more remarkable as this sort of language suggested by the name is so frequently repeated by all the characters.

Esc. VIII. — The King and Arias find the slave's dead body dangling from a grating of the palace windows.

"*D. Arias.* En el alcázar está
Un bulto pendiente al viento.
* * * *
Rey. Mira que es.
D. Arias. La esclavilla
Con el papel en las manos."

Compare the passage from *Sancho Ortiz:* "Del alcázar á la puerta, *etc.*," in Note 5. The certificate in her hands is, however, a capital feature.

Esc. IX. Busto and *Estrella.* — There is an unnatural dialogue between these in which also Busto alludes to the name; as *ex. gr.*

"*Bus.* Esta noche fu epiciclo
Del sol; que en ella esta noche
Se trocó de Estrella el signo."

Estrella might well respond:

"*Estr.* Las llanezas del honor
No con astrólogo estilo
Se han de decir: habla claro."

She does not utter a word of pity, or exclamation of horror or surprise, when he tells her how he has served Matilda.

Esc. XI. Where the King commits the charge to slay Busto to Sancho Ortiz. This fine Scene Trigueros has preserved with scarcely an alteration.

Esc. XIV. Busto and *Sancho* fight; and the former falls. Here, I think, though Trigueros has done well to abbreviate the dialogue,

which he otherwise alters materially so as to make it his own, he has lost the effect of the actual combat. But this was in the order of his work, — wherein Bustos meets Sancho as he is about to leave the palace, and they go out together to fight.

Esc. XV. and XVI. Sancho arrested.

Esc. XVII. and XVIII. *Estrella* and *Teodora* (her maid), after the former has arrayed herself for her bridal; and *the same* with *Clarindo*, who tells Estrella, when she gives him a diamond for the jacinth he had received from Ortiz, that this last has split from melancholy. To which she replies:

" *Estr.* No importa que esté partida;
Que es bien que las piedras sientan
Mis contentos y alegrías."

Before this, the mirror fell and broke from envy:

" *Teod* . . . .
Cayó el espejo. De envidia,
[*Alzale.*
El cristal, dentro la hoja,
De una luna hizo infinitas."

The dress-scene (*XVII.*) is very brief in Lope, and has none of that bewitching tenderness Trigueros has known to impart to the innocent Estrella, if you except this passage:

" *Estr.* Ya me parece que llega
Bañado el rostro de risa,
Mi esposo á dame la mano
Entre mil tiernas caricias.
Ya me parece que dice
Mil ternezas, y que, oidas,
Sale el alma por los ojos,
Disimulando sus niñas."

Esc. XIX., where *the body of Busto* is brought in. — Lope fails to depict the effect on Estrella; and Trigueros, so far from bettering it, increases the unnaturalness by amplification. The Scene is very brief in the original.

" *Estr.* ¡ Desdichada
Ha sido la estrella mia !
¡ Mi hermano es muerto, y le ha muerto

Sancho Ortiz! el quien divida
Tres almas de un corazon.
Dejadme; que estoy perdida."

Sancho is not introduced, the *Alcalde* telling her at the outset that they have arrested him and will do justice on him without fail on the morrow.

Acto Tercero.

Esc. III. Estrella before *the King.* — The same eternal quibbling on her name (and, by the by, almost the sole metaphor Lope uses throughout is, with variations, that of the sun, rays, stars, *etc.*) She says, after four verses of salutation:

"Una desdichada estrella
Que sus claros rayos cubre
Deste luto, que mi llanto
Lo ha sacado en negras nubes,
Justicia á pedirte vengo."

Then she adds:

"Quise á Tabera, mi hermano,
Que las sacras pesadumbres [?]
Ocupa, pisando estrellas
En pavimentos azules" —

and concludes her long oration with like unnaturalness and without the least show of feeling. What can the King, who she knows to her sorrow is a gallant man, but answer in this stupendous style:

"*Rey.* Sosegáos, y enjugad las luces bellas,
Si no quereis que se arda mi palacio;
Que lágrimas del sol son las estrellas,
Si cada rayo suyo es un topacio." &c.

King. *Compose yourself, those fine lights' moisture stop,*
If you would not my palace set ablaze:
For Stellar fires are tears the sun lets drop,
*If topazes are, each, one of his rays.**

* I have sought of course to parody the quibble on the name *Estrella* (Stella). Otherwise the third verse would read, more literally,

For stars are tears the sun himself lets drop.

The way Trigueros has altered the passage is thus:

"*Rey.* Sosegáos, y enjugad
Unas lágrimas tan bellas,
Que desperdiciais en ellas
Lo mejor de la beldad."

In the Prison (*Esc. VI.*), *Musicians* entertain Sancho. The Alcalde pertinently asks:

> " Cuando la muerte por horas
> Le amenaza, &c.
> ¿ Con musica se entretiene ? "

Esc. VIII. Still in the prison. *D. Sancho* and *Clarindo.* — Clarindo thinks (as he well may) his master has lost his senses, and, with a sly wink to the audience (*aparte*), lets them know he is about to humor him ; and the following occurs :

> " *D. Sancho.* Ya estamos en la otra vida.
> *Clarin.* Y pienso que en el infierno.
> *D. Sancho.* ¿ En el infierno, Clarindo ?
> ¿ En qué lo ves ?
> *Clarin.* En que veo,
> Señor, en aquel castillo
> Mas de mil sastres mintiendo."

And so the Scene, a long one, continues, till the comical fellow thinks it time to bring back his master to reality. The whole Scene is bad and farcical. The dialogue reminds me somewhat of Aristophanes, but not favorably, and has a flavor of Don Quixote and Sancho Panza.

Esc. IX. Campo. — That absurdity of the theatre, a lover's not knowing his mistress (when too he has but lately parted with her) because her face is concealed, although she talks and moves, is here presented. The dialogue is without any pith or even elegance as with Trigueros, and when Sancho, with mere obstinacy, without any of the nobleness he displays in the modern play, persists in refusing to escape, she finishes by saying,

> " *Estr.* Pues véte, loco, á morir,
> Que á morir tambien me voy."

Thus Estrella is reduced to — no (that would be, if she had appeared at all as Trigueros paints her,) but remains — a very ordinary woman.

Esc. XI. King tells the Alcayde (governor of the Castle, who

has come to inform him of what has transpired there) to bring, in secrecy, in his, the King's *coach* (this anachronism has occurred before) D. Sancho to the palace.

The Alcaldes, entreated flatteringly by the King, each apart, (*Esc. XIII.* and *XIV.*) yet maintain their integrity (*XVI.*); but it is not after the lofty and elegant fashion of the remodeled drama.

Even in the final Scene Trigueros has greatly the advantage. The King asks, in the original:

"¿ que falta? [between the lovers]
D. San. La conformidad.
Estr. Pues esa
Jamás podrémos hallarla
Viviendo juntos.
D. San. Lo mismo
Digo yo, y por esta causa
De la palabra te absuelvo.
Estr. Yo te absuelvo la palabra;
Que ver siempre al homicida
De mi hermano en mesa y cama
Me ha de dar pena.
D. San. Y á mí
Estar siempre con la hermana
Del que maté injustamente,
Queriéndole como el alma.
Estr. Pues ¿ libros quedamos?
D. San. Si.
Estr. Pues adios.
D. San. Adios.
Rey. Aguarda.
Estr. Señor, no ha de ser mi esposo
Hombre que á mi hermano mata,
Aunque le quiero y le adoro. [*Vase.*
D. San. Y yo, Señor, por amarla,
No es justicia que lo sea. [*Vase.*"

The King, although he had bid them stop, is not discomposed by this abrupt departure from the presence, and holds out a hope which is not very tragical and mars beside the design:

"*Rey.* Casarle pienso y casarla
Como merece."

And Clarindo finishes:

"*Clar.* Y aquí

Esta tragedia os consagra
Lope, dando á *La Estrella*
De Sevilla eterna fama.
Cuyo prodigioso caso
Immortales bronces guardan."

A prediction which has been realized, though whether it would have been had it been other than *Lope*, or the drama had not had the good fortune to be wrought into so delectable a shape by a later and inferior poet, is more than questionable. The whole piece is deficient in the tone of tragedy, is, save in its exaggerated portions, merely metrical prose, and those exaggerated parts have but the poetry which is puerile and commonplace. The action is lively, the plot ingenious, the design more than happy; but the entire work, and the development of the characters, including the libel on *Sancho el Bravo*, indicate the hasty performance for which Lope is both known and renowned.

Perhaps, after this analysis of the original play, it may be advisable to show the main features of its modification, if such may be called what is in fact the *Estrella* remodeled and almost entirely rewritten.

Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas is divided into five Acts, in which the unessential unity of place, that is, unity of place as it is usually understood, is not rigidly observed, for the Scene shifts from Act to Act, from the Palace to Bustos' house, then back to the Palace, thence to the Castle in Triana, and back again to the Palace. In this respect, however, it is quite as regular as the *Cid* of Corneille, which is considered, even by Voltaire, to fulfil sufficiently the requisites.*

* . . . "car cette unité ne consiste pas à représenter toute l'action dans un cabinet, dans une chambre, mais dans plusieurs endroits contigus que l'œil puisse apercevoir sans peine." (*Œuv. de Corn.* éd. c. I. p. 212.) — No, this is not its definition. As the spectator may as well see one place as another, there is no reason why the action should not shift from one Scene to half a dozen, even in the same Act, provided always that the time of the action is not the same in the different Scenes, still more does not go back from a later Scene to one that is earlier, but moves by proper intervals, in which the course of events is progres-

Acto Primero.

Esc. I. *King* and *Arias.* — The former relates his experience in his endeavors to corrupt both *Estrella* and her brother *Bustos;* and under the instigation, or rather encouragement of his confidant, — for, at the very opening of the Scene, the monarch says,

> "Miéntras que Bustos Tabera
> Guarde á su hermana, ó no muera,
> Estrella no será mia,"—

resolves to put Bustos out of the way. See passage cited, page 154, above.

Esc. II. *King alone.* — A brief colloquy with his conscience.

Esc. III. — Bustos comes to request permission to have his sister married. See passage cited on p. 155; with which the following connects directly, the *King* having first responded: "Bien lo créo de vos, Bustos:" —

> "*Bust.* Con ser tan honrada y pura,

sive and the distance from place to place is duly observed. Thus, if I can see into the palace of Don Sancho, I can also see into a street of Seville, and into any chamber of Tabera's house; but I cannot do the impossible, which would be to make Bustos reach his house from the palace in an interval marked merely by the shifting of a scene. Time must elapse sufficient, at least seemingly, for the purpose; and this is to be effected by continuing the action in the palace, while Bustos is making his way home.

The limits of this Preface, already ten times exceeding what I had proposed to myself, will not allow a full examination of this important principle. I reserve it, with other points connected with a right judgment of dramatic action and the laws which ought to regulate the drama, for a future and general preface to precede the First Volume of these plays. I would observe however, that in *Uberto* there are two illustrations of a fanciful deviation from the rule I have laid down, namely, in *Act II. Scenes* 2 and 3. How this happened, even in a romantic drama, I do not now know. Perhaps it was, that *Uberto* being intended for the closet and not the stage, I did not deem the point necessary to observe, where to observe it would, on account of the paucity of characters and of events, have been difficult. *Virginia*, *The Silver Head*, *The School for Critics*, *Ugo da Este*, and the present play, are all instances of a perfect observation of the three unities.

Siempre está por su hermosura
Mi honor cercado de sustos;
Ojos hay de gran denuedo
Que se encienden por Estrella.
Guárdola, y se guarda ella;
Mas contra todos no puedo.
Guárdola por justa ley
Que me obliga, y es tan rara,
Que aun de vos no la fiara
Con ser mi padre y mi Rey."

Perhaps a knightly boldness never had, even in a Spaniard, so beautiful expression as in the two last verses. It is the *Busto* of Lope, — I had almost said, aggrandized and ennobled; but Lope (certain extravagancies set apart) has made him also chivalric and lofty. He is, in fact, the salient character in the *Estrella*.

Esc. IV. *King* and *Arias*. — King says:

"*Rey.* Hasta aquí pudo llegar:
Su muerte al fin resolví."

Esc. V. *Sancho Ortiz*, whom the King has sent for, arrives. Here we have the popular surname attributed to him:

"Dicen que valiente es.
Llamanle el Cid Sevillano."

Lope, who invented the designation, uses "Cid Andaluz."

In the whole of this fine Scene, the modern poet follows pretty closely his original. The King gives two papers, the first of which, assuring immunity, Sancho refuses to accept, relying nobly on the King's honor: the second contains the name of the party he is to slay.

Esc. VI. *Clarindo* brings Ortiz a letter from Estrella, announcing their approaching marriage. Then follows, admirably as to position, the VIIth Scene, in which Sancho Ortiz, *alone*, opens the paper containing the name of the man he has engaged to kill. It is one of those soliloquies, a conflict between love and duty, preceded by amazement and horror, which are touchstones of the true

artist, and I have to say, that though as well done as such monologues in general, and better than most of Lope's, it disappoints. As Ortiz goes out, enters Tabera; and this forms the VIIIth Scene, where the defiance takes place. It is well done. Bustos, stung to passion, says, much as in Lope (the third and fourth verse being taken directly thence):

"*Bus.* Si presumís
Encontrar mancha en mi fé,
Como un villano mentís,
Y aquí os lo sustenaré. [*Echando mano á la espada.*
San. Tened, Tabera, la espada,
Que en casa del Rey estamos.
Bus. En casa tan delicada
Estarlo no importa nada
Quando tal punto tratamos."

They go out together, and the Act closes.

Acto Segundo.

Esc. I. Estrella just arrayed for her bridal. — It is excellent, barring the great fault (in my eyes) that Estrella says to her servant what she would only say to herself. But she says it better than under similar circumstances in Lope. This is very fine:

"Quisiera hoy ser la mas bella
De quantas hay en Sevilla,
Porque el placer de Don Sancho
Con mi contento compita.
¡ Qué gloria será ser suya
Despues de tales fatigas,
Tales sustos, dudas tales,
Tanto suyas como mias!"

Again she says:

"Paréceme que le véo
Bañado el rostro de risa
Acercarse, el mas gallardo,
De Sevilla: — qué Sevilla!
Ni todo el orbe á mis ojos
Contiene igual gallardía.
¡ Cómo al alargar la mano
Se esmerará su caricia!
Pienso escucharle, y que dice

Mil cosas tan bien sentidas,
Que sale el alma á los ojos
Con el amor que las dicta."

Shakspeare has not surpassed this in his *Juliet*, (I mean, in his best parts, — that is, those that are natural.)

Then follows (*Esc. II.*) the dialogue with Clarindo, from which may be cited this fine, though in the mouth of a servant, doubly misplaced compliment: he is telling Estrella how Sancho received her letter:

". . . tan desusada luz,
Tan desusada delicia,
Brillaba en su bella frente
Quando la carta leia,
Que ni la he visto jamas,
Ni sé yo cómo se pinta,
Sino llamándola igual
A la que mostrais vos misma."

Trigueros takes care, in the interchange of the jewels, to say nothing of the broken one.

Esc. III. *The bloodstained corpse of Bustos* is brought in. — In this Scene a great artist would have made his genius unmistakable. But Trigueros is not great, and where his original failed he has shown still greater deficiency, and not only proves incapable of rendering passion and the sudden conflict of violent contrary emotions, but forgets even his usual taste and judgment. When Estrella says, what in Virgil is allowable enough in narration,

"La voz se pega á las fauces —
Los cabellos se me erizan" —

she says what in her situation is merely ridiculous, and the poet, borrowing extravagance to give warmth to what is cold-blooded, out-Lopes Lope.

In *Esc. IV.*, *V.* and *VI.*, Sancho does better, and especially in *VI.*, where he is questioned by *Farfan* (the Alcalde).

In *Esc. VII.*, Estrella, in colloquy with Sancho, becomes reason-

able and affecting, although she speaks perhaps more than is natural for the occasion.

"*Estr.* Dime, corazon de piedra,
Sancho, por mi mal nacido,
. . . .
En qué te ofendió mi hermano?
Estrella en qué te ha ofendido?"

But Ortiz, though he gives despite of himself certain indications of who has set him on to slay her brother, will answer nothing directly:

"Entended vos lo que callo
Por lo mismo que no digo."

So that Estrella finally cries to the Alcalde:

"Quitad, Farfan, de mis ojos,
Quitad, os ruego, ese risco,
Que es mas duro en la disculpa,
Que fué en el mismo delito."

Again, *Esc. VIII.* is unnatural, especially as the long monologue which Estrella delivers is not a soliloquy (as it should be, a self-discourse representing to an audience what is really said inaudibly in the speaker's brain), but is spoken in the presence of Teodora and Clarindo; which would deprive it of all truth-likeness, even did it accurately describe what might be supposed to pass in the mind of a person plunged, like her, from the top of all but complete felicity to the very bottom of the most tragical distress.

Acto Tercero.

Esc. I. The King, in presence of Arias, confers with the Alcaldes about Sancho Ortiz, and finally, through them, puts Sancho's generous and loyal reticence to this extraordinary trial:

"De mi parte le decid,
Que diga por quien le dió
Muerte, ó quien le persuadió
A ello, y le prevenid
Que uno diga, aunque sea yo.
Mas si callar es su intento,

Que hoy mismo de su desliz
Dará público escarmiento."

Esc. II. The confidant (Arias), this time, advises the King on the side of honor, namely, that he should in any event save Ortiz.

Esc. III. The King talks briefly with his conscience.

Esc. IV.; where Estrella comes to solicit of the King that the homicide shall be delivered to her. — It is well done. The King gives her a writing and his ring, that she may effect her purpose, but accompanies the act with the commonplace gallantry of a compliment suggested by her supposed cruelty on this occasion and his own experience of it in another form. He says:

"Sed tirana, si en Cielo
Es posible haber tiranos,
Aunque conocido llevo,
Que en vos y en vuestra beldad,
Bien que parezcais deidad,
El ser muy cruel no es nuevo."

To which she answers proudly, or indignantly, or coldly, or perhaps with an air of all three modes combined:

"*Estr.* Si fuera mi beldad rara
Causa de que peligrase,
Antes de que me dañase
De mi beldad me librara:
Yo misma horrible me hiciera
Antes que injuriarme yo;
Que si un Tabera murió,
Ha quedado una Tabera."

The last haughty sentiment is after Lope's

"Si un Tabera murió, quedó una Tabera."

Esc. V. The King, repenting his complacency, is advised by Arias to have Estrella arrested, which, after rejecting the idea as unworthy, he consents to do if no other mode remain of effecting his object, and the lady is to be appeased by a marriage with some grandee.

The King, left alone (*Esc. VI.*), communes again with the god

within him, and concludes with a good moral in the form of a monition to crowned heads in general:

"Reyes, huid del furor,
Huid de un consejo fiero;
Sea mi exemplo el postrero:
Un error llama otro error;
Libraos bien del primero."

Acto Cuarto.

In the prison. — Esc. I. The Alcaldes cannot extort from Ortiz the true impulse to the homicide. In *Esc. II.* Arias tries it after the manner prescribed by the King; but, though Sancho is made (I think, injudiciously) to throw out intimations that could be interpreted only in one way, he will not implicate the King. His language throughout is lofty, while free from exaggeration. And when Arias concludes with a serious warning, Ortiz answers:

"*San.* El que con su deber cumple
Vé desplomarse los cielos,
Sin que el susto de los otros
Le prive de estar sereno:
Es inocente, y no teme
Ni el negro nombre de reo."

Esc. III. Sancho soliloquizes at great length, but well; and his loyalty, which gives rise to noble sentiments, is consistent throughout. It is seldom, in any writer, that we find a true soliloquy so deserving of commendation, and so little censurable for want of exact observation of nature. The reveries in which he indulges contrast strongly with the partial lunacy of the same character in Act III. Sc. VII. of the original, and when Clarindo appears (*Esc. IV.*) we have a dialogue reasonable and to the point.

Esc. VI. Estrella enters. — Sancho does not mistake her (and indeed she removes her vail almost at once;) but the poet, with excellent judgment, has made him speechless for some minutes; and when she tells him that a horse awaits him, and his servant

will want nothing for their journey, he pays no attention to it, but answers only when she repeats her exhortation to go:

"*San.* Señora ——
Ay Sancho Ortiz desdichado!
Estrella del alma mia!
Estr. Vete, y sé de hoy mas feliz:
Ya haciendo lo que debia,
Estrella soy que te guia,
Clara antorcha en tu desliz.
Vete, y si amor atropella
Por el mas justo rigor,
Ve, conservando el amor
Que merecisteis á Estrella."

There is great tenderness, with much of flowing sweetness, in the whole Scene. It is but justice to transcribe a considerable portion:

"*Estr.* Si no conociera yo,
Que si un hermano perdi,
Tanto pesar te costó
Como el que me cuesta á mí,
Quizá no te libertara:
Pero te conozco, Ortiz;
Todo mi amor lo repara:
A un criminal no salvara,
Pero salvo á un infeliz.
San. La desdicha de mi suerte
Me entrega á la muerte fiera:
Ya solo puede la muerte
Cambiar mi suerte severa,
Que me abruma, aunque tan fuerte.
Estr. Vive, yo vida te doy.
San. Y yo á la muerte me voy,
De que tú librarme quieres;
Que si obras como quien eres,
Yo he de obrar como quien soy.
Estr. Por qué mueres?
San. Por vengarte.
Estr. De qué?
San. De mi alevosía.
Estr. Si pudiera imaginarte
Capaz de accion tan impia,
No pensaria en librarte;
Pero conozco bien yo
Qual es tu proceder justo.

La pasion no me cegó:
Quando Ortiz mató á Don Busto,*
Grande fuerza le obligó.
San. Ah! nunca yo le matara,
Si no matarle pudiera.
Estr. Ni yo jamas te salvara,
Si imaginara ó creyera,
Que Ortiz de otro modo obrara:
Te forzáron á matar,
Lo conozco, y no te obligo
A que digas tu pesar;
Mas yo tambien sé callar;
Lo conozco, y no lo digo.
Vive pues, por vida mia."

If there is no remarkable vigor in the passage, there is a dignified calmness and eminent propriety. Though passion might have been allowable to Sancho, perhaps in a degree to Estrella also, yet I know not but that, under the depressing melancholy of the circumstances, the tone observed has more of the color of reality. Sancho of course does not yield:

"*San.* De vos ausente,
Y de esperanza apartado,
Perdiendo la fé debida,
¿A quién debo dedicar
Aun estos restos de vida?
Despues que me hice homicida,
Vivir fuera mas pesar.
Dexadme en el mal que estoy,
Pues es mas mal el vivir,
Y ya mi sombra no soy:"

and the last words between them are:

"*Estr.* A Dios, y olvidad á Estrella.
San. No os acordeis vos de Ortiz."

* I had canceled *Don*, supposing it an error: for the metre, owing to the accented ó in "mató", is complete without it, and its use would be an absurdity for Estrella in this place. But, just before the page was to be cast, I came across a copy of the play with the imprint of Madrid (18º 1804), and there it stood also. It may still be an error, copied from one book in another; for the *Teatro Español* was published in London in 1817. I can hardly think that the poet, had he wanted an additional syllable, would not have found it preferably in *su* or *mi*.

Acto Quinto.

In the palace. Esc. I. King and *Alcayde.*— A good Scene, to the same effect as in Lope. The latter's characteristic anachronism has not been overlooked, and the King orders Sancho to be brought to him in a *litter*, with every precaution for secrecy. The King *alone* (*Esc. II.*) resolves fully to release Sancho, although he expresses fears because of the rectitude of the judges.

And with cause. *Esc. III.*, *IV.*, and *V.*:— the King having sounded and flattered, both together and separately, the two Alcaldes, thinks (*Esc. VI.*) that he has found them mere *men* after all. Follow a brief reflection and moral on the efficacy of the weakest words of a king, and he is promising himself to reward Sancho while ostensibly punishing, by banishing him to the command of a frontier, when

(*Esc. VII.*) enter the Alcaldes with the sentence. (By the by, the interval is too brief to admit of its having been written, let alone considered.) It pronounces decapitation. One of them says to the King:

> "Como á vasallos nos manda;
> Mas como Alcaldes mayores
> Somos la misma ley sacra.
> Y si ella no lo permite,
> Ni empeños ni ruegos bastan;
> Que el Cabildo de Sevilla
> Es quien es." —

The King interrupts impatiently:

> "*Rey.* Basta ya, basta. &a."

Esc. VIII. — Arias introduces Estrella, which adds to the King's perplexity and vexation.

Esc. IX., and the last. — The Alcayde and Ortiz are added to the group. The King's desire to set Ortiz free is enforced by Estrella's supplication. But Farfan, the Alcalde, remonstrates, and the

King, put upon his mettle, acknowledges himself to have been the inciter of the crime:

"*Furf.* Mirad, Señor, os suplico,
Que la justicia se agravia:
Pedir la parte por él
No es descargo de su falta;
Pues la pública vindicta
Está clamando. —
Rey. Ya basta.
Todos, ménos yo son héroes
En esta dichosa patria:
Tambien yo ser quiero hablando
Tan héroe como el que calla.
Matadme á mí, Sevillanos,
Que yo solo fuí la causa
De esta muerte: yo mandé
A Ortiz que á Bustos matara."

Arias is rewarded for his flattery and bad advice by exile. And the piece concludes with Estrella's declaring her purpose to bury herself in a cloister, while Sancho requests permission to depart immediately for the frontier.

"*Estr.* . . . .
. . . .
. . no es Estrella muger,
Que aunque le adora y le ama,
. . . .
Y aunque su hermano Don Bustos
Con gran placer lo aprobaba,
Consienta jamas en ver
A su lado á quien le mata.
* * * *
. . . permitid
Que sola y desamparada
En la lobreguez de un claustro
Miéntras viviere, encerrada
Me castigue de querer
Bien al que á Bustos matara.
San. Yo, Señora, al Rey su empeño,
Y á vos suelto la palabra;
Que fuera eterno tormento
Morar en aquella casa
Donde mi mano cruel
Os dió penas tan amargas.
. . . .

Vivid, y sed venturosa,
Y olvidad al que os agravia.
Estr. No os olvidaré, Don Sancho.
San. Tanta será mi desgracia. —
Señor, contra el fiero Moro
Permitid que luego parta.
Rey. Id con Dios, y dexad tiempo
De admirar vuestras hazañas,
Que me tiene sorprehendido
Ver en solo un dia tantas. —
Oh pasion! Oh mal consejo!
Farf. Que vos lo conozcais basta.
Todos. La heroicidad da principio
Donde la flaqueza acaba."

It would have been better if the two last verses, which, as assigned to *all* the interlocutors, destroy the actuality of the Scene and are besides insignificant, had been omitted, or perhaps the three last; for *Farfan's* remark, even if it be interpreted as a compliment, is rather too bold to be addressed to the King. Yet contrast this close with Lope's, and say which has the advantage?

What reputation Trigueros' play enjoyed I know not,* but Cor-

* "Like the subsequent attempts of Trigueros to accommodate some of Lope de Vega's plays to the same system of opinions," [to bring them, that is, "under the canons that governed Corneille and Racine,"] "it was entirely unsuccessful. The difference between the two different schools was so great, and the effort to force them together so violent, that enough of the spirit and grace of the original could not be found in these modernized imitations to satisfy the demands of any audience that could be collected to listen to them." TICKNOR. *Hist. Sp. Lit.* (N. Y. 8°. 1849) III. p. 320.

In a note to the Introduction (by A. Anaya) to the *Teatro Español*, I read: "Dos sugetos beneméritos han contribuido en nuestros dias á realzar el crédito de Lope de Vega. El uno es Don Antonio de Sancha, . . . el qual publicó la edicion de las obras sueltas de este autor. . . . . y el otro es Don Cándido Maria Trigueros, quien refundió vários de sus dramas, cuyo trabajo ha merecido la aprobacion del público Español."

Mr. Ticknor's opinion, always to be respected, is in the present case so untenable, as I think my analysis will have shown, that I can hardly believe he had redd the modernized, remodeled and almost newly-written play. It is impossible that a drama like *Sancho Ortiz* should not please, yet it is very possible also that

neille's, it might be said, was world-renowned. Yet, as I have declared, there can be no comparison between them.* In all the

a mixed audience in Spain would prefer the romantic drama and dramatic romance (a), the tragi-comedy of Lope, to the pure tragedy of the best school which is Trigueros', precisely as a like audience with us would sit out with interest the performance of the longest mixed drama of Shakspeare's, and prefer it to any the noblest modification that could of it be made. If popular success is a test of the merit of dramatic representations, then *Humpty-Dumpty*, which has been enacted nearly 400 times in continual succession, and draws still its nightly audience, is the masterpiece of the age.

* Herr von Shack, — who, I must observe, is rather too enamored of his subject, and, a true German, is apt to lose in enthusiasm the coolness which is needful for judgment, — Shack has much the same opinion that I hold as to *Le Cid;* but he carries his depreciation to an extent that transcends somewhat the limit of fairness. He writes, I think, with a prejudice, that may be said to be natural to one of his country, against that form of the serious drama of which the French school, at its most flourishing period, affords by no means the happiest exemplifica-

(a) See, besides Mr. Ticknor's comprehensive work, (which, with characteristic completeness, is fully indexed,) Lemcke — *Handb. d. Sp. Lit.* 3r. B. s. 185: Viardot — *Études sur l'Hist. des Institt., de la Littér., du Théâtre et des Beaux-Arts en Espagne* (Paris, 8o. 1835,) commencing at p. 332, and observing particularly pp. 336, sqq. The author does not seem to have known the *Estrella* of Lope, except, as I first knew it only, in its modern form, for he names it *Sancho Ortiz de las Roelas*, and must have been altogether ignorant of Diamante's play, since we find him with a double incorrectness saying: "Personne n'ignore que *Le Cid* est imité des deux auteurs espagnols Guillen de Castro et Diamante, qui avaient traité ce sujet national sous le titre de *las Mocedades del Cid.*" Also, on Spanish Comedy, Bouterwek's *Hist. of Span. and Portuguese Lit.*, vol. 1. p. 365 sqq. of the English version: (Lond. 8o. 1829,): and, for a comparative view of both the French and Spanish drama, the 2d volume of Adolphe de Puibusque's *Hist. Comparée des Litt. Esp. et Française* (Paris, 1843, in 8o:) pp. 95-117 with Notes 6 and 7. The author gives there an analysis of Guillen de Castro's two-fold play. But he has slightly misrepresented the final Scene of the 2d Part; for the Cid, who has chafed his sovereign by making him go through, with great solemnity, three forms of an oath (v. Mariana. *Hist. Gen. de Esp.* ed. Sabau. Tom vi, p. 74, *note:* Sandoval. *Hist. de los Reyes de Cast. y de Leon*, &c. (Pampl. 4to. 1615) ff. 38, 39.) averring that he has had no part

"Ni aun con solo el pensamiento"

in the murder of his brother, leaves at first in displeasure:—

"Dicg. El Cid se parte enojado.
Arias. Colérico el Rey le mira:"

which is nature as well as *history* and *tradition*. And then, after these two verses, enter Urraca and Zaida (daughter of the K. of Seville, whom Alonso VI. subsequently married under the name of *Isabel*); and Urraca says:

"Urr, i Donde vas, Cid castellano?
i Donde vas, Rodrigo fuerte,
Tan compuesto y tan airado?
Cid. Voy, Infanta, voy, señora,
A dejar de ser vasallo
De un Rey que me estima poco."

The Cid however returns at the desire of Urraca, and Alonso (at the whispered suggestion of Arias) appeases him, so as to receive at his hands the crown. But there is no real reconciliation, certainly not on the side of the King.

merits of a tragic drama *Sancho Ortiz* is as far before *Le Cid*, as the latter is before the *Cato* of Addison. Corneille improved upon his copy, but only partially, and he lost, in empty and drawn-out declamation and the monotony of his artificial verse, the liveliness, the variety, and rapid action of De Castro, while he added to his frequent unnaturalness and extravagant conceits an impossible dialogue of his own. Trigueros, on the contrary, excluding all unnecessary characters, modifying or rewriting entirely the dialogue, and adding to the tragic tone, has not lost any of the merits of his original, whose fluent and melodious verse he often improves upon, whose sentiments he prunes of their extravagance, or imitates, where best, by others of his own, while, to condensation and the beauty of regularity, he adds the charm of an harmonious tragic tone which gives unity of color to his work and makes its chiaroscuro still more effective. When one reads *Sancho Ortiz* first, as I did, then, years afterward, retaining the impression made upon him, opens eagerly the *Estrella*, anticipating increased delight, and finds

tion. See, in the work and volume above-cited, pp. 437, 439—442. The criticism is too long to copy here in full; but the following eloquent passage may be admitted:

. . "was er [Corneille] von positiven Gutem hat, ist dem Spanischen entlehnt. Aber wie erstarrt und vergröbert Alles! Wo ist jener bald zarte, bald mächtige Hauch der Poesie geblieben, der uns aus dem Spanischen Stücke erquickend und belebend entgegenweht? Statt seiner finden wir den hohlsten rednerischen Pomp, statt der Sprache der Empfindung [which he forgets De Castro does not always give us] eine bombastiche Phraseologie, statt des bei Guillen de Castro so trefflich motivirten Kampfes zwischen Ehre, Liebe und kindlicher Pflicht eine widerwärtige Koketterie mit diesem Gefühl, statt der Heldengestalt Rodrigo's, die sich in lebendig vorgeführten Thaten spiegelt und entfaltet, einen prahlenden Grosssprecher. . . . Bedenken wir nun, dass diese Tragödie noch immer eine der besten der französichen Bühne ist, so mussen wir erstaunen, wie diese Armseligkeit den Spaniern einer spätern Zeit so imponiren konnte, dass sie den reichen Flor ihres Nationaltheaters darüber vergassen." [This last clause indicates of itself the writer's preference of the romantic drama, even in that extravagant form in which it might be truly called a romance in dialogue.]

His animadversion may be thought in part too severe, — and one of its expressions, "vergröbert," is undoubtedly ill-considered; but its general bearing on the merit of the *Cid* is, of course in my opinion, only just. Perhaps the conclusion might be excepted, where, speaking of the epithet *great* as applied to Corneille, he does not hesitate to say, that *if it is grounded on the Cid, we can only adopt it in an ironical sense.*

that the former was superior not only in the symmetry and stateliness of the whole body, but in the beauty and even vigor, and certainly the harmonious adaptation, of its various members, he experiences a disappointment that is greater still than his surprise. In *Sancho Ortiz* the interest excited does not flag, our sense of propriety and love of probability are seldom shocked, and the magnanimity of the sentiments, if it ever seems constrained, never degenerates into pomposity by inflation of the language. Add to these attractions what is said above about the tone, — though *that* is a delicate property of coloring which is not perhaps so easily perceptible to every reader, — and he who has not redd the reconstructed and emended drama has yet before him a pleasure to which I am glad to furnish this incitement.

As for my own play, it will be seen that I have taken but the bare skeleton of the story, which I have clothed with flesh after my own fashion, and given it motion as my sense and taste directed. In two instances where I have imitated the Spanish poet directly, one in a sentiment, the other in a briefly related incident, accessory but not essential to the plot, I have cited the corresponding passages among the *Notes*.

THE CID OF SEVILLE

MDCCCLXVIII

CHARACTERS, ETC.

SANCHO IV., *King of Castile.*

LUIS' GONZA'LEZ DE LARA, *a nobleman attached to the King's person, and his favorite.*

RÜY ORTIZ,
FERRAR' MONTOYA, } *Cavaliers.*

PEDRO LORIGUILLO,
DIEGO ALFONSO DE RIBILLA, } *Alcaldes.*

An USHER.

A Franciscan FRIAR.

A PAGE.

ALDA, *Montoya's sister.*

Alda's MAIDENS. CITIZENS. GUARDS.

SCENE. *Seville, in the Year* 1294.
TIME. *That occupied by the action.*

THE CID OF SEVILLE

Act the First

Scene I. An antechamber in the Alcázar, or royal residence.

Ferrar Montoya. Luis de Lara, *entering.*

Ferr. Encounter'd well. A word with thee.

Luis. I hear.

'T would please me could I say, with pleasure hear.
But Don Ferrar' Montoya's tone is rough,
And his demeanor haughty; let me add,
His throat too broad for chamber of the King.

Ferr. So have that straiten'd. For the roughen'd tone,
It suits the occasion and my instant scope,
Which points at thee. And let these dainty walls[1]
Echo it to Don Sancho's self, I reck not.
Where the Moor trod in freedom, shall the feet
Of a Castilian be less proud? Despite
My prohibition, Don Luis' de Lara,

Thou com'st more near my sister than I like,
And giv'st her umbrage. Thou wast there to-day.

Luis. What gives thee right? ——

Ferr. Be anger'd not too soon.
When thou hear'st all, thou wilt not lack for cause,
If such thy bent. If for thyself alone
Thou wooest my sister, or, what to suppose
Dishonors thy great blood and brands thy soul
Bastard of lineage, thou the insulting suit
Of one who is mightier than thou ——

Usher presents himself at the door above and bows.

I am summon'd.
Ponder my words. [*Exit above.*

Luis. I will. I have weigh'd their sense
Already, and thy life and mine hang pois'd
In the unequal balance. Blame thyself,
Thou arrogant braggart, if thine shall kick the beam.

Scene changes to

Scene II.

The King's Cabinet.

The King. Ferrar *approaching.*

King. What shall be done to pleasure Don Ferrar,
Whom the King loves to honor?

Ferr. This to hear

Is from the King more honor in itself
Than my poor state deserves. I have a sister,
Who forms at once my solace and sole care.
Orphan'd with me, her beauty and rare worth
Are unto me, who know no other joy,
The bloom of Paradise. How shall I keep
The Devil from the wall?

King. That should her worth,
Beauty's best fortalice.

Ferr. That will her worth,
When openly assail'd. But lust has arts
As well as warfare. By a traitor's stroke
Your royal foresire fell, when off his guard.[2]
So may be taken Alda. Yester night,
Some lover who had brib'd my house-slave stole
Darkling into my hall, — and would have died there,
Had he not dar'd to call himself the King.
I dropp'd my sword, but told him that he lied,
For never king would stoop to act so base.[3]

King. Thou shouldst have cut the tongue out by the roots,
That durst the treasonous falsehood.

Ferr. Even for that
My hand sunk nerveless. In the name of King,
Though falsely worn,[4] sounds what in loyal hearts
Wakes reverence next to God's. Endanger'd thus,
Alda were safer as some brave man's wife.
Therefore, as orphan of a noble honse,
She appeals through me that I may have her wed.
Does the King grant it?

King. Hast thou chosen well?

Ferr. Her lover is of lineage and worth,
Loyal and valiant.

King. Be it as thou wilt.

Ferr. I thank Your Majesty, and take my leave. [*Retires.*

King. [*to Usher*] Waits Don Luis' Gonza'lez? [*Usher bows low.*
Bid him in.

[*Exeunt Ferrar and Usher.*

Ah, traitor! And to this my lawless love ——
I should have stabb'd thee then, when in the dark
Thou durst confront me, nor have left that throat
To mock me with the echo of my shame.
Perhaps —— Why, it were well this dragon brother
And loud-voic'd subject, who dares pluck my beard
Even with the hand of reverence, should lie there
Where he will rant no longer, nor keep guard
Over the golden apples. No! he spar'd,
Though hot with ire, my life ——

Enter De Lara.

The Usher, at a signal from the King, retires.

Ah, Don Luis'!
My friend and counselor, though evil oft,
As all who counsel to our passions are,
When they offend not.

Luis. But my lord will own,
I have ventur'd, even while aiding him to win
What I could not divert from, — ventur'd more
Perhaps than fits a liegeman, — to denounce

As wild and full of risk to royal honor
This amorous pursuit. I venture still.

King. And with a mien so grave! Hast thou too, friend,
Met with the Achilles and been huff'd?

Luis. I had
From Don Ferrar Montoya a reproof
Not to be soon forgotten. His eyes are open
Unto my simular suit. He all but nam'd
Your Grace as the true lover.

King. And was that all?
Why, that was modest. In our very teeth
He threw last night's bad venture, though my voice,
When, taken by surprise, confus'd I cry'd
"I am the King," could scarce have been unknown.

Luis. That was not strange, as he had thrown already
At the Alcazar's gate the unhappy slave
Pierc'd by those death wounds.[5]

King. Ay, for very shame
I durst not charge him with the insolent act;
It had been to accuse myself. Nor did he dare
To allude to his prompt vengeance. 'T was enough
To hint my sceptre was not borne of right.
Why dost thou start?

Luis. Permit me for a while
Suspend reply, and be not wroth I ask
Why Don Ferrar sought audience of my lord.

King. 'T was a new insult under lowly guise.
He would have Alda marry'd, to entrench her
From amorous onslaught. How could I contend?

Even had I thought it, taken all unarm'd,
And haply conscience-wounded.

Luis. Knows Your Grace
The husband chosen?

King. I did not care to ask,
Dissembling even while troubled.

Luis. It is, believe,
Don Ruy Ortiz, long the brother's friend
And Donya Alda's lover.

King. He said well,
Valiant and loyal. 'T is my foremost knight,
Brave as a lion, stancher than a hound.

Luis. And, pardon that I dare to add, the man
Most lov'd in Seville, where the people call him,
Finding a harmony 'twixt his name and deeds,
The Second Cid. Sees not Your Highness, then,
The danger that, pursuing this amour ——
I fear to offend my sovereign.

King. Pray, proceed.
Say what thou wilt, Luis'; but be it new:
I am weary of old saws, and moral texts
Come handier still to me than thee.[6]

Luis. So let
Example speak for me. When King Rodrigo
In the lock'd tower beheld the arrow'd Moor
And redd the warning,[7] little did he deem,
A natural passion, peaceful in itself
And peace-persuading, would bring men like that
To strip him of his kingdom; men whose tracks

Through half a thousand years have not worn out,
While trampled Spain sees yet embath'd in blood
Her fertile valleys in perennial war,
All for one woman's beauty.

King. Am I then
Rodrigo? is Ferrar the traitor sire,
And Alda a Florinda?

Luis. Ah my lord,
But for the brother's guard upon the casket,
The emerald had been broken all the same.[8]
The royal Goth was mark'd by many traits
That fit a monarch,[9] till ——

King. Why dost thou pause?
Till lust had shorn the seven locks of his soul
And his gross life prepar'd him for a spoil
To the Philistine. Am I such a dog?
Or dar'st thou make my paragon of him,
Because like me he vaulted to a throne
Whereon the natural claimants[10] could not sit?
There needs no protest; I suspect thee not.
Look through yon lattice, Don Luis' Gonza'lez.
Thou seest the body of the mighty river,[11]
His strength and current; not his source; though *that*
Thou hast in mind, as that he seeks the sea.
Think'st thou that any one day's sun, or week's,
Would drain the stream? Such is my passion, whose source
I scarcely can recall: but well I know
Its outlet. Alda is the sea whereto

Rushes my soul's broad river, nor can the sun
Of reason dry it up, even shouldst thou dart
For a whole week its rays upon the flood.
Cease to dissuade. This marriage must be cross'd.

Luis. That can be only by the brother's death,
Or by the lover's.

King. By the brother's, then.
For scarce so much, my brother lost his head.[12]
This insolent merits it.

Luis. More than knows Your Grace.

King. Ah! Speak.

Luis. Your Majesty ask'd me, why I started.
'T was that Ferrar's word-treason call'd to mind
What I have heard imputed to him.

King. What?

Luis. I speak it with reluctance. It is said,
He favors the pretenders to your throne,
If not in league with them.[13]

King. This thou hast heard?

Luis. Your Majesty should know too well my faith
To need asseveration.

King. So our course
Is plain. He shall be given to the law
On thy sworn charge.

Luis. Your Highness will permit:
This is but surmise, or a whisper'd tale.
Taken with what was offer'd to your face,
It is to me conclusive, and should be
To your high self. But will it be enough

To force conviction? Not to say, 't were wise
Not to wake interest in La Cerda's claims
Where it now dozes; for all faiths, not less
In politics than in religion, rise
From under pressure, and example calls,
Even where its voice is feebler than with men
Of Don Ferrar's repute, to active life
The imitative power, perhaps most strong
Of all the instinctive forces as 't is most prompt.
Besides Your Highness' scope is not attain'd
Save by the traitor's death.

King. But law?

Luis. Laws take
What course the King directs. So said shrewd wits,
When the Cid's master back into the flames
Threw the Goth's book and forc'd the forms of Rome
To come out paramount.[14] And so will say,
With different emphasis, in some bolder age,
Bold men and false, like Don Ferrar Montoya,
Who find no violence legal but their own.

King. Well said, Luis'. Thyself shalt put in act
Thy own suggestion. In thy generous veins
Flows his brave blood who challeng'd and o'erthrew
In single fight Gonzalo's three strong sons
That back'd Vellido,[15] and 't was thy prompt arm
That lopp'd the audacious Haro's at the wrist
And made thy King thy debtor.[16] Slay Ferrar,
And let me once more owe thee.

Luis. O my lord,

In the poor deed you honor me to mention,
Promptness was passion. I had done the same,
Were the vile ingrate twenty men in one,
Or the great Champion [17] himself. But now
In cooler blood to venture were to imperil
Your interests and my honor; for Don Ferrar
Stands, save one hero, first in skill and strength
In all this kingdom.[18] It is not my life:
That is your Highness': but 't were not to serve you
To fling myself against a rock.

King. Then hire
Some villain to perform the deed.

Luis. My lord
Forgets it must be instant. In broad day
Who durst assail him? There is but one man,
I have said, in Seville, who can measure swords
With Don Ferrar. It is *the Cid of Seville.*

King. The intended husband!

Luis. Either way, my lord,
Killing or kill'd, Don Ruy wins for you: —
Alda remains unwed.

King. That were a stroke
Of subtle policy, but lawless-cruel.

Luis. Is treason then less lawless? Shall the King
Not strike when he is injur'd? Must he wait
The law's long trial like the meanest churl?
He who is master makes and unmakes laws;
And cruelty lacks not sanction where the act
Is one of pressing need. Whereto might serve

Your royal sire's example.[19] In that fierce day
Of sudden justice when De Haro fell,
Your own hand smote Diego Lopez dead.[20]
Now, by another's hand, and at one blow,
You strike down treason and break through all let
To your heart's longing.

King. But will Ortiz act
Against his friend, his lady's brother?

Luis. Against
Any or all, to serve his King. Exact
Obedience from him, ere your Highness names
The foe you dread.

King. But thou art sure, Luis',
Of this man's treason? thou canst bring me proofs?

Luis. Not open, nor varied, for I had the tale
At second hand, but in themselves complete.
Might I, to one inur'd as is my lord
To personal danger, who has fac'd unshaken,
Arm'd and unarm'd, in palace and in camp,
Treason and mutiny,[21] venture to suggest
A thought of peril, I would say revenge
Might make Montoya's dagger more to dread
Than Dolfos' javelin or the unsheath'd sword
Of the ungrateful Haro.

King. Bring thou proof,
The insolent traitor shall not live an hour.

The KING *retires by the door above, and the Drop falls.*

Act the Second

Scene I. An apartment in the house of Montoya.

Ruy. Alda.

Ruy. Truly, thou art so, Alda. Though at times
I have seen thee thought-weigh'd, never was as now
Thy fair brow shadow'd, nor the cloud came back
So often. What bears on that gentle breast?
Which should not have a sorrow hid from me,
And was till now so open that it seem'd
To have a window where the sun shone in,
That all men might behold what was so good
And beautiful, nor lattice-bars shut out
The tell-tale ray.

Alda. When we are wedded, Ruy,
Thou shalt not need a window to look in.
I had a dreadful vision in the night, —
Outrage and blood, a gulf between us two
Bridgeless for ever, and the fathomless deep
Of darkness over me: and that starless sky,
With blackness which is felt and air that stifles,
Hangs o'er me now; nor will the dawn break forth
Till we are married. On that happy day,

Ask me, and, hiding on thy breast my eyes,
I 'll tell thee all, and never more be sad.
Thou art my sunshine, Ruy. In thy light
And warmth my soul shall bask by the hour, and know
Never more chillness and no gloom as now.

Enter FERRAR.

Ferr. I come from the Court. Lov'st thou my sister, Ruy?
She loves thee better than she loves aught else
Save me, whom she has spoil'd, and better still
I think than me. The King has given consent.
Ye shall be wed on the instant.

Alda. O Ferrar!

So sudden!

Ferr. I have had a hideous dream.

Ruy. Why so hath Alda!

Ferr. 'T is belike the same:
Dishonor, ruin, the Devil in Paradise,
And two souls blasted by a serpent's guile.
Alda is beautiful: she needs an arm
Stalwart as thine, Don Ruy, and a heart
As true as thine, a husband's heart and arm,
To guard her treasure. Wilt thou take her now?

Ruy. Take her! I have no breath to speak. O brother! ——

Ferr. So get thee ready, Alda; and thou, Ruy,
Make what dispatch thou canst. An hour or two
Should be enough, and ere the sun goes lown ——

Alda. But why this haste, my brother?

Ferr. 'T is not alone
What the dream orders. I have on my mind
A sad foreboding, — vague, yet black as death.
I would see Ruy's arm about thee thrown
Ere my own withers. — Here is from the King.

Enter PAGE.

Page. His Majesty commands Don Ruy Ortiz.
Alda. To honor and wish thee joy.
Ferr. I hope it is.
Ruy. Assure the King of my obedient homage.
I come on the instant. [*Exit Page.*
O Ferrar! my friend!
How shall I thank thee? Alda, looks this change
Too sudden to thee? Let thy brother's love,
Which tenders thee so dearly, speak for mine,
And, giving him contentment, bless thou me.
Alda. [*to Ruy.*] Has not the shadow vanish'd?
Ferr. Hasten back.
And make thou no announcement more than needs.
Till thou and Alda are one, I shall not know
What is contentment. [*Exit Ruy.*
Alda, listen. Briefly,
Know'st thou who stole into the house last night?
Alda. I tremble to suspect.
Ferr. And dost suspect
Because I slew him not. 'T was He. I saw it
But now in his reddening visage, as I heard it

Last night in his hurried voice. I need not name him:
We must not speak dishonor of the King;
A bird of the air shall carry it. He knows
I am not blind nor deaf, knows by whose will
The slave was butcher'd and her carcase laid
At his palace gate.

Alda. O brother!

Ferr. It was just,
If cruel: a warning to home-traitors. Thus,
I have cause for dread. A king's hand reaches far;
His sword is in a thousand scabbards. But more
My peril from the favorite's secret spite.

Alda. What hast thou done?

Ferr. What every man should do
When time and place serve, spoken out my mind.
I warn'd him from my door. 'T is like he comes
On the part of the King. Pledg'd to Eléna Guzman,
He scarce would court, I think, Eléna's friend.
Why turn'st thou pale?

Alda. Ask not, not now, Ferrar.
But O beware! De Lara has the ear
And heart of the King.

Ferr. For the time, alas, as had
A greater favorite, and will fall as he.
Honors and gifts when lavish'd on the unworthy
Breed vanity, not gratitude, and kings
Strangle, sometimes in blood, the o'erweening pride
Born of their own indulgence. But, this day,
Let omens vanish. It is so great a joy

To have thee Ruy's wife. How well I love him!
As well I think as thou, albeit indeed
In other wise. Henceforward when in battle
I help to ward the javelin from his breast,
As I have done, I shall be shielding thee,
Dear child, as well. Now, get thee to thy bower,
And dight thee out as well as time will let.
How fair thou art now! [*kisses her.*] I go to call the priest.
Until this knot be tied, my foot rests not.

As he turns to withdraw,

Scene changes to

Scene II.

As in Act I. Sc. II.

King. De Lara.
A Citizen of Seville, at a little distance, standing before the King.

King. 'T is confirmation more than proof. There, go:
And be thou ready, when thou shalt be call'd
To make the assertion good. [*Exit Citiz.*
I like him not;
And but Ferrar's bold act, and insolent words

Tell their own tale, should doubt. Here comes Don Ruy.
Leave us so long. [*Exit De Lara, as*

Enter Ruy.

Come nigher, Ortiz.

The King *extends his hand, which* Ruy *puts to his lips.*

I have sent for thee as best of all my knights,
Don Ruy Ortiz. Thou art stanch and brave
As thy fam'd namesake, true to mother-land
As was Pelayo, and, as I have heard,
And love to think, so faithful to thy King,
That thou wouldst snap all ties of blood and love
That fetter'd duty, so he enjoin'd.

Ruy. A king,
Who is himself surnam'd the Strong and Brave,[22]
Finds easily valiant warsmen. For my love
To country, I would pour my mother's blood,
Were she now living, life-drop after drop,
On its broad altar, so I could make it great,
And free as it was ere gluttony and lust
Let in the Moor.

King. Well, well! And for thy faith
Unto thy King?

Ruy. Let but the King command.

King. What merits he who is faithless to that King?

Ruy. Death.

King. If he were thy heart's twin, or thy brother?

Ruy. Still, death, — though he were my sire. Duty knows

No qualification, but is in herself
Absolute, looking neither right nor left
In the path before her, which she treads the same
Though it cross the hill-tops or go down steep gulfs;
And treason parts at once the false and loyal
By space as vast as yawns 'twixt Heaven and Hell.
He who to king or country is forsworn
Is not my brother, nor could be my father.

King. Wouldst thou then slay thy father or thy brother,
If false to me?

Ruy. No, I would hand him over
To the law's vengeance.

King. Law sometimes draws-in
Her unsure talons, and delays her clutch
Till the prey 'scapes her. If a sudden blow
Were needed to crush treason, wouldst thou give it?

Ruy. For my lord's welfare, at my lord's behest
I would.

King. In secret?

Ruy. No. The King calls not
To murder, nor would make the man he honors
A vile assassin.

A pause, the KING *looking fixedly at* RUY.

King. Ruy Ortiz, hear.
A man I have honor'd, have sought to make my friend,
Would seat my brother's offspring in my place
And drench the land with blood. This very day,
To wrong he has added insult, my strong claims,

Vouch'd by the Cortes and my people's will,[23]
Scoff'd at as false, and at my house's gate
Wrought scandal and done outrage. At thy hand
I look for vengeance. Wilt thou wreak it?

Ruy. Yea,
So be it openly.

King. Thou wilt this do,
Whoever be my wronger?

Ruy. Though he be
My heart's sure friend, my brother, or my sire,
In public place, in palace-yard, church-porch,
Wherever I shall find him, will assault,
And with God's help will slay him in fair fight,
For my King's sake.

King. Swear that upon my sword.

Ruy. [*kissing the hilt.*
By my lord's head, I swear. Who is the man?

King. It is thy friend, and brother that should be.

Ruy. Ferrar! ——

King. Ferrar Montoya.

Ruy. O my lord!
Is the crime proven? I had thought as soon
Myself could be a traitor. Who avers it?

King. Luis' de Lara, and brings forward one
Who ply'd between my enemies and Ferrar.
There where thou stand'st the traitor fac'd thy King,
And with word-insult pluck'd him by the beard.

Ruy. 'T is my life's death, the blasting of all hope.
Would I had died ere this!

King. Dost thou repent?
Wilt thou too be forsworn?

Ruy. Not now, nor ever.
But might some other hand ——

King. No hand but thine
Is able. Saving thee, Ferrar Montoya
Is the best blade and body in all my realm.
Here, take this writing, Ruy, and know beforehand
Sancho is not ungrateful. Read aloud.

Ruy. [*reading.*

Know all who see this deed, how we, Don Sancho,
By Grace of God King of Castile and Leon,
Galicia, Sev'ille, Cor'dova and Murcia,
Of Jaen and the Algar've, for the service
Done us by Don Ruy Ortiz, give to him
And covenant the tower call'd of Baiez,
With its broad grange ——

Returning the parchment.] Your Majesty will pardon;
I cannot take reward for such a deed:
It were the price of blood.

King. No, in nowise,
But guerdon of self-sacrificing faith
And valor prov'd before. Be it as thou wilt.

[*King lays down the parchment.*

This service done, thou shalt be plac'd in honor,
As fits thee, on the frontier next the Moor.
Till then, bear thou this letter of protection:
It shields thee from the law.

Ruy. Nor that, my lord:

It were to doubt your honor. I serve the King:
He will not see me suffer by the law
For doing his bidding in my heart's despite.

King. Keep it for thine own honor.

Ruy. I obey, —
To use it only when my lord commands.

King. Be secret; and be wary. Brave and true,
Where should I find another like to thee?

KING *extends his hand,*
which RUY *raises to his lips as before.*

Drop falls.

Act the Third

Scene I. A public square near Montoya's house.

Enter
Ruy *and* Ferrar, *encountering; the latter moving quickly and gayly.*

Ferr. Ha, friend and brother! — St. Francis' monk is toward.
Art thou too ready? Why, what a mien thou wear'st!
Thou look'st not like a bridegroom, not like one
O'erjoy'd to take what I so joy'd to give.
Ruy. I can take nothing from Montoya's hand.
Ferr. 'Fore God! it is a noble hand. A king
Might take from it what I give; and what I give
Is worthy of a king.
Ruy. Not from thy hand.
Ferr. Mine! Art thou mad? Or wouldst thou drive me so?
I am thy equal at thy best, Don Ruy,
And, talk'st thou thus, I am thy better too.
Ruy. Never my better, and, take men's report,
Scarcely my equal.
Ferr. 'T is a baseless boast.
Thou owest thy popular title's short-liv'd sound
More to thy forename's accident than sword.

My sword and lance have done as valiant work
As thine.

Ruy. They are a traitor's sword and lance.

Ferr. Ah! [*drawing. Then, putting back his weapon:*
But thy senses wander.

Ruy. They are home,
And tell me thou art perjur'd, — false to king,
To country, and thus false to Alda and me.
Draw, if thy sword is not a coward's. And quick;
There comes thy useless friar.

Ferr. His cord, this time,
Shall make no distaff of Montoya's blade.[24]

Ruy. Beware the nettles in the Ortiz' hand! [25] [*They fight.*

Enter, hurriedly,
several CITIZENS; *among them the one who was before*
the KING *in Act II.; a Franciscan* FRIAR;
and finally the Alcalde PEDRO.

Friar. Part them! [*running up to them, with his cross extended.*

Pedr. In the King's name!

Ferr. [*falling.*] Dead. Poor Alda! [26]

RUY *is arrested, gazing continually on*
the body as they lift it,
and

Scene closes.

Scene II.

As in Act II. Scene I.

Enter Alda

Attended by her maidens. She is in her wedding-robes.

Alda. Leave me, my maidens, now. And thanks to both;
Ye have deck'd me skilfully. [*Exeunt Maidens.*
I will but add
One flower which Ruy gave me. [*Takes a white flower from a vase and places it in her hair: then comes down.*
Dear, dear Ruy!
How I do love him! Love him? Poor Ferrar,
He has almost shut thee out from this weak heart
Where thou once stood'st a god. All loves I have lov'd,
To father, mother, to my childhood's friends,
All seem concentred and made one in him,
All but thy share, Ferrar, and that made less.
Yet him! yet Ruy! If my whole heart's strength
Could at a wish swell out a thousand fold,
'T were not enough for him. What did he see
To admire in such as I? I am too small
In the world's eyes, in all eyes but Ferrar's,
For one like him. God, make me grow more fit;
Let me catch some reflection from his brightness,
Inbreathe some essence of his great heart's worth,
To make me more his mate. What there shall lack

I must make up in duty and in devotion,
Serving him as the angels worship God.
Will the time come when I shall worship not,
Or do as many, who with their wedding-robes
Put off their smiles, and by indifference lose
The prize of their heart's labor? Not with me.
My soul would pine should Ruy love me less,
But still I should love on. — Ere many minutes —
(I wonder that Eléna is not come.)
Ere many minutes, the rites —— O my poor heart,
How shall I hush thy beatings? But to think
I shall in a little while be his, be Ruy's,
And all for life, and he be mine, mine only,
Nor any but me have any part in him;
That I may be with him all alone, for hours,
Day after day, may gaze upon his face,
Nor be asham'd to tell him how I love!
Then shall his broad breast shield me, and 'neath his arm,
As under its mother's wing the callow bird,
My heart shall fear not. Then the King —— Ah me!
The shadow comes again that Ruy saw.
I was too happy. Who shall foretell the morrow?
We go to sleep with the stars above us shining,
And wake to clouds and rain.

Enter the FRIAR *and*
the Alcalde PEDRO; *afterwards,*
the two MAIDENS.

Is it the priest?

But who is with him? And where is Ruy then?
My women! and terrified! O my foreboding!

Friar. Daughter, prepare for sorrow.

Alda. I am prepar'd.
Frighten me not too much. Let me sit down.

Friar. From Heaven flow out the springs of life and death.

Alda. [*starting up.*] Is Ruy dead?

Friar. No, daughter.

Alda. Is 't Ferrar?

Pedr. Sit again, Donya Alda. I am the Alcalde,
Pedro Loriguillo.[27] A grievous crime ——

Alda. Keep me not tortur'd. Tell me all at once.

Pedr. [*facing the door.*
Bring in the body.

The MAIDENS *go to the support of* ALDA, *who stands aghast. Enter* CITIZENS *with the corpse of* FERRAR, *uncovered, on a bier, his naked sword beside him.*

Alda. Ferrar! Dead! Not a pulse!
No breathing! O my brother! [*Kneels beside the body, and kissing the face bends her own over it for some moments. All around stand with various looks of sympathy, the* CITIZEN *who was witness before the* KING *appearing discomposed. After this pause,* ALDA *rises.*
Warm! and bloody!
What means his unsheath'd sword? He has been fighting.
Where was his friend, my husband? where was Ruy?

Where is he now? What keeps him from me? [26]

The ALCALDE *makes a sign, and the Citizen-witness opens the door, whereat he remains with evident trouble, while Enter* RUY, *guarded.*

ALDA, *seeing his position, stands as if stupefied, till he speaks, which is after some moments, and with eyes down.*

Ruy. Alda.

Alda. Art thou the assassin?

Ruy. I am.

Alda. What had he done?

Ruy. Nothing to me: I lov'd him.

Alda. And he thee.

He would have given his life for thee. And thou
Hast taken his. Was it murder? Or did ye fight?

Ruy. We fought. He was unwilling; and I provok'd him.

Pedr. Take heed, Don Ruy, nor speak against thyself.

Ruy. What matters it? It is the truth. I sought
To slay him.

Alda. Yet lov'd him? It is past belief.
Art thou gone wild?

Ruy. I am in my senses. I know
My duty, and I did it. Ask no more:
The seal is on my lips, nor shall be broken.

Alda. I shall grow mad myself. [*Putting both hands to her forehead. In so doing, she touches the flower, and takes it out.*] This is the flower
Thou gav'st. I press'd it to my heart and lips

Before I plac'd it where I meant it should be
My only jewel. Now that my bridal is made
A funeral, I would lay it on the dead
But that thou gav'st it. So let it deck the dust. [*Drops it.*
This is my bridal robe, with one red spot
Taken from the wound thou mad'st. Thy eyes drop tears,
And make mine flow, which have been dry till now.
Will either cleanse that stain?

Ruy. My sword is dimm'd
With the like spot. They have taken it away,
[*looking round.*
Or I should bid thee turn its point on me,
Or do it for myself. 'T is only blood
Will wash out blood so taken.

Alda. Even so.
Therefore I hand thee over to the law,
For that blood's sake. Remove him.

Ruy. [*raising his eyes to her for the first time.*] Alda!

Alda. O God!
[*sinks into the arms of her maidens.*

Drop falls.

ACT THE FOURTH

Scene I. As in Act I. Sc. II.

The KING. DE LARA.

King. What can I do? I cannot stretch the law,
Even for equity, while its servants hold
The meshes close, nor let aught out or in.
Luis. Has Your Grace try'd the levers of self-love;
The tongue of flattery and the bribes of place?
The Northwind made the traveler draw his cloak
The closer for its blasts; the subtil Sun
Pierc'd serge and lining, and he cast it off.
King. It is that I have play'd the Sun, have tried
The tongue of flattery and the bribes of place,
That I am wilder'd. Ortiz gasps for me
In the law's net, nor can I draw him out
Except by rupture. Himself betrays me not;
And silence is his death before such judges.
One of them haply saw the deed perform'd.
The other tells me proudly to my teeth:
"The law hath more of majesty than kings:
The sceptre of a king may stretch o'er all,
Save Justice only; for her throne is higher

Than all the mountains, and on its unseen top
The Spirit of God with never-folded wings
Hovers to form its cope." I should be proud,
That three such men as Ruy and my Alcaldes
Honor one city; yet their emulous worth
Makes me perplex'd of purpose. Thou Luis',
Who hast plung'd me into the pit, now lift me out.

Luis. 'T is not Airón.[29] My lord may let the law
Pronounce on Ortiz: then his grace steps in,
Changing the death to exile.

King. With dishonor
To him who would not tarnish by a word,
Even for life's sake, mine. Wouldst thou then put
Thy King below his subject?

Luis. Who, my lord,
Compell'd him to the assumption of the guilt?
I hear, the Alcalde warn'd him.

King. When too late;
Thus giving substance to what else were void.

Luis. Since then the arrested has condemn'd himself,
Your Majesty has but one choice, between
Ortiz' dishonor and your own; and this
May not be thought of.

King. Ah, behold, Luis',
The well thou hast plung'd me into.

Enter USHER.

Speak, Varalba.

Ush. May it please Your Majesty, the lady Alda

Montoya, with two maidens, craves access
To my lord the King.

King. Admit the lady, but not
Her servants; or no, (that were not safe for me)
[*aside to Luis.*
Let them in also. [*Exit Usher.*

Luis. Suffer me withdraw.

King. But to return.

Enter ALDA
with her MAIDENS, *who remain at the door.*
She wears only the temporary mourning of a black mantle, and a long crape vail falling on both sides of her head.[30] DE LARA, *in passing, salutes her formally, but is not noticed, and Exit.*

Bend not the knee to me,
Fair Donya Alda. Rather I should kneel,
Were worth and beauty worship'd, as behooves.

Alda. My lord, I have left the body of my brother
Scarcely yet cold.

King. Forgive, that in the sun
I reck'd not of the shadow. What can I do
To stead you, Donya Alda?

Alda. Let my lord
Have patience with his servant, while she speaks.
My brother is yet unbury'd, but the people
Already talk of rescue for — for him
Who was his murderer, whose great popular name
Stands in the light of justice, and by its bulk

Shuts out the law. If this is so or not,
If — he who slew him, has had cause or not,
I know not, but shall know. To me belongs,
Who am sole of his name, to avenge my brother's death.
I pray my King will not then with the law,
Always uncertain and most often slow,
Leave the assassin, but give him unto me.[31]

King. What wouldst thou do, O lady?

Alda. What is fit.

King. I can refuse thee nothing. Take this ring.
But O, be merciful.

Alda. I shall be just.

King. For my sake!

Alda. Was Your Majesty then by,
Urging the assassin, when my brother fell,
Pierc'd by his stronger sword? [*King shows confusion.*

King. There. As thou wilt.

He extends his hand, which Alda, *lifting it toward her lips, bows over, but does not kiss.*

Thou shouldst breed heroes. When thy weeds are gone,
Some *Rico-O'me*[32] shall be glad to take thee
From Sancho's hand.

Alda. I never now shall wed. —
With the King's leave. [*Exeunt Alda and Maidens, and*

Enter De Lara.

King. The knot is cut, Luis'.

What dost thou think she came for?

Luis. To implore

Mercy for Ruy.

King. That would scarce divide
The entangled cord. No, Donya Alda pray'd,
The assassin, whom she seem'd to fear to name,
Might be surrender'd to her.

Luis. Not for vengeance?

King. What else? Thou shouldst have seen her. Why, Luis',
She paragons Urraca.[33]

Luis. Not in life.

King. That understood, or how had come this coil?
Even could such win favor. No, I meant
In mettle. 'T was a tigress' eyes that glar'd
Under that mask of beauty.

Luis. And my lord
Surrender'd Ruy?

King. I gave my signet-ring,
Which lets her in his prison. Had she ask'd,
I should have given my poniard. Well for me,
That we were not alone! Why look'st thou grave?

Luis. The woman may o'ercome the sister. If mov'd
By love for Ruy, in vain the tigress' claw
Opens upon her prey: the scent of blood
Fresh on his hand will vanish, and the fur
Covers the nails again. What then might pass
Between them, when the prisoner's mind is sooth'd
And weaken'd to confession! It may be
She goes to him to entice it.

King. Thou forgett'st
She has had no time for thought. And saw I not
The fire in her eyes? no flickering glare,
But steady and wrath-kindled.

Luis. Will my lord
Have me forgiven, if I dare suspect
That fire of wrathful purpose threw its light
On its true object?

King. Which it would consume?
Meaning ourself, ha?

Luis. With my lord's forbearance.
I fear she has stumbled on the hidden spring
Of Ortiz' deed and dumbness, and now seeks
To lay it open.

King. That should be thyself,
Who didst suggest the deed, though thou meant'st us,
For whose sake he is dumb. I heard her speak,
And know she has no thought beyond revenge.
Besides, it is too late.

Luis. She cannot yet
Have reach'd the Castle [24]

King. What then! the lady bears
Our signet. Shall I call it back? the King!
Not for a thousand fears. And these are vain.
Thou look'st perturb'd. What though the fact were told,
The deed was just, and traitors may be crush'd
By the King's heel, where law suspends her sword
Over their necks too long. Let Ortiz speak,
'T is but a short-liv'd shame, and throws me off

My burden of gratitude, should his throat escape
The tigress' blood-clutch.

Luis. May it prove no worse. —
Commands my lord no further?

King. Learn for me
What rumors stir the town. Then come again.

DE LARA *retiring,*
with an anxious look,[35] *as the*
Scene closes.

SCENE II.

A prison in the Castle of Triana.[36]

RUY *is seen*
walking to and fro, with arms folded and head dejected.
He pauses, and comes down.

Ruy. I will not think it. 'T was the King that spake.
Would the King lie? It may be that Ferrar
Believ'd Alfonso's rights by natural claim
Better than are the King's, and, so believing
Gave secret aid —— No, that were not Ferrar!

He was too fiery-open so to burrow,
In any cause; he would have taken the risk,
Gone back to his Castile, and like a man
Fought for the cause he favor'd.[37] It must be
The King was misinform'd. But *outrage*, — *insult*, —
To his very beard! at his house's gate! The King
Would not invent such baseness. I have done
A liegeman's duty. But at what a cost!
Slain my heart's friend, and lost my heart's peace ever,
With thee, poor Alda! *Poor* indeed! Ferrar
Thought of thee thus, as life went out. — That haste
To have thee married, and thy shadow'd mien.
My thoughts still end in this: that haste — that haste.
He long'd to have my arm — *a husband's arm*,
About her thrown: he had had *a hideous dream:*
And Alda too: *outrage and bloodshed, and a bridgeless gulf*
Between us two. Alas! the blood is shed;
And the gulf, what shall span it! Then his words:
"Dishonor, ruin, and the Devil in Paradise,
And two souls blasted by a serpent's guile."
Why this has come: dishonor and ruin; and our two-
fold soul,
Or his and hers —— Who play'd the Serpent then?
One high in place. I do remember now:
Ferrar dislik'd Luis' de Lara's visits;
And she —— [*A noise at the door. He looks up, and, seeing Alda, at first with joy:*
Herself! [*Then sadly, but still to himself:*
The moon unto my prison, —

But in eclipse myself have caus'd.

Enter ALDA.

O Alda! [*aloud, as she approaches.*

Alda. No nearer.

Ruy. No, I meant not. With these hands ——
Scorn me not, Alda!

Alda. Does this look like scorn?
I hated thee — I thought so — till I came:
Now I behold thee, even my brother's blood
Cries out in vain, and thou art Ruy still.
But no, my brother, who lov'd thee, sent me hither.
Hear. I was on my knees beside his bier.
My face was on his breast, and my wrist touch'd
The cross hilt of his sword, which lay beside him.
Then, of a sudden, it seem'd I heard his voice,
Which whisper'd: "Treachery. Ruy will tell all."
A light shone in me, and made clear my path.
I rose, as if inspir'd, and as I rose
One of my maids came in. She had pass'd the crowd,
Which still bethrongs our door, and heard them say
Thou wouldst not suffer; for one was there, maintain'd
Thou hadst pleaded duty, and he knew thy sword
Was not drawn willingly. Then I too recall'd
Thy words, and hasten'd to the King; thence hither,
To free thee.

Ruy. Not to free me. In the law
Alone, is death or freedom.

Alda. In the law

Is death. The Alcaldes are determin'd. Think
The people what they may, thy great renown
Will not redeem thee, save thou shalt speak out
And prove thy innocence, as I feel thou canst.

Ruy. My innocence? Yet I slew him.

Alda. Not of hate;
For he had honor'd, had lov'd thee, past all count.
In sudden ire?

Ruy. Oh no!

Alda. For what cause, then?

Ruy. Ask not. I have said, a seal is on my lips.
The power that plac'd it there alone can break it.

Alda. That power then is above thee. 'T is the King.
Thou art the victim of thy simple faith
And o'erstrain'd loyalty. Either of himself,
Or mov'd to it by some villain's arts, the King
Drove thee to crime, that thou and poor Ferrar
Might not be in his way. Art thou still dumb?

Ruy. Touch not the King, O Alda! Of himself
Never Don Sancho —— [*Stops abruptly.*
Make me not untrue:
Not even for thee should faith be broken. Enough,
There was need Ferrar should die. I would have laid
My life down for him else.

Alda. Know I not that?
Had I not known it, think'st thou I were here?
Here for the purpose which has brought me hither?
Listen, unhappy. Oftentimes the King
Sought, by high promise, flattery, office, wealth,

All which Ferrar disdain'd, to bring him over
To his own shame and mine. —

Ruy. That cannot be.
Our lord has honor for his virtuous spouse,
The mother of his children.[38]

Alda. As he had
For his illustrious sire, and Absalom
May err where David stray'd with meaner kings.[39]
Must I pursue? Last night —— Recall the gloom,
Which scarce an hour now gone ——

Ruy. Ay me! O God!
That was thy vision!

Alda. I had none, nor he.
Each took that way to symbol to thy thoughts
What neither durst reveal.

Ruy. I had divin'd it,
Even as thou enter'dst. But I deem'd, another
It was that —— not *he* — not our —— Oh, oh, God!

Alda. Tears again, Ruy? on those bold mans-cheeks?
I may not kiss them off, as late I thought
'T would be my right to do for all thy tears.
Dry them with indignation. Keep'st thou faith
For such a king?

Ruy. For any king. My faith
Is perfect in itself and self-sustain'd,
Not chang'd by others' un-faith, nor my word
Null'd by their undeserving.

Alda. But thy life?
Can it be safe with such? Thou art free to go;

Free by my act, not his. 'T is Alda saves thee,
The sister of thy victim, who through me
Pardons and pleads with thee to go, for me.

Ruy. 'T were to dishonor. Life were nothing worth,
My good name gone forever. Here I bide,
Till I be call'd to acquittal or to death.

Alda. 'T will be to death. Think'st thou thy lord will save thee?

Ruy. If it be his will.

Alda. If it be —— Who was that other
Thou saidst thou thought'st of?

Ruy. Don Luis' Gonza'lez.

Alda. Luis' Gonza'lez! 'T was well thought. Twice traitor;
To his king, to his lady. It was he that came ——
This day high words pass'd 'twixt Ferrar and him. —
No, touch me not! [*as, in his emotion, Ruy appears about to grasp her wrist.*] What makes thee turn so pale?

Ruy. Why, it was he! ——

Alda. Thou wilt not then speak out?
Thou need'st not. Spirit of my dead Ferrar,
Thou didst well prompt me! Thou shalt be aveng'd
Of thy true murderer, and before thy gore
Is fully dried. Wo, Ruy, to us both,
Who are the living victims, of the three!
He is least unhappy. Bide here, since thou wilt,
Mute and devoted: I go to do my duty. [*Turns to the door, while Ruy stands motionless; and the*

Drop falls.

Act the Fifth

Scene. As in Act I. Sc. II.

The King. De Lara.

King. This thou hast heard?

Luis. It is the common talk.

King. And the stout knight prefers his prison-wall,
With Death at the window? nor betrays by word,
Or sign, his spring of action? 'T is *my Cid!* [40]
He brings the King to himself. *My* tongue shall speak.

Luis. [*in alarm.*
Beware! (Forgive, my lord, my warmth!) No good
Can come of this generous frankness. 'T will be still
Pardon at most for Ruy, or change from death
To honorable exile, while the evil
Of giving life to the Infante's claims,
Even here, where toil'd my uncle for your sake [41]
To bury them out of sight, and, let me add,
The shame to my lord of baring to the gaze
Of popular mistrust his secret act,
Sure of harsh misconstruction ——

King. By St. James!
'T was thine own act; and thine will be the fault

If 't be misconstru'd. Bring thy evidence out,
And show the dogs his treason.

Luis. Even then,
My lord would find, to stir the half-quench'd fires
Of popular discontent, at all times smouldering
Somewhere beneath their ashes, and to stoop
The ermine of his pride to violent chafe
Of vulgar hands, were detriments no thought
Of generous right to Ortiz could repay.

King. Thou art a graceless counselor, Luis',
To warp thy King from good; and much I doubt
Thou art pleading from thy fears.

Enter USHER.

Varalba, well?

Ush. May it please my lord the King, the two Alcaldes,
Don Pedro Loriguillo and Don Diego
Alfonso de Ribilla: with whom come
A brother of St. Francis, and, besides,
Don Ruy Ortiz, under guard. They are here
By my lord's summons.

King. By our summons, ha!
We gave none. And for what?

Ush. They pray
For audience. Likewise, hath return'd the lady
Alda Montoya, with her maidens.

King. Give them
Instant admission all. [*Exit Ush.*
I could have wish'd

For nothing better. Now, this coil of care
Shall be at once unwound, come good or ill.

Enter
The two ALCALDES; RUY, *without the guard;*
and the FRANCISCAN. *Then*, ALDA,
without her MAIDENS.

What have to say our well-esteem'd Alcaldes?
Pedr. The King has summon'd us. —
King. No. But let that pass.
We are glad that you are come. What would you say?
Pedr. 'T is our grave duty to complain, my lord,
Of slight to our office, and intended wrong
To the law, whose majesty we represent.
The Alcáyde,[42] reverencing Your Highness' signet,
Gave Donya Alda entrance to the prison,
Who thereupon would break Don Ruy's chains.
This she avow'd. Was it then your royal order?
King. Not to release him. Did she do so?
Pedr. No,
The prisoner refus'd to flee.
King. Behold
The enforcement of our plea. We have sought of both
Forbearance for Don Ruy. Now of both
We ask for absolute justice. Would a man,
Conscious of crime deserving death by law,
Choose to abide the sentence of the law,
His prison-house set open? Free him, then.
Pedr. My lord, the act was recent. Justice waits

To give a patient hearing. I myself,
Likewise this holy friar, and many more
Saw the completion of the deed.

King. 'T was then
Without concealment. Murder is not done
I' the sunlight before witnesses.

Pedr. The King
Will suffer me again. The intent to kill,
Put into action, makes at all times murder,
Where neither warfare, nor the law's behest,
Nor the King's service sanctions or exacts it.
In my own hearing, and of the friar here,
And others, in presence of the newly slain
And his wrong'd sister ——

King. See! thou mak'st her weep.

Pedr. The eyes of Justice, blind to outward things
That would distract her judgment, see no tears,
Her ears are shut to suffering and the appeal
Of simple pity. — This the prisoner said:
His victim fought unwilling, and he provok'd him,
Meaning to slay.

King. But not without a cause.
Don Ruy Ortiz is not mad. He stands
High among men for sense as well as valor.
What did he plead, then?

Pedr. Vaguely, this alone:
He knew his duty, and did it.

King. [*turning to Ruy.*] Is this true?
Speak, Ruy Ortiz.

Ruy. I repeat, my lord:
My duty I did, and I have kept my faith.
King. Seest thou, Don Pedro? seest thou, Don Diego?
This killing had some cause. Behold, 't is Ortiz,
Foremost of all men in our people's hearts,
Who know his valor and his love of truth,
And honor him therefore, as I do. Is 't likely,
A man of such repute, our Seville Cid,
Would set upon his friend, his lady's brother,
And kill him without cause? Himself hath said,
He did therein his duty. What means that?
Don Ruy is known to us our loyalest knight;
His duty was to his king; and, for some cause
Which duty to his king would keep conceal'd,
Has for his king, in sudden, secret need,
Done this bold action. It can not be else.
Therefore we pray you, honoring you ourselves,
To find it right to free him for our sake.
Dieg. The King has done us honor. We aspire
To show ourselves deserving of that honor,
Refusing at his request to strangle justice
And bind the hands of law. If it is his will,
My lord may free the prisoner; but, that done,
We give to his hands again our lofty function.
We cannot keep the body, its life once out;
And this the Sovereign will have taken away.
Let us inearth the corpse.
King. 'T is nobly said.
But has that function fully been discharg'd?

Did you bid search the prisoner?

Dieg. No, my lord.

The crime has just been done, the guilty doer
Scarcely committed to abide the law,
For which we were preparing when hurry'd hither.

King. Then, search him now. But no, the knight we honor
Should not be so abas'd. Don Ruy Ortiz,
What bear'st thou with thee that regards this crime?

Ruy. Only one paper.

King. Let it be surrender'd.

Ruy. My lord commands. [*Bowing over it, he is about to bring it to the King.*[43]

King. No, not to me, — the Alcaldes.

Pedr. A letter from Your Highness.

King. Read aloud.

Pedr. [*reading.*

"To punish treason, and for offences given
Mortal unto our honor, we have chosen
And hereby order our valiant and true servant,
The cavalier Don Ruy Ortiz, to slay,
By open assault or otherwise, wherever
He shall be first encounter'd, Don Ferrar
Montoya, cavalier, and for the same
Command all judges, officers and servants
Of justice, in this our faithful town of Seville,
To have him free and protected.

I the King."[44]

The law resigns the prisoner.

Dieg. And acquits.

King. What! feel'st thou, Donya Alda, no surprise,
Nor pain?

Alda. My lord, the facts, though not the paper,
Were known to me before. Will it please the King
To let me speak? I sought to free Don Ruy.
Why not? his was the weapon, not the crime.
But strong in his pure heart he would not yield,
Unwilling to ransom even life itself
At cost of shame. Your Majesty will pardon,
If, seeing this, and well assur'd the law
Would have no pity, I avail'd myself
Of what I now restore, [*returning the signet.*
to summon hither
Don Ruy and the Alcaldes.

King. We are bounden
To Donya Alda, — ourself, and all around.

Alda. I had found a plot against the royal honor
And my poor brother's life. (Let Don Luis'
Remain, my lord.)

King. Nor he, nor any here,
Shall leave till I command.

Alda. When Don Luis',
Time after time, came to my brother's house,
To court me in another's suit, his faith
To him alike and his own betroth'd forgotten,
He woo'd but for himself.

King. [*turning rapidly to De Lara, and half-raising his sheathed sword, with his right hand on the hilt.*] I see the lie

Work in the traitor's face. Proceed.

Alda. This day
Met 'neath the Alcazar's roof, my brother told him
Sharply his mind.

King. Yes, yes! 'Fore God! ——

Alda. A man
Who had sought me at the house, and trac'd me thence
To the Castle gate, and waited at the bridge [45]
My coming-out, compunction-mov'd, avow'd
He had taken a bribe to swear against Ferrar,
Not knowing 't would touch his life. He waits without.
There stands his employer.

King. I know it. Let the wretch
Be brought in to confront him.

Luis. It needs not.
Lust and revenge have push'd me to this crime.

King. Hear'st thou, Don Ruy? If thou cutt'st him down,
It will not anger me, even on this floor.
I 'll lend my sword to do it. But no, thy looks
Are sharper, and a brave man's death fits not
Traitors like that. Ho! drag him to the block.

Ruy. My lord! permit me. Let the miscreant live.
Will his death fill again the veins he has open'd?
Make whole the hearts he has wounded and made twain?
Stain to thy name! look on that vail and mantle:
There is a deeper mourning in my heart:
And all of thee, to whom I ne'er did harm.

King. I render him to your justice, grave Alcaldes.
This time, the King's ring will not come between.

GUARDS *enter, and* DE LARA *unbuckles his sword.*

Lady, forgive me: I can say no more.
But pardon him also, who is scarce more guilty
Than by an accident had he slain Ferrar.
Let the King see you take him by the hand,
Or hope one day to do it.

Alda. Not now, nor ever.
My lord, my brother's body is scarce cold.
Let me return to it. When the rites are over,
I shall withdraw for ever from the world,
The bride of Christ alone.

King. And thou, my Cid?

Ruy. She is right, my lord. The blood-spot on my hand
Will never off. For that upon my sword,
Let the Moor cleanse it.

King. Be it to thy wish.
Thou shalt to the frontier, to our valiant Captain,
Perez de Guzman.[46]

Ruy. [*bowing to retire.*] With your Highness' leave.
Alda! — Forgive me.

Alda. God be with thee, Ruy.

Ruy. And thee for ever, Alda.

Alda. Go in peace.

Curtain falls.

NOTES TO THE CID OF SEVILLE.

1.—P. 187. *And let these dainty walls*, etc.] Seville was first taken possession of by St. Ferdinand (grandfather of Sancho IV.) less than fifty years before this period. The delicate ornaments with which, in the peculiar taste of the Moorish people, the walls of the Alcázar were profusely decorated, and of which traces still remain, may be supposed to have been intact. See Conca — *Descriz. Odeporica della Spagna* (Parma, 1795, in 8°.) Tom. III. p. 259, sqq.: Cuendia — *Spanien und die Spanier* (Brüssel u. Leipz. 8°. 1849) s. 335. The Alcazar was built by the Moorish king Abdalasis sixty-seven years before the occupation of Seville by the Christians. Ar. de Varflora — *Compend. Hist. Descrip. de Sevilla* (Sev. 1790, in 8°.) p. 77. See *ib.* p. 78.

In that excellent work, *History of the Mahommedan Empire in Spain* (Lond. 1816, in 4to.), one of the four principal characteristics of Arabian architecture is made to be: "The prodigious quantity of ornaments either in relief or in *creux*, the composition of which is extremely varied."

2.—P. 189. *By a traitor's stroke Your royal foresire fell, when off his guard.*] Sancho III., under the walls of Zamora, by the hand of Vellido Dolfos. . . "estando descuidado y sin recelo de

semejante traycion, Vellido Dolfos le tiró un venable que traia en la mano, con que le pasó el cuerpo de parte á parte" . . MARIANA. *Hist. Gen. de España.* lib. IX. c. ix. Tom. VI. (ed. de Sabau: Madrid in 8°. 1818) p. 67. There is a particular applicability in the example to Don Sancho IV.; for the murdered king is said to have declared, that he owed his fate to his filial disobedience and his violation of his oath not to deprive his brothers of their dominions: JUL. DE CASTILLO. *Hist. de los Reyes Godos* (Madr. in fol. 1624.) Lib. IV. Disc. II. p. 203.

It is this treason which forms a main incident in the 2d Part of *Las Mocedades del Cid*, — where we have the siege of Zamora, the assassination of Sancho, the triple duel fought before the walls (v. Note 15, *infra.*) and of which the Cid is umpire, and finally the expurgation by oath of Alonso, as mentioned on p. 181 above (*Pref. to C. of S.*) subnote *a*.

3.—P. 189. *I dropp'd my sword, but told him that he lied, For never king would stoop to act so base.*] This is borrowed from *Sancho Ortiz*, where the *King*, in that fine passage I have cited on p. 155 (*Pref.*) *Dige quien soy*, &a., tells to Arias what here Ferrar relates to the King, and what in the *Estrella* is directly said by Busto to the King in their encounter at the former's door.

4.—P. 189. *In the name of King, Though falsely worn* —] Don Ferrar, speaking but a generality, and applying it to the event he mentions, does not allude to the King's rebellion when Infante, nor yet to his actual usurpation of the rights of his brother's son, although Don Sancho, conscience-smitten, so interprets him.

In the sentiment itself there may seem to be an imitation of Lope's "Que un vasallo está, &a.," cited on p. 162. But my piece was completed and copied before I met with the *Estrella*.

5.—P. 191. — *as he had thrown already At the Alcazar's gate,*

etc.] This incident is from *Sancho Ortiz*, where it is well related by the King to Arias:

> "Del alcázar á la puerta,
> Ya supiste que hoy estaba
> La desventurada esclava
> Con tres puñaladas muerta."

In *La Estrella*, as I have shown, the King and Arias find the unfortunate hanging. See, back, p. 163. *Busto* tells his sister that he inflicted the punishment himself:

> . . . "camino
> Al alcázar, y en sus rejas
> La colgué por su delito."

This would have been a difficult act, at the window of any house; but it passes probability as alleged to have occurred at the palace. The transaction, as related by Trigueros, is, though audacious and dangerous, yet within the bounds of verisimilitude.

6.—P. 192. — *and moral texts Come handier still to me than thee.*] Sancho IV. wrote a book of admonition and instruction for the use of his son and successor. Some extracts from its chapters are gathered, we are told, in Castro's collection, T. II. pp. 725–729. See Ticknor's *Sp. Lit.* I. 55. (Bost. ed.) *note.*

7.—P. 192. *When King Rodrigo In the lock'd tower beheld the arrow'd Moor And redd the warning* —] After Roderic had set aside the children of Witiza (*v. infra*, Note 10.) and caused his own election as sovereign, he made Toledo his capital. There was there, the story runs, a house that had been shut for ages and was forbidden to be opened. Whenever a king was crowned the custodians of the house asked him for a lock, and added it to all the others. Roderic refused to give one and removing those that were already there, entered in the hope of finding treasure. But he saw within nothing but a single chest also locked, on opening which

there appeared the likeness of an Arab* equipped for battle, and an inscription intimating that when the locks should be removed, etc., a figure like that would enter Spain, subdue it and possess it. This account, which purports to be after the Arabian historians, is given in the *History of the Mahom. Empire in Spain* already cited, p. 55 sq.

The fable, which is probably of Arabic invention, is found with much amplification of imaginative detail in Julian del Castillo, *Hist.*, &a. as above, Lib. VI. Disc. xi. p. 113. After describing the site, and so forth, of the *enchanted tower*, about a mile from Toledo, he proceeds thus in very good style:

. . "y abaxo en una muy linda quadra della estava una estatua de bronce de grande fiereza y estatura, con una maza de armas en las manos, con la qual heria al suelo cruelmente, dando en el muy grandes golpes, y moviendo el ayre causava grandissimo estruendo." — The king enters; and, in the middle of the night afterward (which by the by is anticipatory, and out of the order of the Arabic original) were heard "grandes vozes y alaridos, que parecia genero de batalla: y estremeciendose toda aquella tierra, con un bravo estruendo se hundio todo el edificio de la torre." — The tower had many locks; for it was common fame that the king who should open it would ruin Spain: wherefore, instead of opening it, each successive monarch added a lock. But Roderic, *etc.* . . "y en medio della un hermoso pilar, y una arca arrimada a el, y en el pilar unas letras Griegas, por donde se entiende ser el encatamento de Hercules el Griego Alcides Thebano, y dezian las letras bueltas en nuestra lingua: Quien esta arca abriese, maravillas hallarà." Roderic opens the chest . . "y hallò dentra della un lienzo cogido entre dos tablas, y descogiole, y parecieron en el pintadas muchas figuras de hombres a cavallo, de vista y semblantes fieros, espantables, vestidos de muchas colores, y todos a la manera que andan los Alarabes, con espadas y ballestas en las manos, y vanderas y pendones alzados de diversas invenciones y pinturas, y encima de las pinturas avia otras letras Griegas, que bueltas en lengua Castellana dexian: *Quien este lienzo estendiere, perderà las Españas, y ganarlas han tales gentes como en el estan pintadas.*" They shut up the tower, when behold, in sight of the King and all who were with him, an eagle descended with a brand of

* The Arabian historians tell us that the army of Târik was "almost wholly composed of Barbars [any other people than mere Arabians, and particularly those of Barbary,] but very few Arabs being among them." *Hist. Mahomm. Emp. in Sp.* as above, p. 59, *note.* This also is the popular notion; and consequently, I have used in the text "arrowed *Moor*", as more directly intelligible than "pictur'd chief" or "Arab chief", which were among the readings.

fire in his beak and placed it at the foot of the tower, "y alcando fuertamente con sus alas la encendio en vivas llamas, y se quemò al punto, sin quedar señal della mas de las cenizas: y luego se levantò un gran viento que las llevò por muchas partes de España, y donde caian se convertian en sangre." pp. 113. 114.

The writer goes on to tell us, with admirable simplicity, that the prediction would seem a fable, if it was not known that, besides Hercules, many *persons and some saints had prognosticated the same, and that Merlin also foretold that Spain would be destroyed by the Arabians; and the Venerable Bede likewise said it, and St. Isidore and others.* p. 115. He does not decide himself, *for though the stars, planets,* etc. etc.

There is another detailed account of the wonders of *the enchanted palace of Hercules* in Lozano: *Reyes Moros de Toledo* (Madr. 4to. 1674) p. 9, *sqq.* But I have only glanced over it. — Mariana tells the story, but more briefly, and without so much of marvel in the detail: *Hist. Gen.* ed. c. IV. p. 327. — The same narrative, mainly, as that of Castillo, with even in part the very language he uses, will be found in a translation of the Arabian historian *Abulcacim Tarif* by M. de Luna, under the title: *Hist. Verdadera del Rey Don Rodrigo* (Madr. sm. 4to. 1676.) c. VI. p. 24. But the opening of the *enchanted tower* is made to have taken place after Roderic heard the news of the disembarkation of Târik and Count Julian, in his hope to find therein treasure to support the coming conflict. The romantic conclusion of the eagle, which fanned into flame the enkindled tower, and of the great wind that arose immediately after the tower was destroyed and carried to many parts of Spain the ashes, which as they fell were turned to blood, is not there. It may have been, for aught I know, the invention of Archbishop Rodrigo, and is a good one whoever was the author.

8.—P. 193. *The emerald had been broken all the same.*] The story of Florinda, surnamed *La Cava*, discredited (I think on insufficient grounds) by the editor of Mariana, and by others, is one of the

most familiar in history. According to the account in Bleda (*Cronica de los Moros en España* — 1618, in fol. — p. 127,) the girl informed her father of her misfortune figuratively by an emerald ring, which, she said, as it lay uncared for, the king's sword (*tuck* — "estoque") split in two, *dividing the green stone.*

"La Reyna . . . criava en su casa por sus damas . . . las hijas de los principales del reyno. Era muy hermosa entre ellas una hija del Conde llamada Florinda, y por mal nombre la llamaron la Cava. — . . . Cometio el Rey el adulterio, segun Vasco, en Pancorvo villa cerca de Cambria, en la provincia que agora llaman Bureba entre las ciudades de Burgos y Victoria. — . . Florinda . . determino de escrivir a su padre una carta, en la qual por circumloquios le dio a entender la desgracia que le avia acontecido con el Rey; la qual carta dize assi. 'El gran deseo que me causa la ausencia de padre tan querido (y con razon) por carecer de su vista, junto con mi soledad, me haze escrivir tan larga y enfadosa carta: y avisando de una nueva, harto nueva para mi, aunque vieja en España, entre muchas que ay dignas de memoria en este Palacio, sola esta contare por mas notable, ni jamas acontecida a Rey: y es que teniendo yo esta sortija, que va dentro desta carta, con esta engastada esmeralda, sobre una mesa suelta y descuydada (joya de mi, y de los mios tan estimada, como es razon) cayo sobre ella el estoque Real, y desgraciadamente la hizo dos pedazos, partiendo por medio la verde piedra, sin ser yo parte de remedialla.'"

Mariana, who gives no other name throughout than *Cava*, makes the king to have become enamored in somewhat of the same fashion as David of Bathshebah. He makes the letter to Count Julian tell without concealment, though with sufficient delicacy, the outrage done her. *Hist. Gen. de Esp.* (Sabau) T. iv. pp. 314, 315. A note in this edition says:

"Todo lo que Mariana refiere en esto capitulo debe reputarse por fábula pues las *Cronicones* de Isidoro, de Dulcidio, el Emilianense y el del Rey D. Alonso, que son los mas antiguos, no hablan una palabra ni de la Cava ni del Conde D. Julian."

Setting aside the fable of the "palacio encantado" after "Arzobispo D. Rodrigo," which is probably, as I have said, an Arabic invention, expanded and decorated or developed by the fancy of various Spanish writers, this want in the Chronicles does not seem to me sufficient to condemn the whole story of Don Roderic and Count Julian's daughter. Indeed, by a parity of reasoning, if we

are bound to reject as fabulous all that the chroniclers do not give us, are we to accept as veritable all that they do? I have no doubt that there was some such affair, although whether the damsel was dishonored against her will as well as in violation of the king's implied trust, or yielded without resistance, is a point that will admit of a twofold conjecture. It is to be hoped, if only for the romance of the story, that the more charitable supposition is the truer. As for the letter, it must be equally a fiction in Mariana and in Bleda; and the figure of the broken jewel is more agreeable, if not more probable, and, allowing that concealment would be prudent as well as decorous, is in better keeping with the rest of the narration.*

It must be acknowledged, however, that modern historians are in general incredulous of the story as a whole, or of that part of it which is connected with Florinda. Conde, ascribing the invasion of the Arabs wholly to the dissatisfaction of the people, rejects the name of Julian entirely, and says: "Los nombres de la Caba, de su doncella Alifa, y toda la série de este cuento descubre que fué ficcion morisca, fundada en las hablillas y canciones vulgares que corrian entre Moros y Cristianos." *Hist. de la Dominacion de los Arabes en Esp.* Tom. I. (Madr. 8°. 1820) c. viii. p. 25, *note*. But from what did these *idle tales and popular songs* arise? Like the ballads and romances of the Cid, they had a foundation. It seems to me, that the mere dissatisfaction of the *Christians* with Roderic [*ib.*] could not of itself lead to such a treachery; nor do I find it alone in the disappointed ambition of the sons of Witiza and the jealousy of the chieftains. There needed to be some concentration such as was afforded by the single yet terrible outrage done to Count Julian; or let it have been merely insulted jealousy, not even the dishonoring of a wife, as some would have it, but the abstraction or appropriation of a mistress; some personal and violent offence, I say, is

* The letter, as Bleda gives it, will be found almost word for word in the translation, before-named, of Abulcacim, *Cap. IV. p.* 16.

needed beside the dissatisfaction or the ambition which Don Julian had in common with others, to account for his putting himself at the head of that fatal movement. But his name is omitted altogether,* and one reads with surprise of a body of men, rather than an individual, so despicably base, so irreflective, as to invite a foreign people, of a faith hostile to their own, to take possession of their kingdom.

M. Morey, in his able *Hist. d'Espagne* (Paris, 8°. 1839,) Tom. III. p. 29, *note*, says well, that the silence of contemporary chronicles as to Julian does not decide anything against the testimony of a great number of Arabic authors who all speak of Julian. He might have asked, how comes it that the Arabians themselves ascribe the movement to revenge? It had been more to their credit, to have given no other ground for the invasion than their own spirit of valiant enterprise and the glory of carrying into new and nobler realms the standard of their prophet, — that prophet who himself enjoined the propagation of his faith at the edge of the sabre.

As for Julian, the French historian says (*ib.* p. 30,) *he was of the family of the sons of Witiza, and that explains all.* "Il ne fit que ce que firent les fils de Witiza et leur oncle Oppas, métropolitain de Séville. Pour relever leur famille, ils appelèrent les Sarrasins en

* Dozy (*Recherches sur l'Hist. et la Litt. de l'Esp. pendant le Moyen Age*, 2d ed. — Leyde 8°. 1860) in an ingenious section (V. — Tom. I. p. 64, sqq.) examines this question of *Count Julian*, and finds him named in Isidore as *Urbanus*, which he considers an error of transcription for *Julianus*, and, turning the *exortus* (because of bad Latinity in the grammatical construction) into *Exarchus*, remarks: "nous voyons qu'un auteur beaucoup plus ancien que les chroniqueurs arabes parle déjà de Julien, ce qui met hors de doute l'existence de ce personnage, et nous arrivons en outre à ce résultat, que Julien n'était pas vassal ou sujet du roi visigoth, comme on l'a cru, mais gouverneur, pour l'empereur de Constantinople, de ce petit coin de l'Afrique que les Arabes n'avaient pas encore arraché aux faibles successeurs de Constantin-le-grand, c'est-à-dire de Ceuta et des lieux circumvoisins."

On the treason of the sons of Witiza, *v. ibi* § VI.

qualité d'auxiliaires, et demeurèrent enveloppés dans la défaite commune."

I have not the least doubt myself, that the Arabians had long looked upon the Mediterranean coast of Spain with an eye to conquest,* and that the discontent of the Gothic chieftains, the dissatisfaction of the people, thence arising and fanned by them, and more than all the defeated ambition of the family of Witiza, including its connections, among whom was Count Julian, were the indirect causes of the invasion: they suggested it and rendered it feasible. But the treasonous co-operation of the Christians, — if we reject the actual incitation ascribed to them by historians, who make them, self-exiled on the Moorish shores, paint to the Mussulmans the riches of their native land and the ease with which it might be conquered, — a treason so peculiarly repugnant under the circumstances, so shortsighted as to be almost if not absolutely blind to the plainest of the results which must inevitably follow, how are we to explain this except by that which has often been the spur to treason everywhere and is so still, the passion namely of revenge, whether for insult, slight, or injury? And whence came the woman? The name *Cava* is shown by Lembke (*ubi infra*) to be clearly an Arabic word signifying *meretrix*. She may have been, as I have just suggested, a mistress of Julian's, and at all events was looked upon by the Arabians with contempt. It does not follow that because that tale of the bringing-up at the court of Roderic may be, or is, pure invention, the story in all its parts is absolutely without a basis. — The acute historian last mentioned, while admitting as an inciting cause personal hostility on the part of Julian, argues as a matter of chronology the unlikeli-

* In subnote p. 249, it will be seen that seventeen years before the battle of Xeres and the fall of Roderic, there was apprehension in Spain of an invasion from the neighboring coast of Africa. In fact, this was inevitable, considering the position of the two countries, and the power and warlike character of the Saracen monarchs.

hood of such a crime (that is, in the manner recorded) as is ascribed to Roderic: —

"Denn wenn Roderich erst im Jahre 711 den Thron bestieg, wie war es dann möglich, dass Julian in demselben Jahre nach Toletum ging, wieder zurückkam, sich mit dem Musa in Verbindung setzte, dass Letzerer an den Walid schrieb, dieser demselben antwortete, und dass dann endlich, wie nicht zu bezweifeln, die Eroberung noch in dasselbe Jahr fiel? Die Feindschaft zwischen Roderich und Julian scheint also einen früheren Ursprung gehalt zu haben und muss noch in die Zeit Witizas falten, gegen welchen Roderich vermutlich sich empörte." *Geschichte v. Spanien* (Hamb. 8°. 1821.) 1r. Band. Ss. 257, 8. *Anm.*

This, it will be seen, is no argument against the probability of the wrong itself to Julian (of whatever nature that might have been), but of its occurrence in the same year with the successful invasion by the Mohammedans.*

I think it not improbable that the day will come when even Don Roderic will be lightened of much of the abuse that through many centuries has been laid upon him, heap after heap, but always of one material. It appears likely to me that whereas the people were happy under the lax and beneficent rule of Witiza (see sequel to

* Ordinary historians do not make the conquest to have occurred till 713, or even 714; and we find with some that the outrage is imputed to Witiza. Mariana himself puts the battle in which Roderic was routed in the y. 714. The note by Sabau (IV. p. 325) corrects him thus: "El Marques de Mondexar prueba con argumentos no despreciables, que la famosa batalla en que fué derrotado D. Rodrigo se diá el dia 3 de Octubre del año 711." The Arabic historians fix the year also as 711 of our era, but they make the precise period two months earlier. v. *Mohamm. Emp.* p. 61. The date of the imputed letter of Florinda is thus given in the *Historia Verdadera* after Abulcacim: "de Toledo á tres de Diziembre de la era de Cesar de setecientos y cinquanta años:" in the margin, "Entiendese este data 38 años antes del nacimento de N. S."; which would make it therefore 712.

However, for the propriety of the allusion in the play, it is enough to remind the reader, that the story of Julian comes down especially from the Chronicle of SANCHO'S own father, *Alonso el Sabio*. "Debió de ser esta ofesa la de los amores del Rey D. Rodrigo con la Caba, hija del Conde D. Julian, como se refiere en la crónica general que mandó escribir el Rey D. Alfonso el Sabio." Conde: *p. & n. supra cit.*

next note), they found in his successor, obliged to defend himself against the jealousy and insubordination of his rivals and to crush intrigues among his people, a sterner and less generous master. Hence the occasion furnished Bishop Oppas and his coadjutors of maligning him; and if, besides, he made himself the object of personal hatred and revenge to one of the dethroned monarch's connections,* it is not to be wondered at that one act of imprudent, or say criminal, passion should come down to us multiplied into a thousand indulgences of bestial sensuality. History abounds in misrepresentations, and is sometimes nothing else where princes are concerned; but, of all, the most unscrupulous and inveterate are those invented and repeated by a bigoted or vindictive priesthood.

9.—P. 193. *The royal Goth was mark'd by many traits That fit a monarch* —] Had he not been, he never would have obtained supremacy, or found acquiescence and submission among his peers as well as the people. Castillo (*ubi s. c.* p. 112) says, that immediately after he had procured his election he seemed to lay aside these eminent qualities, as if no longer of use, and abandoned himself to what must have been his natural passions. Mariana gives the same account, for and against, lib. VI. c. 20 (Tom. iv. p. 312 ed. c.). From any historian it is improbable. Men do not put off good habits, or assume them, so easily. See concluding paragraph of Note 8.

* Count Julian was married to Witiza's sister. (*Mar.* iv. 307.) Between Rodrigo and the sons of Witiza the rivality was in this wise. Ervigio, who, by what might be called a romantic act of treason, had superseded Wamba, endeavored to give a kind of legitimacy to his usurpation and to make through a quasi-political atonement the crime which preceded it overlooked, by marrying his daughter to Egica, a chief of Wamba's family. Witiza was the offspring of this marriage. Rodrigo was of the rival race of Chindasuinth, being son of the second son of that prince, as from Favila, another of the sons, came the famous Pelayo.

The fact of Roderic's having by a sort of usurpation, as commonly assumed, become king to the exclusion of the sons of Witiza *

* Witiza himself is described by Bieda (*u. s.* p. 118) as abominable in all sensual pleasures, especially with women, and the *padre* makes the corruption thence arising, first in the court, and then spreading to the clergy, to whom Witiza, in revenge of the interference of his prelates and to neutralize their influence, gave permission to have as many wives and concubines as they pleased, to have been the first among the causes to which he ascribes the ruin of Spain. He makes Archbishop Oppas (*Bishop:* there were no Archbishops in Spain at that time,) King Witiza's brother, an accomplice in the treachery of Count Julian. (This, which is acknowledged by better historians, and is from all the circumstances one of the most probable of facts, furnishes a clue to the chief motives of the perpetrators of that act of consummate folly as well as turpitude.)

Salazar (*Monarquia de Esp.* lib. I. c. xii. — Tom. 1. p. 80. Madr. fol. 1770) repeats this story, and recounts that Witiza ordered under capital penalty that *no obedience should be rendered by the clergy to the Pope of Rome*, that *the Jews should return to the kingdom*, and that the walls of certain cities and towns should be demolished.

According to Ferreras (*Hist. Gen. d'Esp.* P. IV. Siècle VIII. — T. II. p. 415, *sqq. Trad. d'Hermilly.* Paris et Amst. 4to. 1751) Witiza was a perfect monster of libertinism, — a beast rather in every carnal excess. The story, of the demolition of the walls with three exceptions, he disproves, but credits and relates with emphasis the sanction to the clergy of concubinage. He rejects the story of his throwing off pontifical authority. He maintains the tradition of Count Julian, argues why it should be true, and concludes by asking if it is credible that Don Julian, who had defended Ceuta against Muza, would have solicited the aid of the Moors except from powerful motives. The sum of which is this. Ferreras assumes, with the early ecclesiastical writers of Spanish history, that the corruption of Witiza, whom he calls *tyrant* as well as *monster*, paved the way for the ruin of Spain, and through the dissatisfaction of the people caused the first invasion of the Moors, which however he considers to have been inspired by ambition and lust of conquest.

It is to be observed that these unfavorable accounts of the Gothic king are primarily the composition of churchmen. If now we look at the main charges against him, we are startled instantly by strong suspicions, (a) which, not easily

(a) These suspicions, which flashed upon my own mind even while reading the two allegations I have particularized, I have the satisfaction to find confirmed by the arguments, or rather the critical examination and comparison of F. W. Lembke (*u. s.*) pp. 118 124.

gives point to the example; and Don Sancho, seeming to have felt it, says below:

> Or dar'st thou make my paragon of him,
> Because like me he vaulted to a throne
> Whereon the natural claimants could not sit?

See Note 10.

entertained by earlier writers, become in our more liberal and enlightened and wisely distrustful times one of the commonest suggestions caused by all such wholesale and vehement denunciations, especially on the part of ecclesiastics. Of the four public acts which are charged against Witiza, one, which would be that of a madman, is disposed of by Ferreras as unworthy of consideration, and is probably founded on a politic dismantling of some outworks either useless or likely to fall into the hands of an invader and thus to become a source of danger to the towns themselves. The accusation of licensing and enjoining marriage and even concubinage to the clergy is as little tenable; for we know that marriage was at that time not forbidden to ecclesiastics, and we may see therefore how the concubinage, which at a later day, when restive under the unnatural restraint newly put upon them by the Pope, they indulged in, to the scandal of religion and the demoralization of the laics, became easily mixed up with a charge which in itself could have no foundation. But we are told that this "tyrant" wished to have the Jews return to his dominions. His father Egica, probably prompted by the bishops, had had the cruel impolicy to propose in the last Council of Toledo (y. 694) the most tyrannical measures with a view to *the extirpation of the Jews from every part of the kingdom*, on the absurd charge, to which *he testified in a memorial presented by him to the Council* (easily concocted by the prelates who were to act upon it) *that they had agreed with their brethren of Africa to revolt and deliver up Spain to the Moors!* Unhappy people! that for their own bigotry and narrowminded adherence to antiquated uses have been, through all ages and in every country, the victims of religious intolerance or unreflecting prejudice. *This proposed the King: The Prelates will resolve that all the Jews surrender themselves for slaves, and in order that with poverty they may be more sensible of toil, that all their goods be confiscated: in addition to which, that their children be taken from them so soon as arrived at the age of seven years and delivered to Christians to be reared and instructed.* Mariana. IV. 301, sq. After this accursed proposition, followed by the Act passed by the Council: "Que los Judíos que despues de bautizados perseveran en su religion, ó conspiran contra el Rey ó contra el estado, sean reducidos á la esclavitud y sus bienes confiscados, y que les quiten sus hijos para educarlos en la religion cristiana:" (Aguirre, *Actas de este*

10.—P. 193. — *the natural claimants* —] I do not therefore mean to say, that they were the legal and absolute ones. In those days the monarchy was elective, and the sons of Witiza could have no other claim than a natural one, the claim arising from their eligibility, if such it should be conceded, as sons of the deceased monarch: "porque en aquellos tiempos no eran Reyes proprietarios, ni herederos, sino que el Reyno elegia su Rey libremente en muriendo el que Reynava." Sandoval, *u. s.* fol. 40.

Nevertheless, as the sovereignty had been in their family for several generations, the sons of Witiza would naturally, and had probably come to look upon it as their prescriptive right. And indeed, but for such a result, there could have been no rivalry be-

Conc. ibi in annot. cit.) — after these abominable measures, can any one doubt that Witiza was prompted by intelligence and by indignant justice to undo what was at once the foulest tyranny and the most despicable folly? But along with this impious expression of an infidel liberality, he had the hardihood to set his kingly face against the supremacy of the self-styled successors of a Hebrew fisherman. To this latter point Sandoval alludes in a way that makes it credible, saying that Witiza refused to *recognize Spain to be a kingdom of the Church*, and to *obey the Pope of Rome:* (*u. s.* fol. 40.) We accept them both. Was not then this unfortunate Gothic king in advance of his benighted age? Do we not find here, in these combined and kindred allegations, one of the main causes of his defamation by the Romish clergy? What in our own day, supposing we had nothing but two such facts to guide us, should we pronounce of such a monarch? and at such an epoch? Undoubtedly, that he was a true patriot, a bold assertor of his own and the right of his people to national independence, a man who was not fettered by narrow prejudices, but, doing justice to all men, set nothing by creeds and found in no variance of religious customs a cause for exclusion from equality of political rights, or else, with a statesman's view, saw the impolicy of expatriating or disfranchising an industrious and wealth-producing, if not wealthy class of his subjects. All men who are before their time are crucified by public opinion during life, sometimes for long ages after it, and the seed of truth, when, after it has lain so long buried in the rot of their obloquy, it germinates at last, throws out so small a shoot and of so slow and feeble growth, that few even of those who seek it find its verdure, and the mass behold it not at all, unconscious of nor caring for its existence.

tween two races, each of which had furnished monarchs to the Gothic throne. See, above, p. 247, subnote to Note 8.

11.—P. 193. — *the mighty river*—] The Guadalquivir; which name is said to have that sense, being scarcely altered from the designation originally given it by the Moors: *Kwad al keber* (*Rio Grande.*) — Mendez Silva: *Poblacion General de Esp.* (Madr. fol. 1645) p. 85. Pedro de Medina: *Libro de Grandezas* &a. *y cos. mem. de Esp.* (Madr. fol. 1568) fol. xlviii.

12.—P. 194. *For scarce so much, my brother lost his head.*] This was one of those acts of violence that were characteristic of the age, and one that especially disgraced *Alonso el Sabio* as well as *Sancho el Bravo*, and was by its consequences the cause of great trouble to both. At the same time that the Infante D Fadrique was beheaded (some say suffocated, others again, burned in his own house), D. Simon de Haro was burned to death by order of Don Sancho, and both without being heard in their defence. It was after the Cortes, assembled at Segovia in 1276, by Alonso, had decided, and mainly under the influence of D. Lope de Haro, a relative of D. Simon's, in favor of Don Sancho for the succession, setting thus aside the sons of his deceased elder brother. The queen Doña Violante, dissatisfied with this wrong done to her grandchildren, and fearing for her own safety as well as theirs, managed to get with them under the protection of the King of Aragon, her brother. Alonso, greatly enraged, vented his despite on all who had aided her, and seized at Burgos the Infante D. Fadrique and D. Simon Ruyz de Haro, with the results just mentioned. See Mariana: *ed. cit.* VIII. pp. 162, 163, with *note.*

13.—P. 194. *He favors the pretenders to your throne*, &c.] These were the King's nephews, mentioned in the preceding note. Sancho,

having by his rebellion, alienated the favor of Alonso, that unhappy monarch, correcting his injustice just before his death (1284), named in his will the eldest of his grandsons as his successor and after him the second. These, the *Infantes de la Cerda*, as they are known in history, were under the protection, as already said, of the King of Aragon, and all the artifices of Sancho to get them into his possession, and all his advantages in valor, prudence, and experience as a ruler, and the resources which actual sovereignty put at his command, could not prevent them, with the support of that king and occasionally with the favor of France, from giving him trouble more or less throughout his reign. For they were the focus where met all the latent fires of revolution, and at the date I have chosen for my play, which was just a year before the death of Sancho, intrigues in their behalf were, if not as active as they had been, yet by no means quiescent. In fact, Sancho IV., through the whole of his reign of eleven years, was either struggling, more or less earnestly, with the many-handed demon evoked by his misdeed, or tormented by its phantom. He labored not merely for himself, but for his succession, determined to shut out forever his brother's heirs, against whom he seemed to have conceived that antipathy which is not uncommon with men against the victims of their wrongdoing. Hence when crowned in Toledo (1284,) he caused the oath of allegiance to be taken to his daughter, a child of two years, providing thus anxiously against the two contingencies, of his own premature death and of his never having male issue. Nor, with all his real ability, were his fears, any more than those of other usurpers, without foundation. Mariana indeed considers, that but for mismanagement, a want of promptitude and zeal, the Cerdas might even so late as 1290 have regained their rights. But their forces were weakened by delay, which not only chilled their ardor and added animation to the King's, but tended materially to increase these latter, while it gave him time to gain over powerful adherents and to strengthen himself by alliances: *Tom. VIII. p.* 276. Which is but to say, that

the two forces were pretty nearly balanced, but that Don Sancho was the better soldier and more capable statesman.

14.—P. 195. *Laws take What course the King directs. So said,* etc.] "Allá van leyes adó quieren reyes" (*Laws go still whither kings will*): a proverb which is said to have had its origin in the reign of Alonso VI. of Leon and Castile, in this manner. The whole body of the people of Toledo, including not only the military but even the clergy, were strongly attached to the ancient Gothic forms of their faith. The King, under the influence of his spouse, a Frenchwoman, daughter of Robert of Burgundy, was determined on introducing the Romish ritual. It was agreed to have the question decided by judicial combat. The champion of the Gothic ritual came off, to the great delight of the Toledans, victorious. Thereupon the King declared that the trial was not conclusive, and ordered the books containing the two forms to be thrown into a large fire. Of course, the decision of Heaven was solemnly invoked; yet, when the Roman book was burned, while the Toledan *leaped forth uninjured* ("illaesus prosiliit"), the King, despite the tears and supplications of his people, ordered that the Romish forms should be everywhere adopted, threatening the disobedient with death and confiscation. *Ross. de St. Hilaire*, after Roderic of Toledo: *Hist. d'Espagne* (Paris 8°. 1839) IV. p. 251, sqq. Archbishop Roderic was of the same mode of thinking with his flock. The *padre* Bleda, while relating the duel on the same authority, is silent as to the fire-ordeal. It is Mr. Ticknor, III. p. 201 (Bost.) *note*, — who gives, after Sarmiento, the particular of the King's action, mentioned in the text. It is a good trait in an interesting story. It is not impossible that Alonso, finding that the Gothic ritual did not burn so fast as its rival, caused it to be pushed farther into the flames, or pushed it himself, that, the results being equalized, he might have the casting-vote himself. But when one reads of such an act of sudden tyranny as the royal ordinance, one is tempted to

doubt the Archbishop's assertion of the unanimity of the Toledan people. It would have required an astonishing amount of moral courage and no little physical audacity to face such a universal outbreak of distressful feeling and outcry of supplication as the monarch is said to have defied and disregarded.

Mariana, however, attributes no such unworthy or impolitic conduct to Alonso; and apparently with reason. He says, the King pronounced that *both the breviaries were pleasing to the Almighty;* and *the contest was decided by an arrangement that the ancient forms should still exist in the ancient Mozarabic churches: a compromise even now observed in certain annual festivals, when in those temples the offices are performed after the manner of the Mozarabians.* He adds the remarkable statement, that *there is a chapel in the principal church, where, by an endowment of the Cardinal Ximenes* (*in order that the memory of so signal an affair and of rites so ancient might not be lost,*) *certain Mozarabic chaplains pray and say mass conformably to the ancient missal and breviary. In the recently erected churches of Toledo, it was ordered that the offices should be celebrated in accordance with the Roman forms.* "De aquí nació en España aquel refran muy usado: Allá van leyes do quieren Reyes." Hist. &a. lib. 9°. c. xviii. (T. VI. 124–7.) The occurrence took place in the y. 1088.

15.—P. 195. — *who challeng'd and o'erthrew*, etc.] Don Diego Ordoñez. This incident forms a chief, if not the chief part, and certainly the most interesting, of the sequel or second division of *Las Mocedades del Cid.* The Cid is the umpire in the triple duel, and decides it in favor of Arias Gonzalo, whose last son, though he falls, had by a prodigious stroke in true paladin-fashion split the head as well as divided the reins and saddlebow of Diego's steed, which, instead of dropping dead, carries his rider beyond the barriers.

"*Urr.* . . . De un tajo
Le partió de arriba abajo

Cabeza, riendas y arzon
Al caballo de don Diego.
Huyendo á los vientos sigue,
Y Rodrigo le persigue
Sangriente, turbido y ciego.
Nu. De la estacada ha salido.
Garc. El caballo le sacó.
Nu. Y Rodrigo Arias cayó
Del suyo."— *Jorn.* III. *Esc.* 2.

The comment on p. 68, Tom. VI. of Mariana (*ed. cit.*) shows that the story of the challenge and D. Diego's combat with the three sons of Arias is not founded on any real account, and adds from Ferreras: "Los retos que hubo despues de don Diego Ordoñez y los hijos de Arias Gonzalo los dexo á la credulidad del lector, pareciendome cuentos de libros de caballeria." Why so? If not true, the tale is well invented. It was the age of the Cid ("El Campeador" — the Defier), and very soon after the threefold duel, occurred the judicial combat mentioned in the last note, not to establish the guilt or innocence of parties charged with complicity in treason and king-murder, but to decide between two rival forms of church worship. Ferreras swallows with greediness the absurd impossibility of Witiza's sanction of clerical concubinage, yet turns with repugnance from a fact so natural and characteristic both of the age and of the nation.

16.—P. 195. —*'t was thy prompt arm That lopp'd the audacious Haro's at the wrist*—] Sancho had repaid his obligations to D. Lope Diaz de Haro, lord of Biscay, by loading him with honors and possessions to a degree that swelled his natural arrogance and excited the dissatisfaction of other nobles, especially those of Galicia and Leon, who said that De Haro was the actual ruler, while Sancho wore the crown. Among other causes that increased the vanity and presumption of the favorite, he had succeeded in espousing his daughter Mary to the Infante Don Juan, the King's brother. After various acts of ingratitude and insolence toward his benefactor,

when he was finally sent to mediate with the King of Aragon, whom Sancho was soliciting to deliver up the Cerdas, Don Lope purposely embroiled everything. Sancho returned to Alfaro, on the confines of Aragon and Navarre. Here the Infante D. Juan and De Haro came to do him reverence, without sufficient guard for their personal security. There was present a large assemblage of men of rank, including prelates, such as the Archbishop of Toledo, the Bishops of Placentia and Calatrava, and others, all called to council. The King orders the Infante and Don Lope to surrender their castles and other places, to release the garrisons from their oaths, etc. On their excusing themselves, the King commands their arrest. Don Lope, transported by passion and uttering (it is said) abusive language, enveloped his left arm in his mantle and, sword in hand, made toward the King with intent to kill him. So at least it is asserted by the historian; but it seems far more probable that he sought but to protect himself and make good his escape. But the nobles rushed upon him, and his right hand being cut off at the first blow, he fell easily a victim. These are the words of Mariana:

"D. Lope de Haro, puesta mano á la espada, y revuelto el manto á brazo, con palabras muy injuriosas, y llamar al Rey tyrano, fementido, cruel, con todo lo demás que se le vino á la boca y que el furor y rabia le daban, se fué para él con intento de matalle. Locura grande y demasiado atrevimiento, que le acarreó su perdicion: los que estaban presentes pusiéron asímismo mano á sus espadas, y del primer golpe le cortáron la mano derecha y consiguientemente le acabáron." T. VIII. p. 247.

See Note 20, where the part the King himself took in the affair, — which occurred in 1288, — is related from the Chronicle of Don Sancho.

17.—P. 196. — *the great Champion himself.*] *El Campeador:* a well-known popular surname of the Cid Ruy Diaz, sometimes annexed to the more usual aftername or forename of honor, as *el Cid Campeador*. Dozy (*Recherches*, &a. ut s. Tom. II. p. 65) shows that *Campeador* is not rightly explained by the usual sense of *cam-*

peon, but that it is derived from a chivalric usage of the time with both Moors and Christians, but adopted by the Christians from the Moors, and signifies more truly *defier*. Our word *champion* in its ordinary sense, and its application rather to the challenger and martial assertor of a right than to the challenged and its denier translates it well.

18.—P. 196. *In all this kingdom.*] Seville, not Spain.

19.—P. 197. *Your royal sire's example.*] See, above, Note 12. The allusion is to the assassination (it was nothing less) of the Infante Don Fadrique.

Alonso X., surnamed *el Sabio* (the accomplished — full of *knowledge* — "wise", as it is usually rendered) was (a combination not unfrequent) imprudent throughout his reign, and therefore unhappy more or less to its close. It may be questioned whether the severity with which he is reproached by the chief Spanish historian, and especially the precipitate cruelty which stained him in the present instance, were not more the result of a fatal facility in following the suggestions of others, than of any real inhumanity.

20.—P. 197. *Your own hand smote Diego Lopez dead.*] The Chronicle of Don Sancho, *Cap.* 5°., gives in detail the tragic scene at Alfaro. The King's part therein is thus recorded (I quote from the comment, vol. viii. p. 250. Mariana):—

. . "y luego diéronle [sc. á don Lope Diaz] con una maza en la cabeza que cayó en tierra muerto, non lo mandando el Rey.* Y tornó el Rey contra Diego Lopez que estaba aí, que le corriera á ciudad de Castil-Rodrigo, y dixo: Diego Lopez, qué vos merecí, por qué me corriades la tierra mia, seyendo mi vasallo? y él non supo razon ninguna que le decir; y el Rey dióle con una espada en la cabeza tres golpes en guisa que fincó muerto."

* This is most likely, especially if De Haro's action was believed to be aggressive. But the obscure historian cited in Note 21 (below) says that the homicide was by the King's order, and presents it as an illustration of his cruelty: "Cum

21.—P. 197. — *who has fac'd unshaken, Arm'd and unarm'd,* etc.] Rodericus Santius (*Hist. Hispanicae* Part. IIII. C. vii.— in *Rer. Hisp. Script.* Tom. I. (Francof. fol. 1579) p. 379.) relates, how, on the occasion of a mutiny in his army, Sancho went before the soldiers, *clothed only with his shirt* ("nudus sola indutus camisia,") and desired them to turn their swords against him, not their fellows. This not answering, he seized a lance and struck therewith two of the ringleaders. — Previously (*ib.*) it is said, in illustration of the cruelty which marked his conduct at times: "Saepe . . pro parva inobedientia milites virgis caesi, manus amputavit, inobedientesque in mediis castris securi jussit percuti, nonnunquam propria manu cecidit."

Mariana gives more than one instance of a cruelty which in Sancho seems to have been something more than an indifference to human life common to the age and, as its own historians say, to his country. Thus, in the affair at Badajos, when the party known as *Bejaranos* surrendered on promise of their lives, he *put them all to the sword to the number of* 4000, *both men and women.* T. VIII. p. 261. So at Talavera, to impress terror on the partisans of Alonso, 400 of the noblest *were publicly executed and quartered.* (*ib.*) He adds however, that the story is one of tradition and not of authority; and we may believe with assurance, that whatever the foundation, there is great exaggeration in every such account.

22.—P. 203. *Who is himself surnamed the Strong and Brave* —]

enim apud oppidum de Alfaro moram traheret, celeri judicio et irato ac turbato animo pariter et vultu, occidi jussit nobilem virum Lupum Comitem et dominum Vizcaiae." *Rer. Hisp. Script.* T. I. p. 380. The King would not need to give an order. His look would be sufficient, when the violence and audacity of De Haro had reached their height; and his own part in the scene shows that if the tragedy was not of his direct designing, its catastrophe was not to him unwelcome. It is a noticeable trait of the time, the King's taking upon himself the execution of an audacious or troublesome subject. — It is therefore in character, that I have made him put his hand to his sword in *Act V.* p. 233.

In addition to the usual surname *el Bravo*, Sancho had the analogous one of *Fuerte*. "Era sin duda osado," adds Mariana, "diestro, astuto, y de industria singular en qualquier cosa á que se aplicase." VIII. 200. He had also the highest kind of human bravery, namely what is called moral courage. For example: when the king his father obtained against him (1283) the excommunication of P. Martin IV., with its attendant interdicts, the closing of the churches, etc., the rebel *strong and brave* did not hesitate, but threatened with death the papal agents and all who should act against him in conformity with the edict. *Mar.* VIII. 195. The note there (p. 196. ed. cit.) tells us, after the *Chronicle of D. Alonso el Sabio:* . . "el infante D. Sancho mandó que matasen al que traxese estas cartas, apelando al Papa futuro, ó para el primer concilio que se tuviese, ó para delante de Dios, del agravio que se hacia á su tierra." Garibay tells the particulars very neatly, c. xvi. lib. xiii. *Comp. Historial de España* (Barcel. 1628. in fol.) Tom. II. p. 222.

23.—P. 205. *Vouch'd by the Cortes* —] The establishment of the Cortes begins with the Gothic monarchy, and the Kings of Leon and Castile always held them to be the grand ornament and support of their thrones.

. . "bien léjos de desconfiar ó de recelarse de estas grandes juntas ó de reputarlas por contrarias al órden ó depresivas de la Real dignidad, ó indecorosas á la majestad, y mucho menos por inútiles y perjudiciales, las miraban como fuentes de luz y de verdad, como el mas bello ornamento del trono y firmísima columna de la justicia, del sosiego y prosperidad pública.

"Así pensaba el Rey don Fernando IV [son and successor of Sancho IV.], cuando en las cortes del Valladolid del año 1298 aseguró haberlas convocado — 'porque sabemos que es á servicio de Dios é nuestro é muy grande pro de todos los nuestros regnos é mejoramiento del estado de toda nuestra tierra.'" MAR. MARINA. *Teoria de las Cortes.* (Madr. 8°. 1820.) Tom. I., p. 37. The heading of the Chapter (Cap. IV.) expresses briefly: "En los reynos de Leon y Castilla se observó inviolabalmente la prática de los Godos. Los reyes y los súbditos miraron siempre las cortes como una de las instituciones mas útiles y ventajosas al estado."

In the second Chapter, will be found an account of the Cortes as they

existed during the Gothic empire.

It need not be said that these national assemblies, having their origin in public freedom and being its best, if not sole guardian through so many ages, yet sometimes were the surest agents the kings could find in the execution of decrees that were contrary alike to justice and to liberty. All legislative and functional bodies are liable to corrupt influences; and when the Junta at Segovia, under the instigation of Don Manuel the King's brother and Don Lope de Haro, made the Infante Don Sancho heir to the throne, they furnished an example of the facility with which the right arm of political freedom and justice might be used to put forward and sustain measures that were inimical to both.

24.—P. 209. *His cord, this time, Shall make no distaff of Montoya's blade.*] In a note to p. 66, Tom. II. of the sumptuous work of D. Francisco Piferrer, *Nobiliario de los Reinos y Señorios de España*, 2d ed. (Madr. imp. 8° 1857), it is told, in relation to the bordure of the arms of *Tabera*, that a cavalier of that house had a single combat with one of the house of *Montoya*, but a religious of the order of San Francisco threw his cord over the swords, entangling them, and put an end to the fight without dishonor to either. In commemoration of which event both the families assumed the cord in their escutcheon, either as a bordure directly (Tabera), or within a bordure (Montoya.)

Montoya. "El antiguo solar de este noble linage fué en la provincia de Alava. Sus armas son: Escudo de azur y diez panelas de plata; bordura de sinople con el cordon de San Francisco de plata." *Nobil.* ut s. 119.

25.—P. 209. *Beware the nettles in the Ortiz' hand!*] In Tom. I. p. 104, of Piferrer, I find two families of Ortiz: one from Garcia Ortiz, in 1014, of Navarre, the other from Ortun Ortiz, 1214, of Castile, *ricos-hombres:* whose noble descendants passed to Andalusia among other provinces. *It is thus seen*, he adds, *that the lineage of*

Ortiz is very ancient and of quality ("calificado") *in Spain.* So Castillo (*Hist.* &a. ut s. p. 409): "Ortiz es appelido noble en estos Reynos, y ay muchos dellos hijosdalgo con notoria hidalguia, y Cavalleros, &a."

On p. 257 of the same vol. of Piferrer there occurs still another Ortiz, a valiant warrior who distinguished himself against the Moors. He bore, *Or, a hand dexter proper grasping a maniple of nettles vert:* a pregnant bearing and allusive to the name (*Ortiga* — Urtica, *Lat.*)

Ortiz. "Un esforzado guerriero del apellido Ortiz se señaló en las guerras contra los moros en tiempo del rey Don Jaime. . . Traia por armas: Escudo de oro y una mano teniendo un manojo de ortigas."

26.—P. 209. *Part them! — In the King's name! — Dead! Poor Alda!*] This verse, though of proper length, according to the usual licentious mode of accenting the final unaccented syllable, really ends with a half-foot. Yet is the rythm exact, an emphasis being put on the word *King's.*

27.—P. 212. *I am the Alcalde Pedro Loriguillo.*] Among the Alcaldes of Baeza, *temp. Sant. IV.*, are enumerated *Diego Alfonso de Ribilla* and *Pedro Loriguillo.* Arg. de Molina: *Nobleza del Andaluzia* (Sev. in fol. 1588) fol. 164. I have placed them in Seville. What their virtues were, I know not: I borrow but their names.

28.—P. 213. *Where is he now? — What keeps him from me?*] Omit, on the stage, the latter half of this line. It did not belong to the piece as written. But coming to copy, I found the verse defective. Such a scene when finished is not to be altered with impunity. But in this instance there was no way of avoiding it. Hence the addition, "What keeps him from me?" or (as addressed more directly, and with a start, almost impatient, to the Alcalde) "Where is Don Ruy?" Neither is of advantage, except to the completeness of the versification: but if either be used upon the

stage, let it be *Where is Don Ruy?* said in the manner just indicated.

29.—P. 216. *'T is not Airón.*] There was formerly in Granada a well so called, of very great depth, and from which escaped continual blasts of air; whence its name. Hence arose the proverb, *To fall into the well Airon* ("Caer en el pozo Airón": *In profundissimum puteum demergi:*) signifying, of anything that is lost, that it will be difficult to find it, or to take it out from the place whereinto it has fallen. *Dicc. de la R. Acad. Españ.* 1726. — "*Pozo Airon.* . . un pozo que hai en Granada en la falda del Albaicin á espaldas de la calle de Elvira, y que se creido fué abierto por los moros con el objeto de dar salida y respiracion á los gases subterráneos y precaver la violencia de los terremotos [a gratuitous and absurd popular notion.]" *Don Quijote.* Com. por CLEMENCIN (Madr. 8°. 1835.) Tom. IV. p. 238. There is another *Pozo Airon;* in the province of Cuenca; a lake however, circular in form and of great depth, and whose water is so salt that no animal will drink of it. *ib.*

30.—P. 217. She wears only, *etc. etc.*] Let not the actress make the mistake of assuming here full mourning. *Doña Alda* would have no time for such a change. She has quit the house on a sudden impulse, not half an hour after her brother's death.

31.—P. 218. *I pray my King will not then with the law, . . . Leave the assassin, but give him unto me.*] In *Sancho Ortiz*, Estrella claims this as a right, according to the ancient law in such cases:—

> "Fijadalga á vos me humillo
> Como quien soy, y no espero
> Que me disputeis el fuero
> Antiguo del homicillo." *Ac.* III. *Esc.* 4.

32.—P. 218. . . Rico-O'me . .] *Rico Hombre.* Equivalent to the more modern *Grande* (Grandee.)

"La voz *Rico-Ome*, algunos la entendieron por la Riqueza; y otros decian,

que significava *Grandeza* con *Riqueza*, y *nobleza* con *dignidad;* y esta disputa, entre eruditos escritores, cessó por la declaracion que hizo el Rey Don Alfonso el Sabio (Ley 6. tit. 9. part. 2.): á saber, *Rico-Ome* por *Linage y por Bondad, Entendido y Valoroso defensor del Rey.*" Berni: *Creacion, Antig. y Privilegios de los Titulos de Castilla* (fol. *s. a.*) § 22. p. 84.

". . el titolo de Grande de España, que equivale á Rico-Ome en lo antiguo.". *ib.* § 26. p. 85.

33.—P. 219. *She paragons Urraca.*] This princess, mother of the "Emperor" Don Alonso VII. of Castile, was of a daring and irrepressible spirit, and of a warmth of temperament that did not add much to her reputation. She figures in *Las Mocedades*, and is the *Infante* of *Le Cid*, where nothing is preserved of her character but its amativeness, and that made imbecile. She is said to have suddenly died (*burst*) while robbing a church, *one foot within the door and one without:* a story in which the retributive mode of death, perhaps altogether and certainly in part, is probably the creation of popular superstition, if not invented directly by the priests, but the intention of sacrilege may have been reality. Some historians deny it altogether (Ferreras, for ex., Tom. III. p. 365 of the Fr. transl. see too Jul. del Castillo p. 231) and vindicate her memory in other respects. The more reasonable account of her death makes it to have occurred in childbed; Zurita says, in the Castle of Saldaña, of a son: *Anal. de la Corona de Aragon*, l. I. xliv (Zaragoza. 4to. 1669) I. 48. See *Cronica del Emp. D. Alonso VII.* por Sandoval: C. XV. p. 40. (Madr. fol. 1600,): where the popular account is detailed, but with evident distrust. She entered the monastery of S. Isidro de Leon, to take the treasure of the sacristy, given to it by her father and by her grandfather, the founder, and *was going out loaded with the rich spoil* [an absurdity] when, just as she set her foot without the door of the church, "rebentó en el umbral della, cayendo subitamente muerto, quedando el un pie dentro del templo, y el oltro fuera."

The Bishop of Pamplona attributes, to her intelligence and ca-

pacity for government, the consideration in which was held Alonso VI. (her brother), whom he makes to have been inspired by her in his policy: "que fue Princesa de tan buena cabeza, que don Alonso, guiado por ella, fue tenido por uno de los mejores Reyes de España." *Hist. de los Reyes de C.* &a. u. s. p. 39.

She may have had a share in the assassination of her brother, Sancho III. Ross. de St. Hilaire (*Hist. d'Esp.* u. s.) plainly implies it, and Castillo says figuratively, that the assassin took refuge *under her mantle:* "El traidor Vellido, entrado en Zamora, se fue a meter debaxo del manto de la Infante doña Urraca." (*Reyes Godos* u. s. p. 203.) This would make her an accomplice *after the fact;* satisfied with the result, for the sake of her favorite, Alonso.

34.—P. 220. *She cannot yet Have reach'd the Castle.*] It will have been seen in the *Preface*, p. 174, that Arias in the "Tragedia arreglada" suggests the arrest of Estrella. It is a mere coincidence, arising naturally out of the situation. Besides, the intention and the motive are different with De Lara. He desires merely to have Alda intercepted and recalled; and this, in order to save his own audacious double-dealing from a detection which must result in his death or ruin.

35.—P. 221. De Lara retiring, with an anxious look —] I have here, in the margin of the Ms., "Would the courtier not suppress it?" It is a nicety that I think worth noticing for the reader's sake, as well as for my own. But before an audience, which has not the time to consider such minutiæ, it is one of those slight divergences from absolute truth-likeness that are not only unimportant in themselves, but often greatly useful.

36.—P. 221. — the Castle of Triana.] The Moorish fortress in that suburb, which is separated from the city by the Guadalquivir. It was made, at the close of the 16th century, the residence of the

Inquisition, and Conca (*Descr. Odepor.* &c. 1790. T. III. 280) speaks of it as still occupied by that body, which within a few years has had its offices in the stately edifice formerly occupied by the Jesuits. Ford tells us (*Handbook of Spain*, 2d. ed. Murray, 1847) that the Moorish Castle, ruined by an overflow of the river, has been taken down and its site is occupied by a market.

37.—P. 222. *Gone back to his Castile, and like a man Fought for the cause he favor'd.*] The claims of Don Sancho's nephews were at one time supported materially by the King of Aragon, by means of hostile enterprises in the kingdom of Castile.

38.—P. 225. *Our lord has honor for his virtuous spouse The mother of his children.*] This he evinced in 1286, when, after the failure of the interview which was to have taken place between him and the newly crowned monarch of France, Philip *le Bel*, it was proposed as a basis of treaty that the former, because of his affinity to Doña Maria, should repudiate her, and take one of the two sisters of Philip. The historian says: "D. Sancho sintió esto gravamente. Parecíale cosa pesada dexar una muger tan esclarecida, y en quien tenia un hijo y una hija." Mariana. VIII. 226.

When, to Don Ruy's words above, *Alda* replies:

> As he had
> For his illustrious sire:

it is severely, not in irony. Sancho had so much respect for himself, or so much sagacity, looking to the influence he wished to acquire with all classes of the King's subjects, that he never spoke of his father but with reverence, even while in his ambition he raised armies against him and intrigued hourly against his crown. See again Mariana, *ib.* 197.

39.—P. 225. — *and Absalom May err where David stray'd with*

meaner kings.] I have marked in the margin: "Out of character and situation." I am afraid that it is, but feel doubtful, because indignation might give that nerve to Alda which would stimulate her for the moment into forgetfulness of the situation and make her speak with masculine energy. Indeed she is more or less vigorous throughout the Scene, and at all times since impassioned by her brother's death. However, either of the following readings would be unexceptionable in both particulars:

> The mother of his children.
> *Alda.* As he had
> For his own father. A revolted son
> May have the vice which sullies virtuous kings:

or:

> The mother of his children, and has shown it
> More than one time.
> *Alda.* Yet, as with other kings ——
> Must I pursue? *etc.*

40.—P. 227. *'T is* my Cid!] The *King* is quoting, allusively, from the old ballads. But the style *mio Cid* was not confined to the ballads. See Sandoval: *Hist*, &a. *u. s* fol. 60, p. 2. "'*Mio Cid* semper vocatus', dit l'ancien biographe d'Alphonse VII." Dozy: *Recherches* etc. *u. s.* p. 68. I hardly need repeat, after that scholarly critic, that the phrase is Arabic, and signifies *my lord.* But though derived from the Moors, I doubt that it had the origin ascribed to it in story.

41.—P. 227. *Of giving life to the Infante's claims*, etc.] The title of *Infante* is properly confined to the second and other junior sons of the King. (Berni: *Creacion*, &a. *u. s.* § 19, p. 83.) Don Alonso, or Alfonso, de la Cerda, was the eldest son of Don Sancho's elder brother and had already styled himself King of Castile. "El Infante don Alonso de la Cerda, hijo del Infante d. Fernando, se llama en estos dias Rey de Castilla y Leon, y siendo favorecido de los Reyes de Francia y Aragon y aun de Sicilia, entró en su liga

en estos dias Mahomed, queriendo favorecer al Infante Cerda." Bleda: *Cronica*, &a. *u. s.* p. 501. Therefore Don Luis used this title artfully in depreciation. The distinction however is not always observed by historians. Thus the *Padre*, in the passage just cited, gives it not only to the Pretender as well as to his brother, but to their father, who was the actual heir apparent of Alonso X.

By "uncle", Don *Luis* (who is a fictitious personage) refers to Don Alvar Nuñez de Lara, who headed the people of Seville in their opposition to the claims of Sancho's brother Juan to that city, founded on their father's will, — thus insinuating the services to which, by a reasonable inference, the fabulous *Luis* may be supposed to have owed his first steps in the King's favor.

42.—P. 229. *The Alcayde.*] Governor of the Castle.

43.—P. 232. — he is about to bring it to the King. *etc.*] This supposes Ruy to be unwilling still to expose his sovereign. — Otherwise:

> My lord commands. [*Hands the paper to Pedro, who is next him.*
> *Pedr.* It bears the royal seal.
> A letter of safe-conduct.
> *King.* Read aloud.

44.—P. 232. *I the King.*] *Yo el Rey.* This is the only mode in which the Spanish monarchs give their signatures, as may be seen, for example, in the *Privilegio*, or grant of exclusive rights, prefixed, as was the custom a century or two ago, to newly published books.

45.—P. 234. — *the bridge* —] sc. of boats: which primitive and inelegant mode of passage continued down to a very late day.

. . "el qual [Guadalquibir] se passa por encima de una puente de madera hecha sobre diez y siete barcas grandes travadas con gruessas vigas y tablazon." Pedro de Medina, *u. s.* c. xliv. fol. li.

There is a fuller description in Varflora: *Hist. Descr. de Sevilla* u. s. p. 93.

46.—P. 235. *Perez de Guzman.*] The celebrated ancestor of the Dukes of Medina Sidonia. In the year preceding the date adopted for the play, the Infante Don Juan, Sancho's brother, always more or less in rebellion against him, having again revolted, and being forced by the King of Portugal, with whom he had taken refuge, to leave his kingdom, received aid from the King of Morocco, who sent him troops to enable him to besiege Tarifa. Alonso Perez de Guzman, an experienced commander, who had served in Africa the King of the Moors, was governor of the place. It so happened that the invaders got possession of his only son, and taking him before the walls, threatened to put him to death before his father's eyes unless the city was surrendered. The governor, apparently unmoved, declared that if he had a hundred sons he would risk them all rather than violate the trust reposed in him. And therewith he threw from the ramparts a sword with which they might execute their threats, if they chose. *This done, he went to dine.* The Moors did as they had threatened. The soldiers on the walls uttered a cry of horror. Whereupon Guzman came out, as if to see what the matter was, and remarking coolly, he thought the enemy *had entered the city, returned to eat with his wife.* (Mariana. VIII. *ed. cit.* 285, 6.) A piece of affectation, which, if it really was practiced, was carried too far. One may well admire the heroism of the sacrifice, but its greatness is tarnished by a show of indifference, where mute sorrow had more become him, in his soldiers' eyes as before the world which would have one day to pronounce upon his action. The story, with or without its romantic accessories, is characteristic of the time. As for the barbarous deed itself, our abhorrence of it is increased by the fact that it was countenanced by the Prince, if not directly commanded by him, as is said in the Chronicle of Don Sancho, (note to Mariana *u. s.*)

"Y el Infante D. Juan . . . . envió á decir á este D. Alonso Perez que le diese la villa, si non que le mataria el su hijo que él tenia. Y Don Alonso Perez le dixo, que la villa que la tenia por el Rey, y que non gela daria: que quanto por

la muerte de su hijo que él le daria el cuchillo con que le matase: y lanzóles de encima del adarve un cuchillo, y dixo que ántes queria que le matasen aquel hijo, y otros cinco si los tuviese, que non darle la villa del Rey su Señor de que le hiciera homenage. Y el Infante D. Juan con saña mandó matar al hijo ante él; y con todo esto nunca pudo tomar la villa."

It will be seen that the simple chronicler adds none of those extravagant particulars which the historian, fond of romance and not always regardful of the substantiality of his adornments, thought proper to insert in his detail. Conde relates that the governor's son was in the service of D. Juan, which is more probable, while it adds to the atrocity of his murder, and that, when the proposition was made to surrender him for the fortress, with a threat of his death in case of refusal, *the Alcayde made no reply* (which too is more probable, — though one regrets it, for the sake of the story) *other than by baring his sword and flinging it to the plain; whereupon he retired. The Moslems, infuriated by the expression of this reply, beheaded the youth, and lanched by a catapult his head upon the wall, that his father might see it.* After this useless act of barbarity, *they raised the siege and retired to Algesiras.* Dominacion de los Arabes, *u. s.* P. IV. c. xiii. Tom. III. p. 79.

About three months before his death, namely, in January 1295, the King wrote a letter to Perez de Guzman, in which, praising his loyalty and constancy, he compares him with Holy Abraham, and commands him to put among his titles the surname of *Bueno* (Good) which he had already gained by his virtues and the popular regard for his ample charities. This letter is preserved by the Dukes of Medina Sidonia: *a treasure of more estimation than gold and pearls of the Levant.* Mariana, *u. s.* 287.

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